Spirit of the Times

A Chronicle of the Turf, Field Sports, Literature and the Stage.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our friend D. P., Esq. is informed that the first report of the Marianna Races received at this office, was published the week followinfi its arrival.

The favor of J. T. L. is before us, and shall be answered as soon as possible,

The author of "Reminiscences of the Prairies" will accept our thanks for his article. For the future his proofs shall be more carefully looked to. We trust he receives the "Spirit" regularly.

The attendance of the Editor upon the Races at Baltimore, the greater part of this week, must be his apology for any neglect of his correspondents.

By an inadvertence, the proof of an important page of our last paper was neglected altogether, or carelessly read. There are no errors, however, which it is now worth our while more especially to designate, but it is ever mortifying to read a page thickly peppered with them. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES

FOR THE WEEK ENDING SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 18, 1839.

DANIEL WEBSTER.

By the steamer "Liverpool," which leaves this city this afternoon, Mr. Webster departs for England, with his family, on an excursion for health and pleasure. It cannot be unbecoming in an American print, however unconnected with politics, to take occasion in announcing his departure, to pay a tribute of respect to so great a man.

Mr. Webster is confessedly one of the master-spirits of the age, and as such will he be welcomed in England. His fame has long preceded him, and his position in the political divisions of the United States is accurately known abroad. He will be honoured everywhere as an orator, a jurist, and a statesman. It is grateful to our feelings to write of such a man, and to anticipate the credit which he will do his country abroad.

Like all Americans, of whatever political sect, we admire the lofty genius of the man, his giant powers of mind, his simplicity, his downright honesty. Could he be raised above the reach of party divisions, every man in the nation would reverence him as the legitimate offspring of our free institutions. Humble in his origin, and born in a democratic State, he caught the inspiration of freedom in his infancy. He has been the architect of his own fortune; his elevation in life has been the direct result of his own moral and intellectual excellence, fostered by our peculiar form of government. In his personal and political character, he represents the dignity of republicanism.

But he possesses other characteristics which have especially won our regard and attachment, and impelled us to this paragraph. Mr. Webster is a sportsman, and as such we honor him; he is one of the best shots in the States; he is as destructive to woodcocks as to his adversaries in debate; at "English Snipe" shooting, he has hardly a compeer. Quail make huge circuits to avoid his demesnes, from October till January, save when wintry blasts drive them from their quiet haunts in the woods, and remind them of the protector who fed them the preceding winter.

But more than all, Mr. Webster is an angler, an humble disciple of Izaak Walton. Show me the man who loves trout-fishing, and I will tell you who is generous, and brave, and tender-hearted. Such a man is Mr. Webster, and as such do we love him more, even, that we respect him for his greatness and his integrity.

OUR PLATES.

We have succeeded in obtaining a fine painting of Leviathan, done by Troye in his best style. After taking two or three days to study it ourselves and show it to our friends, we have sent it to the engraver, and in the month of August next, barring accident, the work will be completed and given to our readers. The picture derives additional interest in this part of the world from the race made on Wednesday, at Baltimore, by Vashti. We shall never hear more in disparagement of Leviathan's ability to get four mile winners that can repeat in good time.

In answer to the inquiries of readers for our next picture, we would state, that Mr. Dick is to show us to day a proof of his engraving of John Bascombe. From his hands, it will go immediately into those of the printer, and be published at the earliest possible day. But it must be borne in mind that printing newspapers is one thing, and printing engravings another. The "Courier" can print six thousand copies of their paper *in an hour*,—we shall be content to get two hundred copies of our engraving *in a day*. From this statement the reader may judge at what time his picture will reach him.

Another picture, that of Shark, also by Troye, will go into the engraver's hand this day. We hope to see impressions of it hanging in the parlors of our readers before October. The arrival of Mingo, Wagner, and Monarch shall be duly reported.

Cooper's new work, entitled "Naval History of the United States," has been published by Lea & Blanchard, of Philadelphia, and is for sale at the Carvills. It is the *ton*, of late, among publishers, and the like, to decry and ridicule Cooper. But "when you and I were boys together," he used to write the best novels we could lay our hands upon, save Scott's His naval sketches were ever remarkably fine, presenting, like the canvas, pictures of sea life with startling power. Mr. Cooper is, moreover, so far familiar with our naval interests, as once to have been talked of for Secretary of the Navy. Here, then, there would seem to be ability to perform his recent task with great justice. But we have not had time to read one line of his book, the very moment we had set apart for doing so being occupied with witnessing *Vashti's* victory over the Fylde and the Luzborough. We never saw a book upon American naval history that was not extremely interesting, and we accordingly promise ourselves much pleasure from this work of Cooper.

Irish Music and Irish Bards.—Mr. White, who recently discoursed on these interesting subjects with such eminent success at the Stuyvesant Institute, will repeat the lecture on *next* Thursday evening at Clinton Hall. Mr. White was highly popular in Europe, where his lectures received the most unqualified approbation of the elite—including among others of the same stamp, Thomas Moore, Miss Landon, and Mrs. Hemans. In the course of his lecture, he sings with much sweetness and effect, several melodies, written by himself, Moore, and others, which give a great charm and novelty to the entertainment, and serve as excellent illustrations for the matter treated of. We believe and hope that Mr. White will realize his expectations on the coming occasion.

"The members of the House appear to me," said D'Israeli to Praed, "to suffer much from colds." "Indeed!" replied Praed, "from what do you judge?" "From the violent *coughing* which prevailed during the time I was speaking!"

THE LONDON STAGE TWENTY YEARS AGO. No. 3.

MORE OF EDMUND KEAN.

[Written for the New York Spirit of the Times.]

The electric genius of Kean streamed not as a meteor through the dramatic firmament—it became a planet, fixed and of the first magnitude—the sun of a circle, dispensing rays to its satellites and vivid heat to its worshippers. Minerva-like, Kean sprung upon the world in full growth, armed and panoplied for the fiercest encounter, strangling criticism, and hurling the gauntlet of defiance at the very teeth of the cynic. The school-boy and the apprentice no longer imitated the hollow voice of declining Kemble; they found music in Kean's harshest notes, grace in the *rather* too frequent stamp of his foot—but *who* could imitate the scathing fire of his eye, the pathos breathed from his "heart of hearts," the thrilling picture of a tottering mind, or the withering scorn of contumelious hate? No man ever saw Kean in Othello—he saw Othello in Kean! *He* placed us in Venice and in Cyprus—on the Rialto of the one and on the ramparts of the other—before us stood the Moor, with the feelings Shakspeare infused, crammed full with passions the most noble and refined, unsuspecting, nay confiding—an unresisting victim to the machinations of the "demi-devil" Iago. Decamp, who has been some years in America, was Kean's original Roderigo, Mrs. Bartley, Desdemona, Mrs. Glover, Emilia, and an apology for Cassio in Mr. Holland, the walking gentleman of the theatre. I have never been satisfied with any actor's delivery of the address to the senate; they all try to make it very fine, and very eloquent, and seem desirous of following Demosthenes or Cicero, instead of assuming the bold blunt soldier, for as he says of himself,

> "Rude am I in speech,
> And little blessed with the set phrase of peace;
> For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
> Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
> Their dearest action in the tented field;
> And little of this great world can I speak,
> More than pertains to broil and battle."

I do not say that he should be *brusque* and overbearing as the Sforzas of Milan, but it always annoys me to see Othello turn special pleader In the scene at the gate, where he discovers Cassio drunk, he was majestic in the extreme, but Kean altered two points which he made the first season, and I am inclined to think, for the worse. Choking with rage, and straining to his utmost, he desired those about him to "Silence that dreadful bell." He subsequently delivered this, *sotto voce* to the officer nearest to him. Then again, when he saw Cassio leaning against the wing, he approached him deliberately and exclaimed with some bitterness "How comes it Michael YOU are thus forgot?" This mode met with a shout of applause, but when he changed the emphases to the word "*forgot*," very little notice was taken of it. Othello had every confidence in Michael Cassio, he had created him his Lieutenant, and was therefore surprised that HE should be "*forgot*," I therefore entertain no doubt that Kean's first impression was as correct as it was beautiful.

His third act was a bitter pill for a sensitive audience; they felt every tug at his heart-strings, and many shed with him drop for drop from their glistening eyes. When summing up his demerits

> Haply, if I'm black;
> And have not those soft parts of conversation
> That chamberers have;—Or, for I am declined
> Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
> She's gone; I am abused; and my relief
> Must be—to loath her,"

he stood with his left arm across his breast, his right hand brushing away the tears that fell upon his sleeve—he could not look upon them—the solder's pride sent a mantling blush into his cheek. The great achievement of the act, and I am rather disposed to say of the whole play, was his calm, pathetic, soul-touching apostrophe.

> O, farewell!
> Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,
> The royal banner: and all quality,
> Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
> And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats
> The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
> Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone."

I never thought the raging yell about the toad, &c., and the catching Iago by the throat, with heaps of unearthly imprecations, of much use to the actor; Kean was obliged to go through with it because 'tis so "writ down," but it only tends to show the power of Othello's lungs, and the strength of his sinews; I bequeath it to all ranters, present and to come, but I entertain a sincere hope that no truly classical aspirant will attempt a clap-trap with two of the most revolting sentences that Shakspeare ever penned. In the fourth act, the reading of the letter brought by Ludovico from the Senate was great and impressive; interlarding each phrase with some bitter remark to the trembling, spirit-shattered Desdemona, Kean appeared to feel that he was a fallen man, his knees tottered—his articulation became thick—I grieved for the victim of domestic trouble and public degradation. The chamber scene was full of beauty and refinement—the soliloquy before the catastrophe, sublime and overwhelming, and the greatest evidence of his triumph was the death-like silence with which the entire audience listened to the last lines. The stab caused a slight shudder, which was increased by his falling flat upon his back, a trick, by the bye, which few actors understand.

For a long time he was ill fitted with an Iago; Pope was too old—Bengough incapable—Maywood very so-so. Ultimately James Wallack, our present manager of the National, was cast for the part, which he enacted to the perfect satisfaction of the public and the Drury Lane committee. He retained possession of the character for upwards of ten years, and was upon all occasions considered by Kean a safe and valuable supporter, playing Richmond, Macduff, Wilford, Faulconbridge, &c, to the chief impersonations of the great master.

The unparalleled hit which Kean had made on the London boards gave some little extra occupation at the country post-offices; every manager in the three kingdoms, from the director of a three hundred pound theatre to the half-starved head stroller of a thirty pound barn, wrote to Kean, proposing terms. Some offered him half of the gross receipts, others two-thirds—one manager proposed to give him the gross receipts for six nights if he would play two nights gratis. The most remarkable arrangement was with the Cheltenham manager, who likewise rented the theatre at Gloucester, eight miles distant, by which it was stipulated he should perform in the *morning* at the former place, and in the evening at the latter; this he actually *did* during an entire week. Kean felt a great veneration for the plays of Massinger, and selected one of that author's brilliant productions, "Riches, or Wife and Brother," for his first benefit. His performance of Luke, in this masterly drama, added fresh laurels to his wreath; the transition from poverty, and dependence, and servitude, to wealth, and power, and domination, was a magnificent portraiture of emancipated villany; the habiliments, as well as the attributes of the grovelling slave, fell from him, and revealed a new-born demon, precocious and adult! Luke is the most black-hearted villain in the whole range of the drama; he is too bad to contemplate; the essence of his nature must have been boiled in a cauldron of vice, distilled in an alembic of evil passions, and filtered through the crime-perforated hearts of nature's outcasts; on this account the play is seldom performed. Revolting as it is, I can tolerate it for the sake of the gorgeous soliloquy delivered by Luke on his accession to his brother's gold. What a torrent of eloquence! I could almost have fancied I saw the "shining ingots" and the "glittering gems," or heard the clanking of the "massy coins."

At this benefit Kean became *substantially* convinced of his success—it netted two thousand pounds. Many gentlemen sent him ten or twenty guineas for a single ticket; snuff-boxes and jewellery were heaped upon him in profusion, his society was courted by the rich and talented, he found himself upon as lofty an eminence as was ever occupied by any actor; he *may* have been dazzled into giddiness, but his ambition waned not. Deeply infatuated with his profession, he always spoke of it in terms of technicality; he never mentioned Othello or Glo'ster, but would talk of playing "*The Hunchback*," or "*The Moor*," and after adverting to himself, he would say, "*Roscius cannot play this or that—it is beneath him.*" This little piece of vanity he did not adopt until John Kemble had retired from the stage.

L.

A LETTER FROM ONE OF "THE GIRLS UP TOWN."

We are not sure that we ever acknowledged to our readers the loss of our very acceptable correspondents, "The Girls Up-town." We have thought of it often enough ourselves, but did not care to afflict our friends with the fact of our loss. The truth is, that soon after the date of the last letter with which we were favored from them,—or rather, with which we favored the public, for how can we print the whole?—family reasons occurred to break up the happy establishment of our friends up-town, and "Pa" and "Silvia" went abroad. Even in Europe the fair Silvia did not escape from a train of Sunday admirers, but she has often found leisure in her letters to Julia to detail much of her sight-seeing in England and on the Continent, besides the dull narrations of her persecutions by the numerous Yankee travellers whom she meets abroad. We have been interceding for months past for a glimpse of her letters, but Julia (we suppress the other name for obvious reasons) had never quite forgiven us for showing that "Peeping Tom of Coventry" letter to the public. She declares that that *was* marked "confidential." However, like a good girl as she is, she has at last allowed us to run our eye hastily over one or two, and for the life of us we cannot forbear treating our readers to the following, having cautiously drawn our pen through every paragraph which touches too nearly upon the confidence of domestic privacy and sisterly intercommunication.

London, April 15, 1839.

My dear Julia,—I wrote you a long letter from Brussels, and have now the happiness to address you from old England. You know we left Jacob here, and we were truly glad to see him again after all our wanderings; he is getting to be a real old crust, though, and withal, a regular John Bull, and I am much afraid we shall have to leave him behind us, to enjoy, as he says, opportunities of studying characters. Between you and I, my impression is, that Jacob has got a notion into his head, but what it is, so far I am really at a loss to guess.

I would give the world, my dearest Julia, to see you here; I have so much to see, and so much to occupy my poor bewildered mind, that I should find quite a relief in divulging all to you. Heigho! what a world we live in to be sure! Could you believe it, my old beau Ezekiel is here—yes, now in London, and we see one another every day. Oh! he's such a nice young man—what a pity it is he's so little; but he is so neat, and so good, and so polite, and so kind, and so—what a foolish girl I am, to be sure—I shall fill my letter with nonsense.

I need not recal to your memory my first impressions of London, which I wrote you on our first arrival, six months ago. I still like it the same as ever, and though much pleased and delighted with our trip on the Continent, I think myself half at home when back again in England. I have so much to tell you, I must go to work without a bit more sentimentality.

We all went the other evening to the Opera House, our Jacob, for once in his life time, making himself of use to his own folks, and not to the world in general, as his pretended doctrine prompts him to. On this particular night Madame Grisi, and other celebrated singers, made their first appearance for the season. The piece was "I Puritani." Do you recollect how we used to practice on our parts, and tire our poor fingers at Madame's with selections from this Opera? but you cannot judge of the success of the whole performance by what we learned then. It is perfectly enchanting, perfectly delicious. Grisi is a delightful singer, and to speak scientifically, wields her voice with such apparent ease, grace, and power, you look upon it as nature—it is perfect warbling. In person she is rather tall and sizeable, with what is universally considered a handsome face, though I do not think so. She is clumsy in her movements, and such feet and ancles, and such waddling! What a tremendous man Lablache is, and what a tremendous singer, for all the world like the strong deep note of an organ; such effect, such grandeur, so to speak, and *what* a figure! Why he is as big as any six men, and this is what gives him so much power and tone. Jacob says he's a walking semi-ton, which, if Jacob is right, is exactly ten hundred weight, in his street dress. You recollect the duet at the end of the second act;—Lablache and Tamburini sang this, and for these performers it was written: it is very fine in their hands; indeed, the most *magnificent* music I ever listened to. Rubini has some exquisite pieces in this opera, and is a great favorite. The orchestra is led by Mori, another fat fellow, whose name you are familiar with in our music books. The chorus singers are plentiful and very fair, though far behind what I have heard on the other side of the Channel. I was much pleased with the house, which is the second in size in the world, I believe. All the boxes are private, and these number some 300—they are owned by the nobility, principally, in whose absence they are let out by authorized agents. The dresses of the ladies present were all in very good taste, and there was more attention paid to this than in Paris, and I thought this portion of the audience looked very well. The pit of this theatre is highly respectable, and the rules of the house require full dress for even this department.

The Queen was present on that evening, and being exactly opposite our box, I took every opportunity of inspecting her Majesty. I must say I think her pretty, and she seems to be of an agreeable contented nature. She several times raised her opera glass towards us, and Jacob says, with his usual modesty, that she was evidently enamored with his person. I think Sully's portrait is a good one; indeed, from evidence since, I think it excellent; she is rather little, but what the young fellows call interesting, and when seated, especially, I may say she possesses quite a queenly air. However, there are hardly two travellers whose tastes are alike on this subject. She was dressed what might be termed plain, at least, less ornament than I had expected, and seemed to have no wish to be made a public gaze of, from her remaining as much as possible out of sight. The Duchess of Kent, her mother, is a noble-looking lady, and as Pa says, possesses an excellent phrenological head. There were several other ladies in the Queen's box, I believe, much known, whom I could not well get a good sight of. But I suppose you are tired of so much about Royalty, as really I am just now.

The British Institution, open at this season, is a very fashionable lounge, being an annual exhibition of paintings by modern artists; there are between four and five hundred pieces this year, and some possess much excellence. There are many handsome fellows, too, who attend this exhibition, and I do like to see any one deserving of admiration. By the bye, Julia, the English don't countenance so much indelicacy in their paintings as they do on the Continent, although now and then there are symptoms of their taste for the lovely and spirituelle. I wonder why our own sex should monopolize the canvas on this point, and I don't think it fair that we should stand their criticism without the opportunity of quizzing in return.—But, bless me, what am I writing about—I am perfectly ashamed of myself, and don't say I said so for love or money.

I went the other afternoon to witness a very curious exhibition—nothing more nor less than a "Talking Canary," and though I disbelieved the fact till I saw it, now I assure you of its being the truth. There was the little creature singing away as we entered, and a charming singer he is; at a signal, the exhibitor repeated some simple words, and little Dickey stopped his wood notes wild—looked around, and whistled, or rather warbled the words of his lesson. The task was limited to such phrases as "Come, come along, sweet little dear," "Mary, Mary, pretty dear," "Pretty Queen," and such like sentences. This bird is about three years old, and I believe is a regular Cockney.

I went the other afternoon to St. James' Park to look on the Queen's procession from Buckingham Palace to the "Drawing Room"—the first of the season. At the Levees gentlemen are introduced—at the Drawing Rooms ladies. I had an opportunity of seeing the Queen again, and thought she looked even better than on the occasion at the Opera house. She smiles prettily, and looks very well in her carriage. Her dress was very rich, and she had profusion of diamonds. I saw a great number of other high dames in their coaches as they passed me in St. James-street, and all wore their court plumes and gayest decorations.

I don't think I care much for Ezekiel—I don't think I do, yet he is a dear little fellow, and very attentive. Do you know I think there is something in his mind, for he talked the other afternoon about domestic life, rural felicity, and connubial happiness. Yes, he did, but I did not pay hardly any attention to him; if I did I have forgot about it. But if anything more happens to me, depend upon it I shall reveal all to you. Believe me, then, my ever dearest friend,

Your affectionate, SILVIA.

Ma has got rid of her influenza, and so has my dear little spaniel *Flit*. We don't talk of coming home for months yet, and may go to Scotland soon. I give this letter to Jacob, who will send it on by a steamer. All my other epistles went from Havre. Pa has enjoyed his excursion very much, though he grumbles at the expense; he has spent half a fortune on Phrenology, and you will be frightened at the casts and outcasts he is sending over the water. We are all going to the great *Deville* to have ourselves examined. This Deville is a Cockney, and a different one from the one we saw in Philadelphia. Adieu.

THE FLY-FISHER'S TEXT BOOK;

OR, THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF FLY-FISHING FOR SALMON, TROUT, &c.

"A Cæsar might be hewed
Out by a carpenter, if a skilful workman
But undertook it."—T. RANDOLPH.

CHAPTER I.

THE PLEASURES AND SUPERIORITY OF FLY-FISHING—THE PROFICIENTS DELIGHT IN MAKING A CONVERT—COMPARISON WITH OTHER FIELD SPORTS—SUPERIORITY OF THIS BRANCH OF ANGLING.

MY DEAR HERBERT,

All hail! to the pleasing intelligence your last epistle conveys to me; for I rejoice that you are prevailed upon, *at last*, to gladden me by your company in Wales, and congratulate myself in having made you a convert to the most delectable art of fly-fishing. Long time I have tried to effect this in vain; many "a line" have I thrown in hopes to catch you; but you would not be caught. At last, when I almost despaired, you have risen, and are fairly hooked; and now that you are so, I flatter myself I shall be able to land you safely on the flowery bank of Amaranth and Asphodel before again we part. I could adduce many more temptations than those I have already expended upon the delights of this pursuit, only that such proceeding has ever been adopted by those whose words greatly predominate over their enthusiasm. In truth so many pounds weight of printers' ink have been already devoted to this pleasing task, that could the quantity of works prevail, and were a branch of the tree of knowledge grafted on their stems, the very willows beside the brook must long since have twisted their associate sedge into lines, and, with black thorns for hooks, been detected on some fairy-like moon-light evening bending their graceful arms in search of the scaly prey. One other reason, however, has occurred to my mind since last writing, which is, that there is no instance on record of an angler (properly so called) ever having been affected with that dreadful malady hydrophobia. Indeed, I venture to affirm that the angler's love of the watery element is so strong, that it would far exceed any dread of it, though he should be bitten by twenty rabid animals. And let me ask who ever heard of a fish having hydrophobia? But our meeting will be a pleasure I scarcely promised myself, since I did not imagine your conversion so near at hand; nor could I flatter myself that my poor eloquence, even in favor of my much-loved theme, had made so deep and lasting an impression on your mind. True, the three little mountain trout I took in the first minute of fishing when we were last together, (and which, if you remember we had for breakfast), might have greatly influenced you, either by the seeming gladness with which they seized the well-dissembled flies—their subsequent tiny struggles for liberty—or the gasping resignation wherewith they yielded to the death they could not avoid; or perhaps, more than all, the taste of their delicate and roseate flesh. Could it be this that fanned into flame the latent spark of desire to "do likewise?"

But it is not, my dear Herbert, the sport alone that draws us with such magnetic power and fixes us like spell-bound creatures to the river side. No, no! a brighter source of pleasure invites us. There is the enjoyment of pure air and the tranquil landscapes of the country; the wild, the romantically beautiful scenery of salmon and trout rivers,—their placid, yet awful depths of pool—their freshening streams,—their eddying, gurgling, glistening rock-holes,—their majestic and stupendous waterfalls. When the mind is oppressed by the labors of study and close application, and the body is filled with impurities which that course of life induces, what so beneficial to both as the relaxation in which we revel, when we quit the noise and bustle of a city to feast on the bracing breeze of the mountain, indulge the mind in peaceful thought, and in contemplation of beauties which everywhere around so lavishly break upon the placid soul and raise it in thankfulness to nature and to nature's God?

Nor again is this all that rivets the angler from boyhood to old age. Still, in addition, are the peaceful solitary meditation,—the alternation of hope and disappointment,—the frequent excitement of outwitting a creature in a different element,—the desperate mortification of being in his turn thwarted by an animal so much below him in the scale of creation; the coming cloud which obscures his person, and the breeze which ruffles the "face of the water;"—all these alike awaken the angler's enterprize, while the uncertain continuance of each favourable moment calls into exercise his most watchful impatience.

You know, I dare wager, that angling is a pastime which *has* been much vilified and ridiculed. I use the past tense advisedly; for of late years so many men, good and great, rich and mighty, not only in worldly, but also mental lore, have appeared as its advocates, it has long since ceased to be considered a "mean or despised" art. Now-a-days, on the contrary, a fisherman, and more especially a fly-fisherman, is rather looked up to (and I for one think justly so) as a mortal possessing some degree of science in his composition, and at least as a steady, respectable, sagacious sort of individual. Some few have ventured to pronounce angling a *childish* amusement; but I consider, my dear Herbert, that the love of it derives not its existence from juvenile habit alone; for though it mostly "grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength,"—and though the old adage "once a chub-hole always a chub hole," may fairly be read "once an angler, always an angler," oftentimes it seizes on its victim in ripened years, or comes as a solace in old age. I need notice no more striking instance of this than the conversion of Sir H. Davy, who handled a *fly*-rod, at all events for the first time when he was Professor of the Royal Institution; though he did so, on the other hand, under the preceptorship of one who might perhaps remember the use of a line and a bent pin in childhood, my esteemed friend Sir Anthony Carlisle. The bare mention of such names (and many, many more of no less celebrity are glistening in the ink-drop that is suspended in my pen), is surely enough at once to cramp the finger of scorn and deaden the barb of derision. Are such men to be charged with an addiction to childish amusements? or rather let me ask, is that to be called trifling or childish which they by their countenance uphold? No, depend on it there is a science in fishing, and in the economy of fishes, the depths of which would not be sounded by a lead line as long as the days of Methuselah, or a head to wield it as wary as the brain of a Locke or a Newton could make it.

Several writers have expressed surprise at the enthusiasm of anglers, seeing that the produce or sport seldom appears to counterbalance the general disappointment and dulness. But surely they have not traced the subject up to its source: for all histories of rude or ancient civilized people agree in reporting the art of catching fish to be one of their most general occupations. The uses of bone hooks and lines, fish spears and nets are common to every climate—the very walls of Pompeii teem with such subjects. The universal habits of man may then be fairly imputed to a sameness of thinking, and the continuance of them as field sports,—as a civilized recreation,—may be explained by analogous customs. I conceive the main spring of every pastime in the present day to be the excitement it affords; for there is a constant restlessness in the mind of man,—a fervour to be doing something. The sportsman's real object is not, in general, to acquire a *quantity* of game; else he would purchase it at less cost or trouble in the public markets; but it is, that he may enjoy the pleasure of an art unknown to brutes. The game is but the means of his real excitement. The produce or sport therefore is not the true index to the angler's enjoyment, and he merely follows the example of the majority of mankind in not giving way to despair, after the dulness and disappointment which one or many bad days may tend to: but enjoys the blessing of hope, and contemplates brighter success in each next coming excursion. In fishing, dulness exists not, I say; for each moment has its source of excitement in the expectation of success; while disappointment one day only raises the angler's energies, and buckles on his determination to be still more watchful for the future in the quest after his cunning victim.

The quantum of success by no means constitutes the test of pleasure in any field sport; else how insipid would be fox-hunting! 20. 30, or sometimes 300* men, as many horses, and 26 couple of hounds employed for an entire day upon one single fox, whose death is worth nothing save perhaps to spare the life of some poor stray barn-door fowl!

Hare hunting or shooting is in like manner comparatively profitless; and on the average we fishermen catch as much *per* head, compared with the expenditure of coin upon tackle as any other field sport produces under like comparison. If quantity were the test of pleasure, how superior would be netting fish or game,—taking *all* in a haul! and I think I need not ask you, is a catch of half a dozen roach, even by angling, less gratifying than taking six dozen by the net!

Dr. Johnson has the discredit of having defined Angling to be "a worm at one end and a fool at another," this is a poor illogical sarcasm. The Doctor knew nothing of the skill called for in the rare art. I know many followers of the craft who by their skill would have landed "the great Bear" himself, with a gut line not thicker than a single thread from his "three ribbed hose," and a genuine O'Shaughnessey bend, with as much ease as the Doctor would have *hoisted* a minnow with Chinese twist as thick as whipcord, or a No. 5 hook, from out the tiny rivulet.—I doubt not the science of the fool would beat all the Doctor's learning in this respect!

I think on the whole this abuse of the art savours more of the acerbity of Dean Swift; assuming however that the Doctor be guilty of this illogical definition, there is one saving clause in his favor, seeing that it is to him we are indebted for the reprint, by Moses Browne, of the 6th and 7th editions of Walton, in the year 1750 and 1759, the former edition, the 5th, bearing date, 1676, being then very rare; so at least says the preface to Major's edition of the Complete Angler, and Boswell's "Life," places it beyond a doubt that the republication of Walton's Lives was attributable to Johnson's high opinion of the latter work. He has also in the grammar attached to his Dictionary introduced from the "Complete Angler," a specimen of English poetry; therefore he could not have thought so illiberally of all Anglers.

Fishing has been denominated a cruel sport by Lord Byron and others. But is fishing more cruel than any other rural sport? I think not. I will not rank among them those despicable occupations—cock-fighting, dog-fighting, badger-baiting, or such like, because they are utterly useless and merely wanton in their object; no less degrading to humanity than the prize-ring. But take those which may legitimately be called Field Sports—shooting for instance—how often does a wounded bird linger out its miserable days with a broken wing or shattered leg, or both, even though for mercy's sake the sportsman would willingly prevent such a mishap if he could!

No *sportsman* of any kind will dare, I am sure, attack fishing on the score of its cruelty; but I fear there be many among the general classes of society, inclined to take such an objection to it, who would not scruple to commit far greater acts of cruelty towards their fellow men in other ways. Is it less heinous to build our fortunes on another's ruin? to see starvation unappeased at our very doors? to rob the maiden of all mental happiness here or hereafter? to cause misery to thousands for one paltry point in our ambition? and yet how many of those tender-hearted mortals are guilty of one or all of these or worse offences, without thought, if not without a blush!

Again as to the *folly* of fishing—how little do its revilers know of the matter, compared with other field sports, if science be the standard which should direct our choice, look at the names of those who have from age to age enrolled themselves as its supporters, and the disciples of Walton will then appear as the sands of the sea, compared with the admirers of Nimrod. I pray you do not misinterpret my meaning. I have no desire to deprecate the mode of others' enjoyment; for after all, the object of every field sport is the same—self-gratification—excitement, or time-killing. And, therefore, if an *actual* hobby-horse can afford a man one moment's gratification, let him ride and welcome. Field sports are but "an idle employment for idle time which is then not idly spent," and I know no reason why the question of superiority among them should ever have been mooted. But without seeking to give offence to any, I might fairly venture to assert that there are, and have been, more thinking men among anglers than any other class of sportsmen, and in my humble judgment there is likewise more to think about. There is a science in hunting, I know, far more deep than nine-tenths of those who follow the hounds think of. For as a very able hunting correspondent of the New Sporting Magazine with regret says of hard riding, it is "an accomplishment which is now considered the only requisite knowledge in hunting for the modern sportsman." I do not hunt—I never did—save when in youth especial activity empowered me to leap hedge and ditch "a foot"—and if anything could induce me now to take to it, it would be either the "Turpin's Ride to York" of "Rookwood," or the perusal of Mr. T. Smith's admirable work on the "Science of Hunting." However, as Mr. Beckford used to say of that sport, "it requires a whole life to understand it," and as I think it would require *two* at least to compass the yet hidden secrets of fishing, and all the economy and habits of fish, and the elements in which they dwell, to the latter I will still devote myself! never fearing that I shall be satiated by arriving at the end of its enjoyments, namely, nothing more to acquire. Nevertheless, being a lover of the whole "genus" of field sports, and wishing them to flourish as they ought, to man's improvement even in his pleasures, rather than his debasement; knowing that there is a great difference between "hunting hounds" and "following hounds," that there is science in the one and "mere riding" in the other, I venture to express thus privately to you, my dear Herbert, my regret that those who "follow" (perhaps sometimes "head") the hounds, do not more enlarge, and at the same time gratify, their minds, by examining more deeply into the subject. A "mere ride" cannot be so pleasant as a "scientific hunt." But let no one in his ignorance say there is folly and no required knowledge in fishing. Rather let him try before he condemns, and not be guilty of French revolutionary justice, "first hang and then judge." No, no, take my word for it, that there is a science also in fishing and in the economy of fish, the depths of which would not be sounded by a lead-line as long as the days of Methuselah, or a hand to wield it as wary as the brain of a Locke or Newton could make it.

Excuse all this tedious digression, and in returning by a short cut, allow me to repeat, that you will find fly-fishing, in every respect, the most ingenious and by far the most delightful branch of angling. It is the neatest and cleanest,—requiring none of that trouble or disgust connected with impaling poor insects on the hook, which when thus handled most truly "feel a pang as great as when a giant dies;" whereby it avoids much cruelty. The science, too, which is required in throwing so long a line, added to the dexterity, coolness, and patient watchfulness, necessary to land a salmon or large trout, with tackle so delicately and finely proportioned, causes it immeasurably to surpass all other modes of fishing. The exercise, also, is most gentle, never violent, save "when the prize is worthy of its price;" and the angler, not being confined to pool or pond, is constantly moving from rapid to deep, and from deep to rapid again, enjoying an ever varying scene, a constant excitement. Thus it is skilful in its operation, while at the same time it gives health and vigor to the body; and if rightly pursued, (I make bold to add,) enlargement to the mind.

It would not be difficult to tenuate my letter, my dear Herbert, to a considerably greater length, on the pleasantry of fly-fishing and its comparative superiority in point of science over many other pastimes, nor to refute the perhaps off-hand notion expressed by Sir H. Davy in his preface to "Salmonia," about its being "the simplest and most attainable kind of rural sports." But as in about a month we shall see each other face to face, and you will then have an opportunity of judging how far it is entitled to the term "scientific;" as I have already written more fully than the limits of a letter generally prescribe, and have no wish so greatly to inspire you with the love of it, that you too should go about to bring in converts (for I really think there are almost as many fishermen as fish in these happy isles) I shall refrain.

Let me venture one assertion more and I have done—"Stephen Oliver," in his "Recollections of Fly-fishing," &c., observes, "what Pinkerton with his usual modesty has said of collecting old coins, 'it is an innocent pursuit, and such as never engaged the attention of a bad man,' belongs more justly to angling; there is not a single angler to be found in the Newgate Calendar." Now I go even a step further in proof of his position, and take upon me to affirm that throughout the pawnbroker's shops of this great Metropolis, (and it is a most singular fact,) you will seldom, if ever, find *genuine* second-hand fishing-tackle to be disposed of:—plenty of made-for-sale-nominal-second-hand trash, but none which was ever the property of a true lover of the gentle art. In other words, anglers are not even extravagant men.

With every kind wish for your well being, believe me,
Your sincere and affectionate friend,

July 25th, 1838. THEOPHILUS SOUTH.

P.S. If nothing should arise to prevent it, I shall understand that our meeting in Wales is appointed for the 23d August next.

To Herbert Montgomery, Esq.,
—— House, near Liverpool.

London (New) Sporting Magazine for March.

* See February No. p. 117.

MADAME PERSIANI.

We might turn over many a living page in the volume of theatrical biography before we should find a more interesting life than that of the young cantatrice now before us.

Persiani is the daughter of the celebrated tenor Tacchinardi. She was born at Rome in October, 1812. Her father, who perhaps, considered that he had gained fortune sufficient to share with his young and promising daughter, or more probably, fearing to expose her to the perilous chances of the stage, would never for a moment listen to the suggestions of his interest by preparing her for the public career in which she has since so distinguished herself. His most ambitious project for the future welfare of his child was to see her in the character of a happy wife and mother, with the domestic circle for her only sphere of action. These views were approved, perhaps first inspired, by his wife, a woman of talent, but so rigorously pious that the bare contemplation of seeing her daughter on the stage was enough to excite in her mind a feeling of horror. In spite of the prejudices of her parents the young Fanny unconsciously manifested innumerable symptoms that the stage was her fittest vocation. At the early age of nine she never received a singing lesson from her father without first donning some little shred of theatrical costume enough to her imagination to identify her with the subject of her song. At this early period her little voice had already attained a correctness and a flexibility as graceful as they were remarkable. Those who were accustomed to hear her sing the little ariettas, in which she accompanied herself with the most appropriate tone and expression, could not help censuring the resolution taken by her parents. One day Mombelli, a cantatrice in high repute, having been present at a lesson given to the little girl, was so affected that she embraced Fanny with tears, and unable to find fitting language in prose to express her enthusiasm, addressed a sonnet to the young prodigy, who then scarcely eleven years old, appeared to receive this testimony of admiration from so competent a judge as a ray of inspiration. From that moment she dreamed of glory and success in the theatre instead of the salon; yet love for her mother hushed the expression of such a wish, and her first young hope was sacrificed at the shrine of filial duty.

Two years subsequently to this period Madame Tacchinardi died; and Fanny having overcome the grief naturally caused by the loss of a tender mother, again resumed her application to music with fresh ardour.

The applause excited by his talents even at that early period reached the ear of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, to whose Court Signor Tacchinardi was attached as a vocalist. The Grand Duke, wishing to judge for himself of the young musician's genius, desired her attendance; her willing father had, therefore, no alternative but to obey his master and presented Fanny at Court. She sang in several concerts given during Lent. Still her mother's disapprobation was not forgotten; but the Court was not the theatre. Besides, how could she disobey a Prince and a father, two absolute sovereigns at once?

In 1830, after two years of brilliant success in the circles of fashion, one of the dreams which Signor Tacchinardi had cherished for his daughter was realised. She became the happy wife of a young composer of great merit, with whom she lived in complete retirement till the year 1832.

At this time an unforeseen event changed the destiny of Madame Persiani. The opera of *Francesca di Rimini* was then for the first time about to be performed at Livourna. Two celebrated singers were engaged for the principal characters, when unluckily, or perhaps we might rather say, most fortunately, the time of rehearsal arrived, and one of these important ladies was absent. She had been forcibly detained at Florence, and could not appear at Livourna till the next season. What was to be done? The composer of the new opera was in despair—the manager of the theatre at his wits' end—when all at once the happy idea occurred that the daughter of Tacchinardi, who was living in a country house not many miles from Livourna, might perchance be charitable enough to come to the rescue, and deliver the management from these embarrassments. At first Madame Persiani hesitated to comply with the request, but on learning that she might render an important service she dismissed her scruples, and with the permission of her father and her husband accepted a part in *Francesca di Rimini*. The sequel is easily imagined: Madame Persiani was so successful that it would have been unwise, almost impossible, for her not to pursue a career on which she seemed to enter as a sovereign. Some days after the representation of *Francesca di Rimini* she signed an engagement for Padua.

From Padua she went to Venice, where a warm rivalry, provoked by their admirers, took place between herself and Madame Pasta. She successively acted in *Romeo e Julietta*, *Il Pirata*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and in *L'Elisir d'Amore*; but in this contest with one of the first musical reputations of the time Persiani had exhausted her powers, and was obliged to seek some months of repose at Florence, where her father detained her till the following spring.

In 1833 our heroine was invited to Milan, whither the news of her victory at Venice had preceded her. She sang at the theatre Carcano, in the *Beatrix of Tenda*, and the *Sonnambula* of Bellini. Every kind of inducement was offered her by the Milanese to remain with them till the autumn: poets and painters surrounded her: Romani wrote sonnets to her; and Bruloff, the first portrait painter of Italy, solicited her to sit for a whole length painting. In the autumn she was on her way to Rome, where a not less flattering reception awaited her. At Rome was composed for her *I Promessi Sposi*, and *Misantropia e Pentimento*, to the success of which she did not a little contribute. On her return to Florence during Lent in the same year she sung *Rosmondo* of Donizetti, with Duprez—from that period her success was universal. At Naples, at Genoa, at Pisa, she was received with marks of the highest admiration, and in each of those towns the most ingenious stratagems were put in practice to detain her. During her second visit to Naples, in 1835, as she was one evening dressing for the second act of *Lucia di Lamermoor*, in which she had just been singing, a lady entered her dressing-room, and after complimenting her on her singing in a tone of voice which betokened the highest admiration, added in a more playful key, "and is this beautiful hair your own?" The long and thick tresses of Madame Persiani resisting the hand which was playing with them, the lady added, "Well! as I have no crown of flowers to offer you let me weave you one with your own hair." The stranger was the gifted and ill-fated Malibran. Even then, as in a dream she was conscious that death would soon fade the crown she had so richly earned, and wished with her own hands to anoint her successor.

In returning from Naples to Florence by sea the same year Madame Persiani fell dangerously ill from the effects of a violent storm which the vessel had encountered. On her arrival at Florence, where she was engaged to sing in the *Puritani*, the director, without any regard for her health, compelled her immediately to appear before the public. The sufferer made her appearance almost in a dying state, hoping the auditory would aid in her defence; but her expectations were disappointed; for, whether through the secret manœuvres of the director, or from positive disappointment, the Florentines showed her no mercy, and loudly hissed her whom they had been the first to applaud. Persiani, though indignant at such cruelty, was compelled to submit to the evil, and to fulfil, as well as her health would permit her, the imprudent engagement. But when, after some weeks had elapsed, and she had recovered her voice, the public hailed her with acclamations of applause, the sense of injury forbade her from making any acknowledgment; a proud cold smile took the place of the customary grateful demeanour, and the moment the season closed she bade farewell to the Theatre of Florence. From that time she has been deaf to all advances made to her for another engagement.

After fulfilling engagements at Bologna, and in several towns in Germany, in 1837 Madame Persiani made her first *debut* at Paris. On her first appearance before a Parisian auditory in the *Sonnambula* she was seized with an involuntary trembling, and in spite of the applauses of the public, who knew how to make allowance for an emotion so natural under the circumstances, yet, feeling what injustice she had done to her own powers, she returned home in tears, resolving to leave Paris that very evening. With much trouble her friends induced her to change her resolution; and it is well known how gloriously she afterwards redeemed her supposed failure on that occasion.

During the last winter of 1838-39 Madame Persiani, encouraged by the discriminating audiences of Paris and of London, has shown how much her powers are above the common order. Those who have heard her in the *Sonnambula*, in *Lucia di Lamermoor*, in *Don Giovanni*, and *L'Elisir*, and have had the opportunity of comparing her with the most celebrated living vocalists, do not hesitate in awarding to her the palm of superiority.

As an actress Madame Persiani deserves also our warmest eulogiums. In the parts of *Zerlina*, *Adine*, *Amina*, and *Lucia*, characters which are so essentially different from each other, she represents with incomparable truth and expression.

Assured of fame in her infancy by Mombelli, almost envied by Pasta, crowned by Malibran, sung by Romani, and idolized by the most celebrated modern composers, no one will dispute that this celebrated woman deserves to hold the first rank amongst the vocalists of the age. Abridged from *Les Artistes Contemporains*

FORCES OF CONTINENTAL POWERS.

After the most recent *authentic* official reports (from January to February, 1839), the real military force of the Germanic Confederation (including the whole of Austria and Prussia) consists of 1,417,400 men. Austria furnishes 744,000 men, Prussia 451,300, and the second and third-rate States of the Confederation furnish the remaining 222,100 men.

Austria has fifty-eight infantry line regiments, each with four battalions; seventeen frontier infantry regiments of three battalions each, twenty battalions of grenadiers, three battalions of Tyrolese rifles, twelve battalions of chasseurs, five garrison battalions, eight regiments of cuirassiers of six squadrons, seven regiments of light cavalry of eight squadrons, four regiments of lancers of eight squadrons, five regiments of artillery with 1,500 cannon, a fusee corps (*Rackesen*), and a corps for throwing shells of 1,000 men.

The Austrian forces, numerically speaking, are the largest in Europe. In case of war this can be increased by 80 battalions of landwehr, thirty-nine thousand men of the Hungarian insurrection, and the frontier reserve of 62,000 men (13 regiments of infantry and 10 regiments of hussards of the above-mentioned troops are entirely composed of Hungarians.)

Austria has a small navy of 8 vessels, 8 frigates, 4 corvettes, 6 brigs, 7 schooners, and some small craft—altogether, 47 sail. Besides this, Austria keeps on the Danube, as a guard upon Turkey, 25 vessels, mounting 131 guns, and manned by the battalion of Pschaikists. There are 28 strong holds and 58 fortresses in the monarchy.

Prussia has a royal guard of 2 infantry regiments, 2 grenadier regiments, 1 infantry regiment of reserve; 4 regiments of landwehr, each of 2 battalions; 1 battalion of rifles, another of Neufchatel arquebusiers, and another of picked men; 1 regiment of body guard, 1 of cuirassiers, 1 of dragoons, 1 of hussars, 2 of lancers (each with 4 squadrons), 1 squadron of picked men, a brigade of artillery with 60 cannons, a company of pioneers, 2 of invalids, 1 of non-commissioned officers, and 6 more garrison companies.

Thirty-two infantry regiments of 3 battalions each, 32 infantry regiments of landwehr of 3 battalions each, 8 infantry reserve regiments of two battalions each, 4 infantry regiments of reserve landwehr of two battalions each, 4 battalions of chasseurs of 2 companies each, 48 garrison companies, 8 cuirassier regiments of 6 squadrons each, 4 dragoon regiments of 6 squadrons each, 12 regiments of hussards of 6 squadrons, 8 regiments of lancers of 6 squadrons, 96 squadrons landwehr lancers, 8 squadrons of reserve landwehr lancers; 8 brigades of artillery, each consisting of 3 horse companies, 12 foot companies, and another company, with 1,400 cannons; 3 inspections of engineers, with 8 companies of pioneers; 18 garrison companies, 10 companies invalids, a body of chasseurs and light horsemen, 10 brigades of gendarmerie. This comprises the line and war reserve. The landwehr of the second *levee* consist of 180,000 men, who are intended to garrison and defend the interior of the country, and are not comprised in the above. The Monarchy contains 6 strong places, and 21 fortresses.

The remainder is furnished by the other States of the Confederation.

Total Prussian forces—222,100 men.

Independently of these real forces there is a reserve in case of war. Mayence, Landau, and Luxemburg are the strong places of the Confederation.

RUSSIAN FORCES.	Men.
Imperial Guard	43,000
127 infantry line regiments	508,000
36 battalions of infantry garrisons	108,000
68 regiments of regular cavalry	68,000
38 regiments of regular Cossacks	30,000
Irregular cavalry (Cossacks, Tartars, Calmucks, &c.)	87,000
Drageon corps	14,000
Artillery, 1750 pieces	67,500
Engineers and auxiliary corps	19,600
Poles serving in Russian army	50,000
Officers of all grades	24,900
Total	1,020,000

The Russian Navy consists of 36 ships of the line, 28 frigates, 8 cutters, 16 brigs, 61 schooners, 27 galleys, 142 gun-boats, 30 floating batteries, 32 steam vessels.

Total, 483 sail; 7,400 cannons; 36,000 sailors, 11,000 marines, and 6,500 marine gunners.

FOREIGN THEATRICAL SCRAPS.

Thalberg.—This eminent artist is now at St. Petersburgh, giving a series of twelve concerts, three of which have taken place, and the receipts of each averaged £900. Thalberg had been honored with an invitation to dine at the palace with the Emperor. From St. Petersburgh he will proceed to Moscow, and some other large towns in the provinces.

Fanny Elssler lately met with a fall in Paris, which kept her from the stage two or three weeks.

New Italian Operas.—Two new operas were performed in Italy in February last—one at Milan, the other at Rome. That of Milan was by M. Schoberlechner, the husband of a cantatrice of much note. The subject is taken from Racine's "Bajazet," and the *libretto* bears the title of *Rossana*. It was, including Hiller's *Romilda*, the second opera of German origin produced within a short time at the same theatre. It would appear that M. Schoberlechner's music obtained but an indifferent reception. His work was much injured by the customary performance of a ballet between the second and third acts, which happened to be *I Ritti dell Indostano*, the music of which is made up of the sweetest melodies of Rossini and Bellini. The new opera played at Rome was another *Medea*, of Prospero Selli, a young composer of Viterbe. It obtained a complete success, to which Eugenia Garcia, sister-in-law to the late Madame Malibran, much contributed.

Late advices from Italy mention the death of Costamagno, the young composer of two operas of much merit—*E Pazza* and *Don Garcia*.

We regret to say, also, that, by last advices from Marseilles, the health of the celebrated violinist Paganini is rapidly declining.

Theatres in Russia.—A letter from St. Petersburgh states that the Emperor has just issued an ordonnance relative to the *personnel* of the Imperial theatres, and containing the following provisions:—1st. The artists of these theatres are divided into three classes, the first of which comprise the chief *employés* and the artists charged with the principal parts in every line, the directors, maitres de chapelle, and directors of the orchestra, the painters of decorations, the directors of the costumes, and the principal machinists. The second class is to comprise the actors entrusted with second and third rate parts, the masters of the wardrobe, the painters, sculptors, and inferior machinists, the leaders of the musical bureaux, and the fencing-masters. The third class is to comprise the chorists of the opera and the ballets, the figurants, chorus-singers, and their leaders, copyists, and hairdressers. 2d. The persons composing the first class, after ten years' service at the Imperial theatres, are to have the rank of *employés* in the chancellery of the third class, and are to be eligible to civil employments. 3d. The pupils of the Imperial theatres are to have the same right, and are to be admissible to civil employments, but only after 15 years' service. Should they quit the Imperial theatres before that period, they will be assimilated to the persons comprised in the second and third classes.

Important to Singers.—In Monday's sitting of the Academy of Sciences, M. Arago made a communication respecting a new application of a process of physics to the art of healing—the medical apparatus of condensed air contrived by M. Tabarie. It appears that a stay of more or less duration in condensed air has a very beneficial effect upon persons suffering from pulmonary complaints, though the manner in which it acts upon patients is not as yet very satisfactorily accounted for. M. Arago informed the academy that M. Francœur, our distinguished mathematician, having, in consequence of a disease of the larynx, been visited with a total extinction of his voice, had been able to utter some words after three sittings in M. Tabarie's apparatus, and that after the eleventh experiment he had wholly recovered his voice, so as not only to speak but likewise to sing. It was not of great importance to make a German sing, but much more so to render the same service to our celebrated artist, Mademoiselle Falcon, who will shortly be indebted to M. Tabarie's process for the possibility of again commanding public applause. It therefore appears that the action of condensed air is henceforth to be included among the efficient branches of the art of curing. Paris Print.

Rare Animals.—A fine male elephant, three years old, has recently been brought to England, in the Herefordshire, Capt. Isaacson. The animal was consigned as one of the "softer sex" to the firm of Messrs. F. & C. Mangles, the ship-owners, who have since disposed of it to Mr. Wombwell, the menagerie-keeper, to whom she was delivered on Monday. The same vessel brought over for the Messrs. Mangles a pair of Exas deers. These animals are very rare, and we believe there are not more than two collections in the country which can boast of Exas deers. The importation will, therefore, be of some value to the zoologist.

Mr. Wombwell's Lions.—The skeletons of the two lions belonging to Mr. Wombwell, that suddenly expired at the St. James theatre, after having been anatomized at King's College, were removed by the London and Birmingham Railroad to the Manchester Museum, for which they have been purchased by the directors of that institution.

A new comic opera, in two acts, called "Die Neuvermaehlte" (The Bride) has been performed with great success at Dresden, in presence of the Royal family and Court. The music is by a young Sicilian composer, Giano Rastrelli, and the libretto by her Royal Highness Princess Amelia of Saxony, whose dramas have for some time enjoyed much favor in Germany.

A London journal of character thus hits off Bulwer's new play. There is a good and severe (with a tendency to be merciful) review of Bulwer's "Richelieu" in the last "*Monthly*," of which the following is a happy final sentence:—

"Such is the new play of Richelieu—the production of a clever man—not gold, truly, yet the best sort of substitute. If not so valuable, it is not so heavy. Theatrical audiences frequently prefer tinsel, for its lightness, to the sterling ore, which is sometimes inconvenient from its weight. The chief character enters into comparison with Shakspeare's Wolsey and Lear; *the difference between them just measures that between the poet and the playwright.*"

The whole of this paragraph is dry, pithy, and decisive.

Duncombe, on being asked his opinion of the effect the explosion of the box of gunpowder would have had on Vestris, observed—"Very little; she is accustomed to having her countenance rather violently powdered."

A Successful Performer.—On the night of the 17th inst. a thief broke into the Grand Theatre of Brussels and made his exit with the whole evening's receipts, amounting to above 1,800 francs.

Miss Edgworth was once so deeply abstracted in the contemplation of some literary work, that in the performance of her duty as a hostess, she left the tea out of the teapot, and poured out hot water only. Some one asking which of her productions occasioned this forgetfulness, was answered, "Her work upon Absen*tea*-ism."

LETTER FROM MAJOR BOOTS.

"Boots" is a little late, but quite good enough at any time. His letter, compared with that of our own reporter, gives the reader an idea of what a poor editor has to do in the way of looking for pedigrees, colors, &c., and but a faint one, too. It is a business a man would'nt adopt till hoeing corn had broke him.

SCREAMERSVILLE (suburbs of Richmond, Va.), May 13, 1839.

Dear Sir,—'Tisn't often that "Boots" takes a strut on his own premises, proferring, from delicacy as well as taste, the more highly cultivated parterres of his more successful neighbors; but as the vernal influence has "gladdened his paths," and studded his "walks" with flowers and fragrant shrubs, he may now be seen, for this one time, duly promenading the same. So go it, "Boots."

May 7th—First Day's Race.—A brilliant Sweepstakes, $500 ent., 5 subs., and everybody sceared—4 to start certing. There was the big Goliah (the terror of 3 yr. olds), and the "Peacham Fylde" (the Belfield snorter, at 1:56 in ancle-deep mud), the heavy-quartered brown, half brother of the redoubtable John Lindsay, fotched up on herd's grass and hiron hore over on the Island at the foundry; and last and least of all, the leetle Langar, out of My Lady (names too high bred for his more democratic competitors). Well, the crack 3 yr. olds were to come together at last, as they had dodged each other the week but one afore. Everybody was anxious to see whether "the ace" was there or not, sich a big talk was raised about it. The hand-bills were eagerly demanded, and coaches thronged the "Rendezvous" at Early's. The day was a beautiful one, and

Lightly the breath of Spring
Floated on the Zephyr's wing,

as fanned the odors gently by. The course was in fine order, and great time expected if the Goliah should be called upon. At 12 o'clock the painted pannels of the coaches, passing the line of "Lombardy's," peered through the shrub-set garden, and the red omnibusses rolling over the green, told the crowd was there. The horn was sounded.—2 to 1 on the Goliah vs. the field, and 100 to 25 the Langar don't win. They are on the track—the big Goliah looks proudly o'er his competitors—he peels as slick as an Injun—a $4000 animal; the brown Fylde (the first of that color) looked dark and treacherous, and no minnow in size, neither: 1:55½, shoes on, over the Tree Hill Course last week, in a private run, would rather brush the lint off, 'twas thought. The brown half brother of John Lindsay was said to be a whole kin to him in speed, and the little Langar jerked his hind leg up like he had the spring halt (one of the snake-bit sort, ard car'd pyson in his feet). As he walked by, one double-triped fellow, fed upon about 200 fat shad, and who took his "hue" from a hul pipe of concentrated Cognac, stepped up to Boots and ax'd—"My little sonny, are you going to run that little hos agin them big ones?—you can't have any idea of beating them big colts, sartin." Said I, "Look here, old Double-tripe, my money thinks he can beat 'em, and bigger the better, for it has gone up into that ar' stand, where all that liquor and them weighing judges are."

The word's given—the Goliah goes a-head streaking of it, the Fylde close behind, the little hos way behind, doing it at his ease. They enter the last quarter—the Fylde gets a-head, and they rattle it down to the stand amidst the thousand shouts that rend the air—the Fylde wins the heat in 1:50½. Speculation seems tripped up, and now turned topsy-turvy—the Fylde the favorite at odds. They cool off—Goliah raythor sick of the joke—the Fylde not seeming to mind it much—the brown half-brother thinking the iron factory a heap softer place than the one he had got into—and the little Langar, despite the hard pulling, a heap too fur in, but as game as the old General's "little black-bottom'd red." They are off again, the Langar leading like a bird from the very jump, and the Fylde trying it at him; but he kep up sich a constant striking thar' was no gittin' to him, and he finished the heat easily in 1:51, showing he could have won the first heat also. The thing was now out, the tale told, and everybody in the secret, as the gal said when she had her little 'un;—she was now as wise as her mammy before her. The Langar cooled out very handsomely (greatly to the credit of John Moore, his trainer), and came snorting to the stand for the third shake; but the Fylde hadn't gone a full quarter before he was satisfied he had "waked up the wrong passenger," and sorter hauled off and knocked under in 1:56, the 3d heat! Well this little hos now got to be mighty big in people's estimation, and everybody could say, "What a deep briskit! what a fine shoulder! and what a short strong back! and lord! such a long croup! what quarters! and what a horse!" Money closes a dead man's eyes, but its mighty apt to open those of the living, and a loss of $500 in one day sharpens the vision mightily, and makes a man see a heap o' points he overlooked before.

The next day's race was not of much account, suffice it to say, that the remarkably *silent* Mayor of the Slashes won the stake in very pretty style, after making a dead heat with McDaniel's Whale colt.

But the next day gave very good sport, as the two gallant Luzboroughs made a beautiful race of two mile heats, and Bandit and the game little Virginia Robinson, won for themselves imperishable fame to the tune of 3.50—3:52—3:49 (3:48 made by several good timers). 'Twas thought if the rider had obeyed orders, and not run until Virginia went for it, that Bandit must have won the race; but his rider very improvidently expended or impaired his strength in a fruitless brush with Brocklesby, instead of waiting upon the little mare. The four mile day was a terribly rainy one, and the purse easily won by Balie Peyton. You'll have 'em all with you week after next at Camden, hot and heavy.

Boots.

A LETTER FROM PETE WHETSTONE.

ALDIE, Virginia, May 11th, 1839.

My dear Mr. Editor.—Well, I have seen the big races at Washington, and dident see much when I saw them. Boston and Portsmouth made such a mash of the other nags that there was no fun, but I reckon the "*devil and Tom Walker*," give Boston his dose for the first three miles any how,—I tell you they don't fix things right some how—the big bugs are kept apart, and just fix things so that it is, no use to do nothing, as the feller said when his sick horse showed the whites of his eyes—and then them chaps what have so much money bet 20 to 1 and pick up the country boys cruelly.

After the first day's race was over, a very nice looking gentleman says to me, "Col. Whetstone, wont you ride up and see a cock fight." "I reckon I will," says I, and up we went—well now the way I had fun was about right—sich hurraing and shouting—"25 cents on the high comb," "50 cents on the low comb," "20 dollars on the white," "5 dollars on the red." Well at it they went—"hurrah for the white, hurrah for the red,"—"that is the time we saved him; stand back and don't crowd the pit,"—"Turn him out, turn him out," "Hurrah for Tague Orengan," and the way they did go it was funny—the white cocks were too much for the others.

I saw a right good chunk of a fight, one fellow knocked up—but arter all, give me a race on the Devil's Fork for fun before any thing I have seen here.

I am going on next week to the Baltimore races, for there is to be fun there Mr. Kendle, what owns the course, says to me, "Col. Whetstone be sure and come to my house and I'll show you fun,—they shall run for money there, and you will find Boston has his hands full," and then he gine me a sorter of a sly wink, and says he, "Watch Balie Peyton and Master Henry," at that I sorter pulled up my eye lid—"Gad," says he, "a word of the sort is enough among gentlemen."

I jist want to see Boston and Portsmouth come together; when they do Pete drops a few on the *Black Ram*. They seem to be shying round each other sorter like Jim Cole and Dan Loony, the time they had a fuss on Cravat-Stuffing Creek—but I reckon before they go the rounds it will be hard dodging, as the louse said when the gal raked her head cross ways with a fine tooth comb.

Well, talking of gals, I reckon it is about time Pete was looking out for a wife; some how or other they don't fancy the Devil's Fork, for I sorter hitched up long side of one and commenced singing,

"Purty Polly, Purty Polly, your dad-dy is rich,
And I have not a fortune to trouble me much,
Will you leave your old mam-my—your dad-dy also
And round the wide world with your darling boy go.

Don't you think the little critter said *no*—and she did it so slick, jist laying her thumb on her nose, says she "you can't come it Pete," and then she laughed and jumped off like a fawn, leaving me a good likeness of a rough specimen of the fine arts. In haste ever yours,

PETE WHETSTONE.

PETE'S LAST.

WASHINGTON CITY, May 5, 1838.

My dear Mr. Editor,—I hardly know where I'll begin. I have been to Baltimore agin; the way they keep soldiering there all the time is malicious, I tell you; why, it was a string long as a mile track; the way they were nice looking fellers was about right; I reckon they could do a cash business in Florida. But oh lordy! if you want to see strange varmints, just look at them high-faluting chaps—sich car-locks—why the *head-bug* what swam the Devil's Fork to get to Wiley's upper story, would die with grieving if he could see such a *range*. My patience, but they would make nice wimen; they are the slickest, nicest little critturs, I never did see, and then they think so well of themselves that it makes no sort of difference what the world thinks of them. Home is home arter all, and give me the Devil's Fork. Why nobody talks to you in a steamboat or a stage—they jist draw in their heads like mud-turtles. Now in the West, a fellow will chat away at an awful rate, and will try to make the world get on smoothly. But one syllable is all I can squeeze out of these fellers. The Capitol is a heap bigger than I ever thought houses got to be. Well, I reckon some fellers up on the raccoon fork of the War Eagle would stare if they were here—sich pritty trees and ponds, and the keenest little red fish, and then there is a thing that turns round of its own accord, and spouts water worse nor a water-pot—they call it a *ged-dow*.

I aint been up to see Mr. Van Buring—I reckon he don't know I'm here, or he would send his carriage; but I shan't stand on ceremony, as deaf Smith, the tailor said, when he knocked down a feller, because his mouth went like as if it said liar. I aint been out to the race-course yet, but I am going next week. I want to see how Bosting looks 'longside of the Warping-bars, or the Bussing-coon. I am in a hurry, so good bye. Ever yours,

PETE WHETSTONE.

EPISTLE FROM M. OF LOUISIANA.

VIDALIA (La.) April 2, 1839.

Sir,—Spring has already budded forth here as gay as a butterfly, anticipating yours no doubt, by several weeks. Nature has decked herself in her most gorgeous habiliments. The carpet she has spread for her feet is more beautiful, if possible, than the green robe that hangs flowingly and gracefully about her person; and then the tiara with which she has crowned herself, glistening with early dew-drops, is as resplendent as the eye of the morning. How much more of life and of joy, does the simple wanderer of the woods feel than the gay tramper of a city. Let me ever look upon the fair face of nature, for she is the bright interpreter of the Most High. Her accents are mild, soft, sweet and persuasive. No anathema has ever polluted her lips.

A circumstance occurred here the other day, which I think worthy of note. A young Terrier slut had a fine litter of puppies, on the plantation of Doctor SPENCER WOOD, at the Buffalo Ferry, state of Mississippi. An old slut belonging to the place, who had been barren for years actually took possession of them and suckled them herself. The benevolent old lady in a few days gave sufficient milk for the litter. What do you think of her Philoprogenitiveness. The next time I travel down there I think I will lay my hands upon the head of the old girl and see what I can make of it. She has at least "a very fine *Phrenology*" as an ignoramus of a lawyer said of B——'s head here the other day.

I was at a splendid ball given by the Hussars, at Parker's Ball Room in Natchez, a few nights since. There was a great deal of beauty and fashion there. Tho' as for beauty, that same little city of the Bluff and its vicinity, (not forgetting at the same time to include "Old Concordia") can "turn out just as much of that ere article as any other of the same size within the four quarters of the solid yearth!" Miss ELLEN TREE was there, dressed with much sweetness and simplicity, and "*in course*" with taste. Gen. WOOL and his aids were there also.

The spirited manager of the Natchez Theatre, Mr. THORNE, perpetrated a pun that was excellent. We were sitting nearly opposite when he proposed a glass of wine with me, including two gentlemen at some distance on his left in the invitation. While we were filling, a gentleman seated himself between Mr. T. and the two gentlemen, upon which T. remarked that he would not make a *bridge* of him. The gentleman replied "no, as it will be *abridging* your allowance." "Yes," says T—, "but that is not the *abridgment*."

As we are now about to depart home, suppose we walk from Parker's Ball Room to his Bar Room. I consider it one of the most splendid rooms in the South. It measures 45 by 70 with an elevation of 24 feet. The unity of the room is undisturbed by pillars, and has a grand effect. Really a man, who would at such a time as this, now in the midst of the *press* of the *pressure*, throw up such a building, deserves the highest commendations, as well as the liberal patronage of the public. It beats every thing here hollow. It is a conspicuous ornament to the city, and is called the "*Southern Exchange.*" M.

...GTON'S "IDLER IN ITALY."

We ... time only to take a passing glance at these volumes, which have just appeared, but one cannot dip into any part of them without observing the peculiar vivacity, judgment, and strength of observation with which our authoress adorns every subject she touches.

GASTRONOMY.

The dinners at our hotel are execrable; and so seemed our friend Mr. Moore, the poet, to think yesterday. I hate going to dine at a restaurateur, though it is quite *a-la-mode* for the English to do so here, at Calais, and consequently I prefer a bad dinner at home. But it really was provoking to invite T. Moore to partake a repast so unworthy of him. A mouth that utters such brilliant things, should only be fed on dainty ones; and as his skill in gastronomy nearly equals his skill in poetry, a failure in one art must be almost as trying to his temper as the necessity of reading a failure in the other; nay, it would be worse, for one may laugh at a bad poem, but who has philosophy enough to laugh at a bad dinner!

RUBENS' WOMEN.

The exuberant *embonpoint* of Ruben's women disgusts me; they appear designed to attract the admiration of graziers or butchers only; and even those who most admire his brilliant colouring must wish he had chosen more delicate subjects on which to display it. The observation of a countrywoman, on contemplating one of these over-fed representations, amused me:—'*Dieu, comme elle est bien nourrie!*'

ENGLISH AND FRENCH POLITENESS.

The politeness for which Frenchmen are proverbial is much less flattering to individual vanity than is the less ostentatious civility of Englishmen. The former is so general in his attentions, that he makes one feel that the person to whom he is addressing them is only receiving what would have been equally offered to any other lady by whom he might chance to have been placed; whereas an Englishman is either silent or reserved, unless animated by a contact with some person who has pleased him: consequently his compliments have a point, and, if I may use the expression, an individuality, that convinces *her* to whom they are addressed that they could not have been applied to another. A Frenchman never forgets that he is talking to one of a sex for which he profes-

ses a general veneration; the Englishman forgets the whole sex in the individual that interests him.

DESCRIPTION OF LORD BYRON.

I have seen Lord Byron; and am disappointed! But so it ever is, when we have heard exaggerated accounts of a person; or when, worse still, we have formed a *beau ideal* of him. Yet most people would be more than satisfied with Byron's appearance and captivated by his manner; for the first is highly prepossessing, and the second is graceful, animated, and cordial. Why then has he disappointed my expectations! and why is it that, on thinking of those portions of his writings that have most delighted me, I cannot figure the man I have seen as their author. No, the sublime passages in 'Childe Harold' and 'Manfred' cannot be associated in my mind with the lively, brilliant conversationist that I this day saw. *They* still belong, in my fancy, to the more grave and dignified individual that I had conceived their author to have been; an individual resembling Phillips' portrait of Byron, but paler and more thoughtful. I can imagine the man I saw as the author of 'Beppo' and 'Don Juan.' He is witty, sarcastic, and lively enough for these works; but he does not look like my preconceived notion of the melancholy poet. Well, I never will again allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see, for disappointment never fails to ensue. And yet there are moments when Byron's countenance is "shadowed o'er with the pale cast of thought," and at such moments his head might well serve as a model for a sculptor or painter's ideal of a poet; but, in an instant, an arch smile replaces the pensive character of his countenance, and some observation, half fun and half malice, chases the sombre and more respectful feelings which were beginning to exist for him. His head is peculiarly well shaped, the forehead high, open, and highly indicative of intellectual power; his eyes are grey and expressive, one is visibly larger than the other; the nose looks handsome in profile, but in front is somewhat clumsy; the eyebrows are well defined and flexible; and the mouth is faultless, the upper lip being of Grecian shortness, and both as finely chiselled, to use an artist's phrase, as those of an antique statue.

There is a scornful expression in the latter feature that does not deteriorate from its beauty, and which is not assumed, as many people have supposed, but is caused by the peculiarity of its formation. His chin is large, but well shaped, and not at all fleshy, and finishes well his face, which is of an oval form. His hair has already much of silver among its dark brown curls; its texture is very silky, and, although it retreats from his temples, leaving his forehead very bare, its growth at the sides and back of his head is abundant. I have seldom seen finer teeth than Lord Byron's, and never a smoother or more fair skin; for, though very pale, his is not the pallor of ill health, but the fairness peculiar to persons of thoughtful dispositions. He is so exceedingly thin that his figure has an almost boyish air, and yet there is something so striking in his whole appearance that he could not be mistaken for an ordinary person.

This description is perfectly exact, and would convey the impression of more than usual personal attractions, which Lord Byron may certainly claim; and yet his appearance has, nevertheless, fallen short of my expectations. I do not think that I should have observed his lameness had my attention not been called to it by his own visible consciousness of this infirmity—a consciousness that gives a *gaucherie* to his movements; yet, even now, I am not aware which foot is the deformed one. His are the smallest male hands I ever saw—finely shaped, delicately white, and the nails, *couleur de rose*, showing pearly half moons at the bottom, and so polished that they resemble those delicate pink shells we find on the sea-coast. He owes less than any one of my acquaintance to his toilet, for his clothes are calculated to disfigure rather than to adorn him, being old-fashioned, and fitting ill. His voice and accent are particularly clear and harmonious, but somewhat effeminate, and his enunciation is so distinct that, though his general tone in speaking is low, not a word is lost. His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview, and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of "Childe Harold" and "Manfred," and a want of the self-possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet.

BYRON'S OPINIONS ON MUSIC.

I like music (said he), but do not know the least of it as a science; indeed, I am glad that I do not, for a perfect knowledge might rob it of half its charms. At present I only know that a plaintive air softens and a lively one cheers me. Martial music renders me brave, and voluptuous music disposes me to be luxurious, even effeminate. Now, were I skilled in the science, I should become fastidious; and instead of yielding to the fascination of sweet sounds, I should be analysing, or criticising, or connoisseurshipising (to use a word of my own making), instead of simply enjoying them as at present. In the same way, I never would study botany. I don't want to know why certain flowers please me; enough for me that they do, and I leave to those who have no better occupation the analysis of the sources of their pleasure, which I can enjoy without the useless trouble. Byron (adds Lady Blessington) has little taste for the fine arts; and when they are the subject of conversation, betrays an ignorance very surprising in a man who has travelled so much. He says that he *feels* art, while others prate about it; but his neglect of the beautiful specimens of it here goes far to prove the contrary.

At Geneva Lady Blessington's party were rowed upon the lake by "Maurice, the boatman employed by Lord Byron." Honest Maurice gives the following description of his Lordship, whose manner had evidently "made him poetical":—

"He told us, that Lord Byron never entered his boat without a case of pistols, which he always kept by him; a very superfluous ceremony, as Maurice seemed to think. He represented him as generally silent and abstracted, passing whole hours on the lake absorbed in reflection, and then suddenly writing, with extreme rapidity, in a book he always had with him. He described his countenance, to use his own phrase, as '*magnifique*,' and different from that of all other men, by its pride (*fierté* was the word he used.) 'He looked up at the heavens,' said Maurice, 'as if he thought it was his proper place, or rather, as if he accused it of keeping him here; for he is a man who fears nothing, above or below. He passed whole nights on the lake, always selecting the most boisterous weather for such expeditions. I never saw a rough evening set in, while his lordship was at Diodati,' continued Maurice, 'without being sure that he would send for me; and the higher the wind, and the more agitated the lake, the more he enjoyed it. We have often remained out eighteen hours at a time, and in very bad weather. Lord Byron is so good a swimmer, that he has little to dread from the water.—Poor Mr. Shelley,' resumed Maurice, 'ah! we were all sorry for him!—He was a different sort of man; so gentle, so affectionate, so generous; he looked as if he loved the sky over his head, and the water on which his boat floated. He would not hurt a fly, nay, he would save everything that had life; so tender and merciful was his nature. He was too good for this world; and yet, lady, would you believe it, some of his countrymen, whom I have rowed in this very boat, have tried to make me think ill of him; but they never could succeed, for we plain people judge by what we *see*, and not by what we *hear*.' This was, in language somewhat different, the sentiment of our boatman's account of Byron and Shelley."

A LEGEND OF THE LOCHS AND GLENS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SUBALTERN."

THE LINN OF THE CALDRON.

Would that this treason were not, or not I
The detector. *Shakspeare.*

There is perhaps no quarter of Scotland which more abounds in the lore of national tradition than the beautiful glen which lends a local habitation and a name to the subject of this simple history. It lies on the outskirts of the largest and loveliest of the northern counties, just where the hills first rise above the fertile valley of the Forth; and where the small but beautiful straths that meander in every possible direction among the scarcely separated bases of the mountain range, still display, here and there, a sunny corn-field or an emerald meadow, which whispers faintly of the rich *carse* beyond. Strathone is one of the fairest valleys on the eastern side of the Grampians, and though smaller than the general extent of flat ground upon the Lowland side, and far less favourably situated for convenience of access or communication, few, if any, of the glens of Perthshire are comparable to it in natural beauty, climate, or situation.

Loch Boyochd (strange! that so fair a thing should bide so rough a title) occupies about three Highland miles of extent, yet from the peculiarity of its bent, winding as it does round the giant promontory of Skian Var, there is but one-half of the water visible from the entrance of Strathone. The jutting mountains, indeed, close so completely in appearance over its lower half, that the traveller will scarcely guess there is a wider and larger portion of the vale yet unrevealed, and so lets his eye rest lovingly on the little cluster of cottars' houses, which seem the only occupants of the strath. But, in arriving at this conclusion, he will much deceive himself. Beauties as rare, glories not less magnificent than any which have yet delighted him, lie on the farther side of that skreen; and on some other occasion, though not now, due notice may be taken of them

We have alluded to Skian Var. It is a noble crag, which lifts its huge head far into the sky, and stretches its giant arm so boldly across the lake, that beneath its shelter the breezes rarely come, and the waters lie, for the most part, in waveless sullenness. Yet is there a portion of these same waters even more striking than the rest—so striking, that though he may be ignorant of the tales that attach to it, we defy the stranger to pass it by unnoticed. It is the pool with which our present tradition is connected—the Linn of the Caldron, as it is called; of which, by attending to the following marks, the curious may take cognizance:—Nearly opposite to Skian Var, where the uneven and precipitous banks of the loch approximate, there is a small bay, or hollow, in the shore, into which the waters seem to withdraw that they may avoid the rapid current of the narrow passage. In the centre of that bay is the Linn of the Caldron. It is a round pool, dark, deep, and entirely motionless; the pale, pure, spiritual flowers of the water-lily, which thrive everywhere upon, and stud the margin of, Loch Boyochd, grow in singular beauty on the edges of that linn, and throw a fair and melancholy radiance over the nook in which it shelters; but on the bosom of the pool itself not a leaf or flower was ever known to float. The circular basin of black silver water, seems, in reality, spell-bound; for not one of the weeds which cover the entire surface of the waters near, ever makes its way within that enchanted circle.

According to the legend of the Linn, the goblin of the loch, once a mortal man, sold his being to the Evil One for a pot of broad gold pieces, which lost their value in his eyes as soon as the change came over his human nature. Jealous of the happiness of the simple cottars of Strathone, the spirit resolved within his bitter heart that the base-born avarice that took his own soul captive should be from generation to generation a snare to those who were once his fellows. He sank the caldron of gold in a black pool of Loch Boyochd, crossed two naked swords upon its mouth, and spread abroad the fame of his holy deposit among the denizens of the glen. The accompanying prophecy was this:—If the treasure should be discovered by numbers, its wealth would turn to fairy gold; if by one alone, each sword would do its work of doom, yet the discoverer would die in wealth and honour. The date of the prophecy is long worn out, but its authenticity is a matter undisputed by the most enlightened among the natives of Strathone, and seeing that a thousand strange tales depend upon it, which, if they serve no other purpose, at least bear testimony to the romantic and imaginative character of the people, I am tempted to give as an illustration of the legend itself, one somewhat more probable in its details than the rest. Here it is:—

Half way between the extremities of Loch Boyochd, just where the headland of Skian Var almost cleaves the lake in two, stand the ruins of an old house, called by the natives in their rude dialect Imer Veolan, or, the "Mill Ledge." The name is not inappropriate to the object of it; for there dashes down the hills just at that point a torrent, near the mouth of which may still be seen the relics of some primitive production of art. Indeed the whole of the little area is a beautiful dove's nest, which clings to the only nook of ground in that quarter which could afford footing for a domicile as lowly even as the Mill Ledge. A tall group of black pines shelters it from behind, a swelling brae slopes down to the margin of the loch in front, while the hills rising bold and sheer on every side, render it the central point in an arena of surpassing beauty. The last occupant of that picturesque domicile, of which nothing now remains but "breckan green and cold grey stone," was Donald Bane, the stout miller of the strath, a wight possessed of all the requisites and perquisites of his vocation, including the only child, that "miller's maid," which seems the prerogative of the craft. A sweet young thing was the miller's daughter, motherless and brotherless, and almost friendless; for though few in the lonely glen but would have nourished and cherished the gentle Annie as their own, yet there was about the pensive maiden of Imer Veolan a sort of fearful timidity—a silent, shrinking, retiring temperament, that cut off every avenue of familiar intercourse with the ruder spirits of the valley, and rendered her, with her small slight figure, pale cheeks, and starry eyes, an object rather of compassionate and somewhat reverential interest, than of intimate companionship.

Annie was yet in her very girlhood when the arrival at his paternal mansion of Colonel Munro of Glenore, the lord of the manor, and chief of the clan, threatened seriously to influence her hitherto untroubled fate. Colonel Munro had spent his early manhood in the wars of other lands; and having carried thence a constitution shattered by the chances of his profession, had come but for a passing visit to the home of his fathers, prævious to his departure to a climate more congenial to his debilitated frame. Among the numerous train of strange and foreign attendants who accompanied him on that occasion, there was a soldier named Hugh, a native of the glen, who had followed him through many of the scenes of his warfare, and established a strong interest with his master by some important service rendered him in distant parts. The colonel was desirous of settling Hugh in comfort and independence, and offered him, as the reward of all his wanderings, a farm in Strathone, which, with a pension, the reward of a trifling wound, rendered him a little prince in that lowly community. The natural consequence of a man's settling in life seems pretty generally, in all situations, to be, that he shall look out for a wife; accordingly, even before Hugh's master had left Glenore, or Hugh himself had been discharged from his old duties about his person, the latter casts his eyes about among the fair-haired maidens of the glen, and established his claim to a refined taste and an enlightened judgment by passing by every other, that he might fix his heart, and lay his new possessions at the feet of the gentle Annie. Donald Bane, simple and primitive as were his notions, knew too much of the value of this world's gear to overlook the pretensions of such a suitor, and Hugh found his hopes most unequivocally sanctioned, and his claims allowed by the stout miller of Imer Veolan. Donald Bane saw his darling Annie already a lady in the land, and all the daintiness of her breeding confirmed and justified by the fate in prospect for her; so that Hugh grew in favour from day to day, and the mountain path that led of old from the mansion-house of Glenore to the mill of Imer Veolan was once more cleared of impediments. All this while Annie was left entirely out of the consultations that from time to time occurred between the miller and his new friend: no questions were put as to the probability of her heart falling in with her father's choice; and, in one point of view, this was a judicious proceeding, for Hugh was no favourite with the maiden of the mill; on the contrary, her feelings towards him fell very little short of aversion; and as this is a fact which requires to be accounted for, it is necessary that we should look a little further than we have hitherto done into the condition of society as it existed in Strathone. Among the cottagers of the glen, very few would have deemed the miller's daughter, even with the dower which Donald might probably bequeath to her, a desirable or thrifty wife; but the Man of the Moon, whose province it is to link people's hearts together by invisible threads of gossamer, had flung an irresistible mesh around one which followed its destiny unresisting to the presence of the solitary maiden; and Eichen Dhu, the boldest, and handsomest, and poorest, and merriest of the youths of Strathone, the best runner, and wrestler, and rower, and climber far or near, became her willing captive. The bashful girl was too young and timid to have given Eichen much ground for hope in his warm affection, but it subsisted on very little. The acceptance, on her part, of a bunch of sweet violets, or a bonnet full of hazel-nuts, was quite enough to satisfy him; and after the day that she met him in the glen, and besought him of her own accord, with tears and blushes, to climb a neighbouring crag in search of a pet lamb that had strayed, Eichen felt as if he never should despair again.

Hugh's arrival and subsequent pretensions were a cruel blow to poor Eichen. The feebleness of his own claims stared him in the face immediately, for what were a stout arm and a faithful heart when balanced against money and lands like Hugh's? The answer was not far to seek, and, accordingly, Eichen began to hate his rival with all the fervor and fidelity of the Gael. Our mountaineer, however, flattered himself that he had a better reason for his dislike of Hugh than the obvious one of Hugh's better fortune. He argued himself into believing that Hugh was cold, griping, and avaricious; and in a late transaction by which he had trebled his favour with his master through his activity in investigating the circumstances of a robbery by which Colonel Munro had lost a casket of valuable jewels, Eichen persuaded himself that the worst passions had been displayed; for though the box was never discovered, Hugh had tracked the thief and secured him with a cool satisfaction that revolted the free-born and untutored soul of the Highlander. At all events, Eichen was at no loss to account for his dislike of the man, and, as is very generally the case on such occasions, the sentiment was returned with interest.

One evening in the end of harvest, Eichen Dhu took his melancholy way down the margin of Loch Boyochd at that witching season when the griefs of the sorrowful hang heaviest and the joy of the happy is most intense, the soft dim starlight vesper hour before the moon has yet come forth to chase away all minor influences with her own cold majesty. Eichen was sadder even than his wont, and there was a something desperate in his heart which made it rise proudly and bitterly against the world and its meanness. He had wandered up towards the mill, as he often did at milking-time, in hopes of a kind good even, or at all events a passing nod, from his bashful mistress as she followed the cows which the herd-boy was driving before him, but she had passed at a little distance without remarking him, and a few minutes after Hugh jumped over the stile, and he and Annie entered the house together.

Eichen walked homeward angry and disappointed. The hot, bitter pang of jealousy was at his heart, and it swelled in his bosom with a rebellious recklessness that made him feel as if he could have dared the world. Half an hour with Hugh, hand to hand upon the greensward, would have settled the turmoil in his breast, but that fair trial was denied him, and in its stead he felt his very being absorbed in the overflowing anxiety to circumvent his rival by other means. Eichen weighed the chances of this unhappy suit with as much and more of reason and judgment than people in his humour often display, and the result was any thing but satisfactory. Annie had given him nothing like direct encouragement, yet his own heart whispered hope of her approval on grounds too subtle to be analyzed—his brave and tender constancy—his handsome person—his very misfortunes, or most of all, perhaps, the strange fatalism of human sympathy would not suffer him to believe that Annie could really prefer to him a man so stern and warworn and ungenial as her wealthier suitor; but with this conviction came the proud contemptuous consciousness that gold would buy her troth, or parental authority compel it. His fiery spirit writhed and chafed at the conclusion; he opened his broad chest and stretched his stout arm, and felt that if wealth could be won by honourable exertion, it might yet be his; but to seek it, he must leave Annie the uncontested prize of his rival, and the thought was not to be endured. Oh! why could not some kind spirit bestow upon him a portion of this filthy lucre, if but for a time; and Annie once his, and settled in a house that might set Hugh's vaunted farmhouse at defiance, Eichen felt that the very pith and substance of his frame should be expended to repay it.

The shadows had fallen and deepened, and a cloud was on the moon; and as Eichen Dhu pursued his painful reverie, he stumbled slightly over the long heather in his path, and found, on looking round him, that he had wandered from the pathway, and got among the cliffs exactly overhanging the Linn of the Caldron. At the moment in which he discovered his mistake, the fair moon shone out bright and clear upon the Loch, and revealed the black pool of the goblin's treasure, lying still, and dark, and waveless at his feet. A cold shiver shook the young man's well-strung nerves as he observed this; and with the ready superstition of his country, he felt that the spell of the water spirit was upon him. He had been guided directly to the spot, evil and unholy as it was, where his petulant yearning might be satisfied. His first impulse was to fly, but the clear white moonlight was so re-assuring that he lingered on the crag in reverential dependence on the shelter of its beams. In a few minutes came the first whisper of the tempter. Why should he cast aside the good so thrust upon him? Who could tell that, if the pot of gold were really there, the Kelpie meant evil to him who found it? Did not the prophecy imply that no dishonor could cling to the individual so favoured? And was not the present opportunity a direct intervention of the spirit in his behalf? Then the vision of the naked swords passed across him. Well! but how could even swords work doom unwielded? and what arm was there to put them to the proof save his, whose first effort would be to cast them back again to their unholy resting-place. Eichen's conscience pulled one way, and his inclination another, with the usual alternation of success in like cases, till his moral vision became obscured, and he fairly began to doubt if it were not treason to his love that he should shun a risk so slender. One bright golden vision of the consequence of his success turned the scale, and in a few minutes he had stripped and taken his leap from the edge of the rock.

The cliff was a high one, even for so experienced a head; and Eichen had forgotten that the depth of the Linn had never yet been fathomed. Down, down he went with a velocity and perseverance that seemed as if it were taking him to the very bowels of the earth; and so completely had the length of the dive deprived him of his presence of mind, that on emerging again he was incapable of deciding whether the heavy substance which he grasped between his hands had been lifted from the bed of the Linn itself, or dragged from some of the ledges of rock that reposed under the surface of the water, and over which he had scrambled as he rose again to the air. His breath came fresh and heartily, and with a sensation of devout gratitude for his escape from the horrors of the enchanted pool; and it was not till after many an ejaculation of satisfaction and thanksgiving, that he turned to examine the mysterious fruits of his expedition to the domain of the water Kelpie.

A caldron it assuredly was not; and it needed no clearer light than the cloudless moon afforded, to discover to our adventurer a vessel of infinitely less romantic pretensions in the form of a small strong box, well secured by hasps of iron and bolts of oak. The hasps, which were evidently intended to be secured by padlocks, had lost their fastenings, which were supplied by two skean-dhus—the small dagger of the Highlander—which had been thrust through the iron loops, and kept the casket perfectly water-tight. With a little difficulty, because of the rust which their immersion had produced, Eichen pulled out the knives and opened the lid of the little chest, his heart throbbing and bounding with the expectation of identifying the treasure of the Kelpie. Folds of strong linen covered the mouth of the casket; and hastily removing these, he saw the pale and quiet moon-beams glisten softly over a brilliant mass—not of coins or bars of gold—but of jewelled rings, stars, buckles, and sword-hilts, and of articles of modern finery, of which poor Eichen could not so much as surmise the use. He stood for a few minutes in a trance of stupid bewilderment, as if at a loss to account for the caprice of the water spirit in so misnaming the nature of his treasure; and then the mists of superstition and surprise passed slowly from the intelligent mind of the young Gael, and the conviction flashed across him he had discovered the jewel-box of Colonel Munro, the plunderer of which it had cost himself and Hugh such pains to trace. The discovery was scarcely a disappointment. He was grateful for the removal of the guilt he had fancied himself to have incurred in the appropriation of the Kelpie's caldron; and a certain hope of reward for his good fortune came gleaming over him on the restoration of the jewels to their proper owner. After a few minutes inspection of the glittering heap, Eichin reclosed the lid of the strong box, and turned to look for the skean-dhus which had fastened it. On lifting these from the grass, the moonlight shone full upon them both; and in the size, material, and peculiar mounting of the one nearest to him, he had not a moment's difficulty in recognising that which had constantly been used by Colonel Munro's confidential servant—even Hugh himself.

Eichen sprang to his feet with a deep exclamation, something between surprise and the confirmation of a previous suspicion; and then stooped hastily for the other little weapon which he had dropped, and examined it long and earnestly by the moonlight. Eichen's blood ran cold within his veins as he identified the stout buck's-horn handle and well-worn blade of the familiar weapon of the stout miller of Imer Veolan.

There was no room for a doubt of its identity; for on one side of the haft Eichen recognised the impression of a wheel, which his own eyes had seen Donald Bane scratch, by way of crest, upon the horn. The suspicion that the miller participated in the guilt which Eichen scrupled not in laying upon Hugh, did not find one moment's rest in his mind; but the appearance of the skean-dhu in a place so likely to implicate its owner beyond all reach of counterproof, filled him with apprehension, and already Eichen began to experience the evil consequence of little Kelpie's triumph. His first impulse was to return the heavy box and glittering treasure once more into the deep Linn, and leave the future discovery of the real culprit to some other chance or destiny; but a vague sense of justice to Colonel Munro, and an indefinable apprehension of mixing himself up with the perpetrators of so base a deed restrained him; and after long and painful reflection on the best means of proceeding, Eichen folded the unlucky chest in his plaid, hid it carefully under the hanging ferns that festooned the face of the crag, and took his way in deep and sorrowful meditation to his home.

So great and terrible a secret had never before burthened the conscience of the simple Highlander, and he tossed all night upon his sleepless pillow without being able to substitute one lighter image for the new and frightful vision that hung upon his brain. He assimilated again and again the goblin's prophecy, and the strange reading of it which his imagination conjured out of the circumstances of the night; the small skean-dhus personified the naked swords in his mind's eye; and he felt as if it were beyond a question that the doom of Annie's father and lover was to finish the parallel and be wrought by their agency. His heart grew cold as it pondered his own instrumentality in the affair, for though the prediction embraced his own ultimate good fortune, yet Eichin's nature revolted, with all the energy of his generous youth, from the means by which the triumph would be gained; and so deeply did the matter affect his happiness, that the early dawn saw him once more on his way to the Kelpie's crag.

The morning was yet in its first blush of autumn beauty—the air was soft and dewy—the water slumbered under the gentle shadow of the cloudy hills, and the mist wreath twined and curled like a veil of gossamer round the rugged forehead of Skian Var. As he sprang over the face of the rock and let himself down upon the cliff where he had deposited the treasure, the flutter of a female garment caught Eichen's eye, and the next moment revealed to him the figure of Annie, with the glittering contents of the jewel-box spread out upon her lap. She smiled and blushed as he approached, and as the gloomy and anxious expression of his countenance became apparent, she said in a pleasant tone, and with the graceful and poetic idiom of the uncouth Gælic, "I knew the plaid of Eichen, and the pretty things are all safe. Did Eichen get them from the Sassenach?"

The young man stood astounded at the untoward discovery; and for a few moments his look of perplexity might have seemed one of displeasure. Annie had so interpreted it, for she rose slowly and began to replace the jewels in their order, and did not repeat her salutation "Annie," said Eichen at last, with a smile, at the same time shutting down the lid, and flinging his plaid over it again,—"Annie, guess ye where I took that box from? I got it in the Kelpie's Linn last night." The girl uttered an exclamation of horror, and drew back pale and shuddering from the unclean thing, as if its very presence might contaminate her, and then turned appealingly to her companion, as if to learn the cause of its appearance in his keeping.

Eichen felt that the maiden knew already too much to render it safe that she should know no more. He accordingly seated himself beside her on the grass, and by reminding her of the late transaction in reference to the Colonel's jewels, endeavoured to make her understand that they were one and the same with the toys she had been admiring. He found it almost impossible, however, to make her comprehend the suspicion which rested on his own mind. All insinuations of the guilt of Hugh were thrown away upon her; and it was not till her informant had explained in broad terms the evidence of his delinquency, and the accident through which suspicion might rest upon her father, that she sprang to her feet with a shriek of horror,—her small hands clenched, and her eyes on

fire with indignation and surprise. "The black villain!" exclaimed Annie passionately; "Donald Bane would as soon steal the moon from heaven as one of those glittering stones from his master's house. It is to screen his own foul deed that he has stolen my father's skean. I knew he was a villain; the spirit within me rose against him. And is it of *him* they would make a farmer in Glenore? Is it to *him* that my father opens his heart and his home?—*he* that will make me turn my back on Eichen Dhu?" and seeming to have forgotten his presence in her violent excitement, after another burst of passionate indignation, she turned flushed and panting with some unspoken purpose to descend the cliff.

Eichen sprang before her, and wiled her back with words of reasoning and entreaty. He trembled for the consequences of her precipitation, and exerted his utmost efforts of persuasion to soothe her natural anger, and engraft prudence and discretion on its youthful violence. It was long before Annie could be induced to defer her appeal to her father till it might be made with most effect. She would have sought him out on the instant, in the face of the whole community—would have brought him to the spot where lay the evidence of his favorite's treason, and bidden him proclaim himself an honest man, and his secret enemy a thief and a villain. But Eichen prevailed at last, and she promised that her father should hear her strange news in private—that the name of the discoverer should be suppressed—and that beneath the pine shadow of St. Anne's, Eichen should meet her in the gloaming to hear the miller's opinion of the discovery, and the course he intended to pursue with regard to it. It was the best arrangement which Annie's unexpected admission into the fatal secret would permit; and the young people parted with an additional tie to each other, and a sort of tacit understanding that Hugh's place at Imer Veolan might not long be vacant.

Eichen proceeded slowly and thoughtfully about his morning's occupations; and if the labor of the youthful mountaineer had been often as imperfectly performed, the reputation of his superiority would have stood but on feeble ground. His very consciousness seemed absorbed by the anticipation of his meeting with Annie, and the possible results of her interview with her father; and he turned up his face again and again to the lazy sun, with the most impatient glance he had ever cast upon its onward progress. At last the red orb of the lingering autumn leant his fiery disk upon Skian Var—the still wave lay crimsoned by his glance—and before the glowing clouds of the west had lost one tittle of their transitory glory, Eichen took his way to the trysting place of St. Anne's, and cast his keen and earnest glance along the winding pathway that led to the mill of Imer Veolan. The eve was wearing on, and Eichen would have thankfully exchanged a portion of his scanty hopes for the certainty that she would come at all;—night was at hand—the stars grew clearer and more intense in the deep blue heavens, and the dim twilight darkened into approaching night—the last note of the blackbird had died away, and even the melancholy booming of the cushat came at intervals of more lengthened distance. By and by the dull ominous hooting of the owl and the startling croak of the raven were all the symptoms of companionship left to Eichen, and his heart grew heavy with the breathless solitude and the dim vague influence of superstition. He would not leave the spot, however, while it was possible for Annie still to reach it, and he walked up and down within the shade of the fir trees longing for even a moonbeam to scare the thick darkness; but the moon was hidden by a bank of heavy clouds that curtained the eastern sky, and the free and shadeless azure was occupied alone by the inferior light of the twinkling stars. At last the conviction forced itself upon him that she would not come. Annie was too timid to venture even thus far from home by the starlight only, and slowly and sadly he turned his face towards the path that led to his home in the hamlet.

Some invisible influence was upon him, for he could not seek his pillow without once more assuring himself of the safety of the fatal casket upon which curious eyes might fall with an effect so deadly. He left the homeward path, and sauntered on to the Kelpie's crag—that fated spot, to which, in a moment of madness, he had linked himself by a tie so hateful. As Eichen gazed upon the fated spot, something white and fluttering was distinguishable in the darkness; he fancied it might be an eagle lured by the white fleeces of the valley, and was about to scare him by a whooping cry, when the motion of the object, which appeared to steal along the surface of the ground, convinced him that he was mistaken, and that the apparition was no bird, but the likeness at least of a human being.

Eichen Dhu stopped short, and his breath came fast and fitfully as the image of the water-spirit, come to redeem his treasure, flitted dimly across his brain; but the recollection that his was not after all the doomed caldron, caused him to smile at so groundless an apprehension, and the suspicion that this might be some more substantial visitant whom he should find it of importance to intercept, induced him to quicken his pace in the direction of the crag itself. A few moments longer, however, and he stopped involuntarily to watch the singular motions of the solitary wanderer. The figure had quite surmounted the cliff, and stood perfectly defined even in the darkness upon its bare summit,—a small light form, which its white garment and floating curls told the trembling heart of Eichen could belong to none but Annie of Imer Veolan. He almost ceased to breathe in his anxiety to discover what had drawn her to a situation so extraordinary. There she stood peering over into the waters below, and every now and then stooping in a vain attempt to raise some object which seemed too weighty for her strength to move. At last the load was lifted in the arms of the delicate maiden, and the eyes that watched her knew it to be the chest of the Kelpie's pool. She quivered for a second on the edge of the precipice, as if endeavoring to give her load an impetus. Eichen's heart ceased its motion—the impetus was indeed given, but it was also shared, for the heavy weight carried the feeble heaver along with it—she vibrated one instant on the extremest ledge—there was a short noisy plash in the centre of the Kelpie's Linn, and then the thick black waters gurgled over till they slept again never more to be disturbed by the re-appearance of their prey.

* * * *

Donald Bane's guilt was never proved, nor did the suspicion of it ever extend beyond the depths of Eichen Dhu's own bosom; though, when the first keen pangs of his bereavement passed away, he found in the impression of its truth all the explanation of Annie's unfortunate fate which was awarded him. The old man died shortly after of grief for his daughter's untimely and mysterious end; and the mill of Imer Veolan is now a home for the owl and the bittern. Hugh was in process of time dismissed the service of Colonel Munro, and made some disgraceful end in the Low Countries. It is affirmed, by such as wish for confirmation to the Kelpie's prophecy, that Eichen turned soldier, and died a gentleman in foreign lands; but the only part of the catastrophe of which there seems but one edition is, that the jewel-box of Colonel Munro still rests in the depths of Loch Bayochd to swell the unholy treasure of the Linn of the Caldron.

Bentley's Magazine for April.

SCENES AND SPORTS IN FOREIGN LANDS.

DEEP JUNGLE SHOOTING—A TOUCH AT A WILD BUFFALO.

Shooting in India may properly be classed under three distinct heads—wet, dry, and deep jungle shooting. In the two former excellent sport may be had by a good shot, and one who has a proper contempt for that great big bugbear "the sun;" and with these requisite qualifications, I have no hesitation in saying that a day in the Paddy Fields* of the East will yield as good an account of "long bills" as their brethren "Paddy's Fields" in the bog of Allen; or, for the *dry 'un*, as decent a show of hares, partridges, (barring pheasants), as a day's shooting might produce in Old England, provided always you have in your train a suitable pack of black pointers—*i. e.* Nigger-beaters.

But with all this for excitement—and what is life without it?—give me the "deep jungle" with all its dangers. Then, when you load one barrel with large shot, and drop a bullet into the other; when, bandit-like, you sally forth with the pistol and hunting-knife in your belt, not knowing if you are to stumble on a quail or a quadruped, a pea fowl or a panther; when at the slightest rustling of the underwood, or crackling of the long dry grass under your footsteps, your heart leaps to your mouth, and the ready-cocked piece to your shoulder; then, and not till then, can you appreciate the true delights of the Chase. Then, if a real Sportsman, although an exile in a burning clime, afar from friends, home, and kindred, you will not envy the old governor, or maybe an elder brother, who perhaps at the same moment, attended by John the game-keeper, a couple of well-trained pointers, and all appliances and means to boot, is comfortably trudging through the stubble, or knocking down pheasants in the coverts like cocks and hens in a barn-yard.

But by the bright looks of Diana! ye sons of Cockaigne! imagine not this to constitute sport! Lay not, deluded wretches, the flattering unction to your souls! But after John has duly given the census of slaughter, after you have swallowed, self-satisfied, your bottle of Port, and having inserted your tender toes in slippers soft, and deposited your goodly person in a snug arm-chair before a blazing fire, take up *The Sporting Magazine*, and I'll attempt to give you some faint idea of realms in which Nimrod himself might revel.

Like Othello, "rude am I in speech, and little blessed with the set phrase of peace;" therefore, without more preface, I shall say—that in the month of January, 183–, myself and another *companero* left our snug little bungalow at S——, and by the "light of the moon" took our departure on our trusty nags in a north-easterly direction, in hopes of reaching the hill fort of Boanghir, where our tent awaited us, early in the morning. Our destination was a hitherto unexplored part of the country in the neighborhood of the Perkhal Lake, a part of the extensive Cummermait Jungle, about a couple of hundred miles distant, where we were to join another party which had already been out several months engaged in the survey of that unknown region.

* Swampy ground where rice is cultivated, and in which snipe are generally found.

Boanghir was about thirty miles distant, and we, therefore, expected to reach it about breakfast time, but, owing to our mistaking the track, we did not obtain the welcome sight of our tent till near twelve o'clock. We were too much fagged to attempt anything like shooting that day, but in the cool of the evening we scrambled up part of the dark mass of granite on which the fort is constructed, but were stopped midway by a party of Arab soldiers in the Nizam's pay who composed the garrison of the place. Next morning, and for the following four or five days, we pursued our journey amidst scenery common to this part of India—low jungle, occasionally broken by a few rice-fields and date-trees, in whose neighborhood was generally found a small hamlet, near which we always encamped, to have the double advantage of obtaining rice for our followers, and buffalo milk for ourselves, our table being otherwise always well supplied with the produce of our guns. We journeyed on thus some eighty or ninety miles till we reached Hunnumcondah; this appeared the extreme verge of civilisation in the sense of the word in India.

On leaving Hunnumcondah, the "spirit of our dream" suddenly changed: we could no longer overlook the surrounding jungle, but entered at once into a forest land such as I had never witnessed in India. The teak, the sylvan monarch of the East, now first made its appearance, and as our path wound under its deep foliage, it was no longer crossed by the bounding antelope or timid partridge; but we would occasionally catch a glimpse of a spotted deer with its spreading antlers, hear the melancholy screech of the pea-fowl, or have a transient peep at the dazzling plumage of the jungle cock ere he rose and took his pheasant-like flight.

What a pity it is that this noble bird should not be introduced into our coverts at home! At least I am not aware of any attempt having been made to do so, which, as it is a remarkably hardy bird, would probably succeed. The female differs little from the common barn-door fowl, but the plumage of the cock is rich beyond measure: the feathers on the back, of a rich yellow orange color, are different from those of any other bird in one remarkable peculiarity, the end of each feather having the appearance and consisting of card or pasteboard colored and highly varnished, which, overlapping each other, produce the most brilliant effect. It is a very shy bird and difficult to put up, but runs amidst the underwood with wonderful quickness, and can carry away a good charge of shot.

As we proceeded, the forest scenery by degrees grew bolder, whilst the track of larger animals often seen in the sand—amongst which we distinctly perceived that of the tiger—reminded us that we were entering domains where the sway of man was little known, and warned us to keep close together during the remainder of the day's march, which ended at a place called Gheezcondah, composed of a few straggling huts by the side of a tank, and occupied by woodcutters.

Our first care on reaching our encamping ground was always (having first duly breakfasted) to send for the Potail, or head man of the village, and inquire what game there was in the neighborhood. On the present occasion this important personage gave us wonderful accounts of the *sheckar* (shooting) to be had in the vicinity; amongst others he said that a wild buffalo sometimes came to the tank, and that on a neighboring hill (which he pointed out from the door of the tent) there were no less than seven tigers.

We gave the old fellow full credit for laying it on *rayther* too thick, but resolved in the evening to reconnoitre the hill. On our way there we banged two or three times at hares and spur-fowl with our *shot* barrels, always taking the precaution of keeping one loaded with ball. We thus sauntered carelessly along, until, as we approached the rock, an object attracted our attention, which put us on the *qui vive;* it was the carcase of a sheep nearly devoured, and that recently. This smelt rather *tigerish*, particularly as the underwood at the foot of the rock was extremely thick and tangled, affording likely covert for a beast of prey. We, therefore, proceeded cautiously. Nothing, however, attracted our attention until we had nearly reached the summit; here on a ledge of granite overlooking a chasm many feet in depth, and in front of an aperture in the rock, we saw a quantity of tiger's hair, as if he had been in the habit of basking there in the sun. We resolved, therefore, to lay in ambush immediately above the fissure, which we supposed to be his den, and patiently await until he should emerge, when we might get a shot at him within a few feet before he could be aware of our presence.

But the best concerted plans in this world are liable to be frustrated. We had not been ten minutes in our position, when, instead of coming as we expected from under our feet, and allowing us to take him in rear, a slight rustling in the bushes immediately in front of us was followed by a noble royal tiger advancing most majestically along the ledge of rock: at first he did not perceive us, and we allowed him to approach a few paces: he then looked up, viewed us and made a dead stop. Not a second was to be lost; he was within twelve yards, and a single bound would have sent at least one of the party to eternity. We both fired instantaneously, and both with effect: he reared himself on his hind legs, as if to make a forward bound, fell back, and rolled headlong into the abyss below. My ball had hit him between the eyes; G.'s had struck him in the loins.

I know not how *he* found himself, but I must confess that, although my hand was steady enough when I fired, after the business was over, and I was again proceeding to load, it felt *unkimmon* tremulous, as if I had had a glass too much over night. As to the poor devil of a black fellow who had accompanied us, he was a perfect chamelion, his polished black phiz being transmogrified into an ashy blue.

By our log we now made ourselves out somewhere about twenty miles from our surveying friends, and stopped a day at Gheezcondah to await the arrival of a messenger we had despatched in search of them, and were much rejoiced to learn, on his return, that we were right in our calculations, and that a couple of horses would be posted for us next day midway between Seevaporam, a small village, where they had been some time expecting us.

Accordingly "flaky darkness had scarce broken in the East," when we were mounted and *chulling* along at a rate our nags had latterly not been accustomed to, leaving our people to follow at their leisure. We found a couple of strong ponies at the appointed place, and having our own spurs and friends' nags did not in the least tend to slacken the pace, which about 9 A.M. brought us in presence of a very respectable encampment, in the midst of which was conspicuous the noble double-poled tent of my friend M——.

He and his assistant D—— came out to give us an Indian welcome; they were both right *good 'uns*, but at present rather *rum 'uns* to look at. D——, with a beard reaching down to his waist, reminded me so strongly of Robinson Crusoe that I could not help roaring outright, whilst M—— only required a slight dash of Day and Martin to personate a very respectable Friday. We were ushered into a capital breakfast, whilst discussing which our wild men of the woods related to us all the adventures and hair-breadth 'scapes by field and flood they had encountered during the four months of their jungle exile, and concluded with the joyful intelligence that a wild buffalo had been seen within a few miles, and that scouts were then on the look-out to bring the earliest intelligence of him. He had been described to them as a most formidable monster, having killed or disabled several natives in charge of herds of tame buffaloes, the males of which he also attacked and drove the females into the wood. Several unsuccessful attempts had been made to destroy him, in the course of which he had received many matchlock balls in different parts of his body, but at the end of a few weeks he always returned as troublesome and fierce as ever.

This, as may be imagined, stirred up our mettle, and the day was passed in anxious expectation of the return of the sheekarees (native hunters): we heard nothing of them, however, till next morning at breakfast, when as primitive a Nimrod as ever I beheld, except that he carried a long rusty matchlock instead of a bow and arrows, came in breathless haste to announce that he had tracked our great enemy into a large *meidan* (plain) about four miles in the depth of the forest.

We were soon under arms, and about an hour brought us to the scene of action. This was a plain of about a square mile in extent, and covered with long dry grass, reaching in many places as high as our saddles, whilst in others it lay in prostrate flakes on the ground: the whole was surrounded by very high jungle and forest trees. We were not long in discovering our foe, who stood in apparent security near the middle of the meidan, and settled our plan of attack as follows:—As he was known invariably to charge after being fired at, and often before, it was agreed that one of us, mounted and spear in hand, should take off his attention, while the rest advanced under cover of some bushes until within shot, the said horseman likewise covering the *retrate* in the event of the Joe Mantons and Eggs not doing their duty.

I know not why—probably from being so fortunate as to possess a greater resemblance to that far-famed worthy, Don Quixote, than any of the rest of the party—I was selected to enact the cavalry on this occasion. Accordingly, making a *detour*, and skirting the wood whilst the skirmishers advanced as before agreed on, I was soon within fifty or sixty yards of the enemy, and *then* I began to be aware of the sort of *cratur* we had to deal with: he stood as high as the largest English ox, with much greater breadth; but the most imposing part of him was his head ornaments—such horns! I am ashamed to make a guess at their size! but, husbands, ye might have envied him! *I* only thought of the lift they might perchance give me and my nag should a false step or other accident put us within their reach.

The noble animal appeared astonished at my audacity in daring to approach him, and, as I quietly rode round him, merely changed his position to eye me with unconcealed surprise. The infantry had by this time approached within range, probably about eighty yards, and I moved out of their line of fire, having so far effected my object in warding off his attention from their advance.

There was now a moment of anxious suspense, as I could see M.'s rifle slowly brought to his shoulder: he fired; the shot evidently told, and, from the manner in which the brute momentarily staggered, I should think between the horns; be that as it may, his fire was immediately followed by four other discharges, in spite of which he manfully kept his legs. I expected that he would now go at them tail on end, according to custom, but whether he had had a sickener, or was intimidated by this new mode of attack, I know not: he went to the right about, and started off as hard as his legs could carry him, myself in his wake, thinking I could soon bring him up. In this I was, however, slightly mistaken, for although mounted on a good little bit of Arab stuff, and not sparing the *Brummagems*, I found I overhauled him but slowly, and it was not until he reached the opposite verge of the jungle that I succeeded in giving him one poke in the stern; but I might as well have directed my spear against the oaken one of a seventy-four. It only tended to accelerate his speed; and the manner in which he crashed through and bore down the tall jungle and small trees, which afterwards rebounded with violence, warned me that all further pursuit would be of no avail: I therefore pulled up, and, rejoining the party, we all retraced our steps to Seevaporam, lamenting our ill success, but with the valiant resolution of concluding our day's sport by astonishing a few of the snipe and wild fowl in the rice-fields and tenks near the encampment.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

A JUDGMENT OF HEAVEN.

During the whole of the late protracted trial of Soufflard Lesage, and their accomplices in the murder of Madame Renaud, the humblest seats in the Assize Court of Paris were eagerly sought for by the most elegant and most celebrated women in Paris. This passion for the horrible has at all times been displayed by the Parisian females, and it is never exhibited with more effrontery than after a political commotion. Thus, in the year 1799, it was the fashion to go and visit the lunatic asylums, and shudder at the wild sayings and violence of the unfortunate beings immured in those refuges of the worst of human infirmities. So numerous were they who would enjoy this cruel pastime that the municipal authorities were compelled to interfere, and order the madhouses to be closed upon all women. The prohibition did but stimulate their curiosity, and the moment the amusement was forbidden to all, each strove to have the privileged enjoyment of it. The commissioners were overwhelmed with applications which they could not always reject, and it was thus that one of the prettiest, richest, and most favorite actresses of the Comedie Francaise found her way into the Salpetriere, an asylum open to infirm as well as insane females. Mademoiselle Vanhove was a relative of the artist of the same name, who became later the wife of the celebrated Talma. Nothing could be more charming than her person; her talent, indeed, consisted much more in the loveliest countenance than in her dramatic powers. At a period when women vied in displaying the most extravagant sumptuousness and prodigality, she was conspicuous for the richness of her equipages and the extreme splendour of her *dress*. She had adopted the costume which Madame Tallien, Madame Recamier, and other leading beauties of those revolutionary times had rendered a transient fashion. Clad with a Grecian tunic, which was tied upon her shoulders, diamond buttons of enormous size, her arms and bosom as bare as an antique statue, she was exploring the cells of the female lunatics, when, suddenly one of the poor wretches rushed upon the young actress, seized her arm, and applied her teeth to it with such violence that the blood flowed from it. The keepers hastened up, threw themselves upon the ferocious assailant, and with great pains tore her from her prey; she was dragged away howling horribly, licking with delight her bloody lips, and vociferating, "Let me drink, I'm thirsty!" Fortunately Mdlle. Vanhove's wound was not a serious one, the mad woman's teeth had not gone much deeper than the skin. A few days after, the fair actress re-appeared on the stage with the more success, as the public had been, not unintentionally, informed of the singularly exaggerated peril she had been exposed to. On her coming forward she was applauded for above a quarter of an hour, and, on the close of the performance was recalled.

Much less was required to confer celebrity upon the female cannibal of the Salpetriere, and whether he would or not, the Home Minister was compelled to let upwards of five hundred women—the great ladies of a period which had no great ladies—have access to the lunatic asylum allotted to their sex. All were surprised to find that she who had attempted to *devour* Mademoiselle Vanhove, was a woman of thirty-five, finely and delicately formed, with an arch look, a turned-up nose, the prettiest manners, and the lightest and most graceful gait. Their astonishment was much greater still when the keeper of the creature thus shut up in a cell which was not unlike the cage of a wild beast, informed them that that very woman had been loved in turn by Count Strogonoff, Baron Cloots, Barnave, Mirabeau, Petion, Camille Desmoulins, and the atrocious Danton himself! The keeper would next throw to the woman a piece of raw meat, which she would seize and devour with abominable delight; and, at length, he would utter her name, when all shrunk back, still more terrified at the recollections it revived, than disgusted with her hideous voracity, for that fearful name was Theroigne de Mericourt!

Theroigne de Mericourt! Yes, it was she, the very same fiend who, in the memorable days of October, led to Versailles the hags of the Place de Greve and Halle au Ble—she who stormed the palace and conducted the assassins into the Queen's bed-room—she who incited the mob to fire at the Royal Family who had hastened to the balcony of the marble court! She subsequently compelled Lewis XVI., his wife, and children to get into a carriage; she stationed herself at its door, and ceased not to insult the Royal captives in the most opprobrious terms, and to inflict on their ears the narrative of her achievements of the preceding day!—what achievements!—she had murdered three Gardes-du-Corps, helped the "man with the long beard" to cut off their heads, and had dipped her arms in their blood!!

After such deeds Theroigne could not stop in her sanguinary career. She was to be seen ranting in the most violent clubs, and on the 17th of July, 1791, yelling among the *Fédéres* of the Rue Saint Antoine against Bailly and Lafayette. In the following year, on the 20th of June, she helped to push the wheels of the cannon which the populace forced into the private apartment of Lewis XVI. She revenged herself upon Suleau, the editor of the "Actes des Apotres." He had ventured to ridicule Theroigne, and accuse her of being ugly! Chance having thrown the unfortunate young man into her power, she had him disarmed, stripped him, pounced upon her prey like a tigress, strove to tear him to pieces, and wallowed in his blood! a sabre in her hand, she was about to strike him, when Suleau, who was nimble and robust, dashed at the hag, fastened upon her, struggled with her, wrested the weapon from her hand, and put her to flight, for her cowardice equalled her savageness. He was on the point of escaping, when the President of the Section came up with one of his worthy satellites. They rushed upon Suleau behind him and kept hold of him. Theroigne then grasped her sabre again, plunged it three or four times into Suleau's breast, sawed the unfortunate man's throat, cut of his head, placed it at the end of a pike, and carried it in triumph through all the streets of Paris.

To the murders of August succeeded the still more atrocious murders of September. To Theroigne de Mericourt those dreadful days were as perpetual revels. She went from one prison to another, to the Abbaye, the Carmes, and La Force—she hastened from massacre to massacre, she bathed her hands and legs in blood, she would fall with fury upon corpses not yet cold; she would bite and mangle them; and, if we must credit the frightful record, it was she, who, in male garments, proposed to the noble and generous Mademoiselle de Sombreuil to save her father's life by drinking a glass of bleod!

From this period Theroigne's intellects were impaired, and an occurrence in the following year consummated the monster's madness. Being recognised at the Palais-Royal by some relatives of her many victims, she was surrounded, seized and publicly whipped. Next day the she-cannibal was to be seen prowling about the streets of Paris, springing at all who were on her passage, in order to bite and devour them. Two children, it is affirmed, were thus destroyed. She was first shut up in a *maison de santé* of Rue Saint Marceau, and subsequently removed to the Salpetriere, where she expired in the year 1817, insatiable to the last of flesh, blood, and filth.

Such is the history of Theroigne. Now let us conclude with the *dénouement* of another life. Eighteen months ago at most, two medical gentlemen, impelled by charitable motives, ascended, accompanied by a police commissary, the six or seven stories of a house in the neighbourhood of the Palais Royal, and with much difficulty found their way into a wretched garret occupied by an aged female. They found the poor creature in bed; she apologised for receiving them so ill, not without blushing at being thus taken by surprise in her morning *négligé*, nor without strongly inveighing at the absence of an imaginary *femme de chambre*, who wofully neglected her duty! When the three visitors urged her with all possible courtesy to quit so miserable an abode, and come to a more suitable residence, she resisted, wept, and attempted to fascinate the humane strangers in a thousand little ways, and by a thousand little tricks, which her superannuated face and figure rendered loathsome. She ultimately complied, and left her garret, taking with her *all* her luggage, which consisted of a rouge-pot, and an old greasy pair of gloves, such as certain women wear of a night, to keep their hands fair and fresh. The hackney-coach which she got into conveyed her to the Salpetriere, where she was placed among the peaceable portion of the lunatics, for there is nothing dangerous in the old lady's insanity. She is ever persuaded that invisible beings, and rivals jealous of her beauty, burn about her unclean odours, and strive to overwhelm her with humiliations and persecutions. She dwells in a little cell in a park, sings, recites poetry, talks of her youth and beauty, deems herself still in possession of those gifts, puts rouge on, indulges in *minauderies*, and issues her commands to her mad companions as if they were her *femme de chambre*. She loves to exhibit her withered arms, and to show on one of them the vestiges of a bite, when she will exclaim, "The teeth of that horrible Theroigne de Mericourt have fortunately not deformed my plump and well-shaped arm; they have left on it but these little white marks!"

Abstracted from a Paris periodical.

On Dits in Sporting Circles.

The Great Match.—It is with pleasure we learn that Mr. Rodgers has obtained the use of *Monarch* for the great match of $20,000 a-side. We have now little fear that either party will forfeit, if Portsmouth has not been injured by his race at the Kendall Course.

The Camden and Philadelphia Races.—There never was so fine a prospect of sport at the North as is promised by the races which are to commence at Camden next week. The week following, the Trenton races will draw every stable within striking distance by the large amount of the purses. After the Trenton Meeting, come the Union and Beacon Courses, so that four weeks at least we shall live in clover.

All the horses that figured at the Kendall Course, this week, are expected at Camden. Mr. HARE has gone over there with his string, and if it does not rain *as usual*, Mr. FRIEND will do a good business.

The Peyton Stake.—We do not remember to have announced the produce of No. 30, in this stake. It is a fine filly now several weeks old, by Andrew, out of *Maria West* by Marion, or to give her her most honourable title, out of Wagner's dam.

No. 20, the produce of Polly Peachem, (Portsmouth's dam) and Imported Priam, is, we regret to say, dead. The foal came with some malformation of the lower jaw,—it was too short, so that it could not suck. The owner had, we learn, been offered $2500 for his chance some weeks before the mare had foaled. Though a tremendous price, we do not wonder that Mr. Rodgers should have refused it. Sincerely do we regret his loss.

In connection with this stake, it is proper to remark that we have heard from several of the subscribers in relation to admitting more entries to it. One gentleman writes, "I neither object to the substitution of other nominations by the original subscribers, who have unfortunately lost their foals or whose mares have proved barren, nor to such other nominations as may desire to enter within the time you propose. In a word, if we could obtain One Hundred subscribers, I should be gratified, and am perfectly willing to keep the stake open a reasonable time, so as to admit all applicants."

Such is the spirit of every communication received at this office on the subject. Cannot the Secretary obtain, officially, the assent of each of the subscribers; if it were possible to do so, the value and interest of the stake would be greatly enhanced.

We regret to learn that the stables of Mr. MCDANIEL, near Raleigh, N.C., have been recently burned. His fine horse *Red Wasp* perished in the flames. The fire is supposed to have been the act of an incendiary.

Georgetown (Ky.) *Spring Races.*—We have the report of these races before us, but cannot make room for them to-day.

Maj. JONES has sold his bay mare, *Princess* by Defiance out of Empress (the dam of Ariel) to Mr. J. W. PALMER, of Augusta, Ga. She will go to Rowton or John Bascombe, the present season.

Mr. BOARDMAN of Alabama, has sold to CHARLES MCLARAN, Esq., of Decatur, Ala., his imported mare *Malibran*, at $3000. She was bred by Sir L. Glynn, in 1830, got by Muley (sire of Leviathan) out of Prima Donna, by Soothsayer—Tippitywitchet (Camarine's grand dam) by Waxy. She will drop her first foal shortly to Berner's Comus.

A new Race Course is about to be established at Donaldsonville, La., on a grand scale. Over sixty subscribers have already pledged themselves to carry out the undertaking. Knowing as we well do what can be achieved by Southern gentlemen in the way of racing, when they choose, we shall expect the Course at Donaldsonville to become one of the most noted in the country.

We are requested to say that the first five volumes of the American Turf Register will be raffled for at the Terrapin Lunch, corner of Ann-st. and Broadway, on Saturday, the 25th inst., at 9 o'clock, P.M.

THE BOARDMAN BREEDING STUD.

CONSOL is dead,—the most serious loss which we have had recently to announce. Consol was in the Breeding Stud of Mr. BOARDMAN of Alabama, where he had entered upon his fourth season in America. He died after a few days illness, occasioned by a constipation of the small intestines, producing a high state of inflammation and a pulse over 100. Previous to the attack, he was in high health and doing a good business.

Consol was imported in the autumn of 1835, and covered in the Spring of the following year. His colts will not therefore show on our turf till next spring. He was but eleven years old at the time of his death, and was considered one of the best sons of Lottery. Mr. Boardman has seven of his get dropped this Spring, all out of Imported mares.

It always affords us pleasure to speak of the breeding stud of Mr. Boardman, in which so much of the choicest blood of England is now to be found. The death of Consol is a severe loss to the stud, but Mr. B. is just the man to look out and supply it worthily. There are now sixty-one thorough-breds in the stud. We annex a list of the foals of 1839:—

Ch. c. *Wales*, by Berner's Comus, out of Imp. mare, sister to Puss, by Teniers, son of Rubens.
Br. f. *Omnium*, by Consol, out of Vamp by Langar—Wire, sister to Whisker, and Whalebone.
Br. f. *Meteor*, by Comus, out of Amina by Gaberlunzie—Luna by Wanderer.
Br. f. *Blaze*, by Comus, out of bay mare by Filho da Puta, grandam by Rubens.
B. f. *Orphan*, by Consol, out of Sandbeck mare—Cervantes—Sir Peter—Diomed.
Br. c. *Doubtful*, by Consol or Comus, out of Chance by Patron—Whisker—Stamford—Waxy.
Br. f. *Premium*, by Consol, out of Bay Mare by Woful—Alagretta by Trumpator—Woodpecker.
Ch. c. ———, by Consol, out of Adana by Sultan—Rachel by Whalebone—Gohanna, &c.
B. f. *Expedition*, by Consol, out of Miranda by Woful—Beningbro'—Coriander—Highflyer.
Ch. c. *Promise*, by Comus, out of Hope by Rubens—Haphazard—Walton—Pot-8-o's.
Ch. c. *Cripple*, by Consol, out of bay mare Olympus—Walton—Pipator—Delpini—Herod.
Ch. c. ———, by Consol, out of Rachel by Partizan—Filagree by Soothsayer—Web by Waxy.

This is showing up to 23d April; others to drop, say from Gabriella, Amanda, Peter Lely mare, and Battledore mare.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

It will be in the recollection of our readers that some months since we published a suggestion by one of the subscribers to the "Peyton Stake" that another stake, $2000 entrance, $500 forfeit, at two mile heats, should be opened, to come off the day after the "great affair," "to enable those who had but one nomination in the large stake, to accompany it with a junior partner to run for the smaller stake." By the terms of the original proposition this stake was designed for *colts and fillies foaled the Spring of* 1840. This suggestion was in part adopted, and a stake opened, as we announced several weeks since, to be run over the Nashville Course the Fall of 1843, the day previous to the "Peyton Stake," with *colts and fillies dropped the Spring of* 1839.

We regret to learn that this alteration does not meet the wishes of some of the breeders in the Atlantic States. One of them writes us in these words:—

"The produce of my mares are engaged at home, and these engagements must all be forfeited, if I am compelled to name a foal of the present year. My own case is precisely that of some five or six gentlemen with whom I have spoken on the subject. An engagement in the West forbids the use of a colt at home,—he must be twelve months at least over the mountains, before he becomes accustomed to the change of water, of climate, &c. Under this impression, it appears to me that no gentleman from the Atlantic States can, without sacrifice, enter into this stake, if the change from three to four year olds be insisted on."

We have thought it best to state this objection at once, in the very words of the author, and as it was made to us in a spirit of kindness and frankness, it will be so received by Western gentlemen.

Should it be thought worth the while to open another stake, or so to modify the conditions of the one now open as to meet the views of all, we shall be pleased. We wish to see the Fall meeting of 1843 at Nashville, as brilliant as possible. Nothing will give it such *éclat* as the presence of turfmen with their stables from remote sections of the country; and on every account we desire to see inducements held out in the way of sport to the amateur, and eligible stakes to the breeder, which shall draw together on that occasion a full representation of the sporting interests of the country. From such assemblages we anticipate the most favourable influence upon the interests and character of the turf in this country.

While upon the subject of the Nashville stake, we will repeat an idea of one of our readers. He thinks it in bad taste to engage four year olds in *two mile* stakes. We like the spirit which prompted this idea,—the long distances for four year olds is our motto; anything to prevent our races from degenerating into the short, single dashes, so universal on the English turf. Let us encourage breeding for this particular purpose, repeating races of four miles.

BALTIMORE (Md.) SPRING RACES.

The races over the *Kendall Course* commenced on Tuesday last, but on the previous day the proprietor gave the amateurs in trotting horse-flesh a strong turn, the result of which is herewith subjoined.

MONDAY, May 13, 1839—Purse $100, for horses owned in Maryland, entrance 5 per cent., which goes to the 2d horse in last heat. Mile heats, best 3 in 5, under the saddle.

John McClintock's b. g. *Henry Clay*	*Owner.*	1	1	1
John Whitlock's b. m. *Gas-light*		2	2	2

Time, 3:07—3:11—3:06. Track very heavy.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $200, free for all; other conditions as before. Mile heats in harness.

Wm. Sherlock's sp. g. *Bedford*	*Owner.*	2	1	1
J. Whelpley's gr. g. *Grey Jim*		3	3	2
C. Bertine's b. g. *De Witt Clinton*		4	4	3
J. Whitbeck's b. m. *Bet Bounce*		1	2	4

Time, 3.15—3:17—3:11. Track very heavy.

Henry Clay was entered for this race, but did not start. Bet Bounce was the favorite, and the race is described as having been one of much interest.

TUESDAY, May 14, 1839—Produce Stake for 3 year olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Seventeen subs. at $1000 each, $250 ft. Mile heats.

Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's (Col. Wade Hampton's) br. f. *Kate Seaton*, by Argyle, out of Pocahontas by Sir Archy	*Craig*	1	1
R. D. Shepherd's Imp. b. c. by Priam, out of Moss-Rose by Tramp		4	2
Gov. S. Sprigg's gr. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Atalanta's dam by Rattler		2	3
Isham Puckett's ch. c. by Gohanna, out of Gulnare by Henry		3	4

Time, 1:52—1:52.

The Philadelphia R. R. cars set us down near the course just after the first heat of this fine race was over, so that we had not an opportunity of getting on anything more at "kegs to chaws of tobacco." The 1st heat, we understood, was well contested by Governor Spriggs' half sister to Atalanta—a slashing grey filly that will come up a Queen of Trumps. In the 2d heat she and the Priam colt made the running, for three quarters of a mile, when little Craig called on the filly, went in front, and won cleverly, running the 2d heat also in 1:52.

The winner was the favorite at 6 to 4 before the start. She is a beautiful animal, with the most delicately finished head and neck in the world; in color she is a rich mottled brown, without white; her barrel is quite round, more so than we remember to have seen, and ribbed out well back; she has finely arched loins, and is very deep through the flank and chest; she has been termed "STEWART'S pet"—a fact as creditable to his judgment as her condition was to his skill as a trainer. She is to show next week at Camden, where she is to run for an engagement of Dr. Goodwyn's, who now has charge of her, Stewart having left for South Carolina.

Immediately after the stake race came off the following "open and shut" match came off, and the best of the joke was that each of the two persons who made the match on the part of the mare had trained both horses in the same stable within the last year or two. Record:—

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match $500 aside, Club weights. Two mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Belle Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs	*Bob*	1	1
Wm. H. Blackistoe's b. m. *Betsey Medley*, by Medley, out of Alicroaker, 5 yrs		2	2

Time, 3:51—3:57.

Betting before the first heat about even. Master Henry led from end to end, and won handily; he had Steel's black jack across his back. The attendance was very numerous—nearly equal to the crowd which graced the victory of *Willis* on Long Island. KENDALL has his track and fixtures in fine order, and having increased his purses and "let out a link or two" in liberality of expense upon his premises, has found his reward in a large addition to the members of his Club, and a more thronged attendance than has probably been seen this season on any course north of Carolina. "Our friends at home" might "take a leaf out of his book" to advantage. Among other distinguished gentlemen in attendance, we were happy to meet our facetious correspondent *Col. Pete Whetstone*, who lately "got a hard fall" on "a chicken fight" in the Old Dominion, but who to-day "dug out" again by "going his pile" on the Argyle filly. He may be expected to "rise and shine" on the Island at the Second Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, May 15—Purse $1000, of which $300 goes to 2d horse in last heat; free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

David McDaniel's b. f. *Vashti*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Slazy, by Bullock's Mucklejohn, 4 yrs	*Archer*	3	1	1
Williamson & Townes' b. h. *Steel*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Dimont (the dam of Sally Eubank,) by Constitution, 5 yrs		2	2	2
Ed. J. Wilson's (C. Hatcher's) br. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards, 4 yrs		1	3	dr

Time, 7:53—7:46—8:19.

Three cheers and one more for imported Leviathan! Here was a good honest four mile race won by as game and bloodlike a filly as ever cut out work for the fast ones! As soon as the entries were known on Tuesday, the backers of "*the Black Ram*" (as LONG named him), opened in great force at 10 to 8 on him vs. the field. Steel was the main dependance of the fielders, the Tar river bred filly being considered merely as a make-weight. Before starting, Portsmouth was still more the favorite, and very considerable amounts were laid out on him at 10 to 7.

Calling to pay our respects to the several cracks in the course of the morning, we found each looking well to the eye, and their friends sanguine. Steel appeared to us to have grown surprisingly since we saw him in his three year old form; his coat looked well, and it was the general remark that Rowlett (from the North), had him in fine condition. Capt. Williamson having engaged Gil. Patrick to ride the race, it was thought he had "a mighty good look for the money."

Vashti is a bay, with a star and very slight stripe, about fifteen hands and an inch high; her head and neck are very pretty, and what is rather singular, considering the Muley blood in her veins, her ears are very finely shaped, and well set on. She has the finest thigh and gaskin we ever saw in anything of her measurement; through the flank, and across the loins and withers, she is also fine, with muscular arms and hocks coming very low down to the ground—altogether, she is the finest Leviathan we have seen, and we would make a pilgrimage to see a race between her, Bee's-wing, and the Queen. She is in Porter's hands, and had the advantage in condition of any horse in the race. By-the-bye, she will meet Boston at Camden next week, and we may calculate upon her making "a flutter" on the Island—the first of Leviathan's get that ever got "so far North!" Her dam, Slazy, was a hard bottomed mare, of whom it is remarked that she never was known to yoke a competitor without winning the heat.

Portsmouth is a splendid colt, put up in the highest form; but his race with Boston, and the tremendous run he last week made at Washington, where he won cleverly in 5:47, 5:48½, must have made him sore; in the second heat of to-day's race, he lost off two of his plates while a third got loose and turned on his foot! The "old Napoleon" very much fancied him before the race but remarked after the first heat, although he won it, that he had not the action he had at Newmarket. He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his "pints" take Pete's—"jist imagin the pictur of a d—d thunderin' fine horse—the best four year old in the world," and you have some idea of Portsmouth, but we must saddle and lead up.

The Race.—Vashti had the track but gave it up on the first turn to Portsmouth who led to the finish; Steel made all the running during the heat, the pace being very moderate; he and Vashti changed places two or three times, and no demonstration of a challenge was made until the first quarter of the third mile, when a simultaneous rush taking place the field closed. Portsmouth was the first to get clear of the melee, while Vashti soon after was taken in hand to let Steel fight it out by himself. The last two miles of the heat were run in 5:48, Steel and Vashti pulling up inside of the distance stand. After the heat it was discovered that Portsmouth was complaining in his left fore leg, yet he looked so much like a winner that 5 to 1 was offered on him.

In the second heat Vashti got the start, and went off at about half speed, well in hand, Portsmouth being second. At the third turn, the two colts got up closer, and the pace improved; in going round the second semi-circle of the second mile, Portsmouth made a dash and lapped the filly, and thus they came up to the quarter stretch, the filly drawing out in front as they passed the stand; Portsmouth kept up his rate and again collared the filly on entering the back-stretch, where Steel was half out of his distance, and they ran locked for the next mile at a killing pace; it was "go along" all the way, and a beautiful sight. Archer on the filly, playing the same game at the turns, that Willis did on Bascombe in his match with Post Boy. The brush continued for over a mile, but at length, at the end of three miles and a quarter, *the Ram* declined; the instant he faltered, Steel caught up the running and made up an immense gap; but he could only reach the filly, he could not live with her, and she strided home a gallant winner by several lenghts, in 7:46, having run the last three miles of the heat in 5:43!

After this heat Portsmouth's fore legs looked so suspicious that he was very properly withdrawn. Steel cooled out well, but he was evidently weak and stale from the start, as was remarked to us in the morning by a gentleman more intimately acquainted with him than any other on the ground; 'most of his friends, however, thought differently at the time, and he certainly *looked* well—something as Longford does, even when off his feed.

Vashti now had the call at considerable odds, and well she might have had, for she led hard in hand from end to end, winning without a struggle, by half a dozen lengths. As a matter of some interest, we annex the time of each mile:—

First Mile	2:02	2:03	2:13
Second Mile	2:02	1:51	2:06
Third Mile	1:54	1:52	2:00
Fourth Mile	1:54	2:00	2:00
	First heat 7:53	Second heat 7:46	Third heat 8:19

The track to-day was fine and the day delightful; the reputation of the entries attracted an immense concourse, including a few of "the belles of Baltimore." Kendall ought to make his fortune, and he will if he continues to "run on his courage" in the display of liberality and spirit.

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse $500, of which $100 goes to 2d best horse; weights as before, Three mile heats.

James B. Kendall's b. h. *Master Henry*, by Henry, out of Belle Peyton's dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	*Elijah*	5	3	1	1
Joseph N. Burch's b. c. *Wonder*, by Tychicus, out of Nancy Marlboro' by Rattler, 4 yrs		1	2	3	2
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's br. h. *Argyle*, by Mons. Tonson, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, aged		2	1	2	3
D. McDaniel's (Col. Bryan's) b. g. *Sam Johnson*, by Giles Scroggins, Jr., dam by Sir Charles, 5 yrs		3	dist.		
C. S. W. Dorsey's b. c. *Hoosier*, by Critic, out of Ann Page's dam, 4 yrs		4	dist.		

Time, 5:47½—5:40—5:56—6:01.

There's a race for you!—the best one at three mile heats ever run in America! Here's "Mons. Tonson come again" and no mistake. What will Bascombe think of Argyle's running a second three mile heat at *nine years old* in 5:40? May such *wonders* as we saw to-day never cease; it is no wonder for the Eclipse and Henry blood to tell at the heel of a hard day, but the style in which Master Henry led from end to end, in both the third and fourth heats, will give old Eclipse a tall place among the horses standing in the Old Dominion next season. It was a splendid race, and the shouts of thousands are ringing in our ears as we hurriedly pen a rude sketch of the running. Immediately upon the entries being declared, Argyle was backed freely vs. the field, and before the start, considerable sums were laid out on him at 10 to 8.

They got off together all in hand, Hoosier cutting out the work with Wonder a close second; on commencing the second mile Sam Johnson got up second, and maintained his position down the back stretch to the third quarter where Hoosier overshot him, the three having closed. Wonder kept up his rate, with Hoosier second, and the gelding third, to the back stretch of the third mile, where Gil Patrick brought up Argyle, and soon cut down the two last, and made a dash at Wonder; they ran locked round the semi-circle, but in spite of Gil's spurs, (for he scored him all the way down the quarter stretch) Wonder came home a length a-head in 5:47½, the other three just dropping within their distance. The first mile was run in 1:58½, the second in 1:57, the third in 1:52.

In the 2d heat Wonder made play from the score, with the gelding and Master Henry laying well up; for about a mile and a half they maintained their several positions, but on the 3d turn of 2d mile Argyle made a dash, and the four closed; a desperate struggle ensued round the turn, but the old horse finally got up 2d. Wonder came first to the stand with Argyle nearly lopped, and Master Henry a close 3d—each kept up his murderous rate to the half mile post, the other two being nowhere, when Kendall prudently ordered Elisha to drop Master Henry within his distance, leaving the other two to make play as they pleased. At the 3d turn, Gil drew his whip on the game old horse, and the veteran stood up to his work most gallantly; they came down the straight run in front with a killing stroke, but Argyle won by a length amidst cheers that might have been heard at Fort McHenry. The first mile was run in 1:53—the 2d in 1:54 and the 3d in in 1:53, making the time of the heat 5:40. Nothing like it has been seen—the nearest approach being the first three miles of the race between Boston and Charles Carter in 5:36½; but when it is considered that Argyle is nine years old, and the sire of a gallant winner over the same course in the same week, it must be confessed that his performance to-day is unparalleled in the annals of the American Turf.

In the 3d heat Master Henry made play from the tap of the drum, was never headed, and won cleverly by several lengths. Argyle made a desperate brush in the last mile, and cut down Wonder, but could not live with the terrible stroke of the winner. This heat was run in 5:56. The odds were now 10 to 1 on Master Henry, who blew out strong and cooled off finely, while Argyle was excessively distressed.

The fourth heat was a second edition of the first, so far as Master Henry was concerned; both Argyle and Wonder made a very game and honest race of it to the end, but the winner strided along from the start to the finish as if it was his first heat, and won it cleverly by two lengths amidst the acclamations of thousands.

In order to put our readers in the earliest possession of the result of these important races, we were obliged to leave Baltimore yesterday morning. There were *seven* entries for the Two mile purse yesterday, and to-day several trotting races will come off—reports of which will be given in our next.

It was understood when we left Baltimore yesterday, that *Boston* and *Belle Peyton* would meet at Camden. At the Eagle Course, in all probability, these two will meet *Vashti* and *Steel*, and such others as like to go into such a crowd.

After the race, Mr. BURCH sold *Wonder* for $2300, to Mr. E. PENDLETON, of Baltimore.

In the course of the day a match was made for $5000 a-side, h. ft., which may be declared off on payment of $500, Mile heats—to come off over the Fairfield Course at the Fall meeting:—

Maj. S. Ringgold names Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady, Delphine's dam, by Comus, 3 yrs.
Capt. M. Morgan names Imp. b. c. by Priam, out of Moss-Rose by Tramp, 3 yrs.

A match, four mile heats, for $10,000 aside, is on the tapis, between *Vashti* and *Steel*.

The meetings at the North are likely to bring together more stables, and infinitely more cracks from the South, than have been congregated since Lady Cliffden's race on the Island. All the world and his wife will be there!

NEW YORK RACES, BEACON COURSE,

HOBOKEN, N. J., OPPOSITE N. Y. CITY.

In consequence of the storm which commenced on Monday, the races up for Tuesday, the 14th inst., were postponed till Wednesday. The attendance on that day was thin, notwithstanding the delightful weather. The record of the sport is brief :—

WEDNESDAY, May 15, 1839—Sweepstakes, free for all ages that never won a purse, 3 yr. olds carrying 90lbs.—4, 104—5, 114—6, 120—7 and upwards, 126lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three subs. at $50 each, Play or Pay. Mile heats.

Otway P. Hare's gr. f. *Andrewetta*, by Andrew, dam by Oscar, 4 yrs	*Reuben*	1	1
John Van Sicien's ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Lady Richmond by Eagle, 4 yrs		2	2
Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Prospect*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Matchless by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 1:50—1:52. Track fine.

The Southern filly had it all her own way, laying back in each heat for a half mile, and then going in front and winning easily. Prospect's rider did not go for the heat, having his directions to drop just within his distance. He drew it so fine, however, as to *be distanced* by a neck. The track was in fine order, appearing to be improved by the rain that fell on Monday night.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Match, $500 aside, h. ft., weights for age. Two mile heats.

Robert L. Stevens' ch. c. *Tornado*, by Eclipse, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian, 4 yrs	*Van Mater's Abram*	1	1
Otway P. Hare's b. h. *Champagne*, by Eclipse, dam by Sir Archy, 5 yrs		2	2

Time, 3:57—3:50.

In each heat Champagne led for the first mile and a half, but was beaten by two or three lengths.

The second day, the Purse of $300, two mile heats, brought two fine horses to the post, so equally matched that divination only could guess the issue. *Suffolk* and *Trenton* had each distinguished themselves by their speed, though the defeat of the former last week by Hornblower gave confidence to the friends of Van Mater's stable. Trenton was backed at odds for the first heat. The record tells every thing interesting in regard to the race after the 1st heat, which was a close and very spirited affair, and won by half a length.

THURSDAY, May 16—Purse $300, free for all ages, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. c. *Trenton*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Tuckahoe, 4 yrs	*Abram*	2	1 1
D. H. Branch's (A. P. Hamlin's) b. h. *Suffolk*, by Andrew, out of Ostrich by Eclipse, 5 yrs		1	2 3

Time, 3:48½—3:51—3:59.

The bill for the third day was miserably meagre, and indeed we do not now recal a race meeting at the North which promised and furnished so little sport as that which we are now chronicling. The attendance corresponded with the attractions of the course, although the weather has been delicious all the week, save Monday.

FRIDAY, May 17—Purse $500, free for all ages, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's br. h. *Hornblower*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Music by John Richards	*Abram*	1	1
D. H. Branch's ch. m. by Sussex, out of Ann Page by Maryland Eclipse, 4 yrs		2	dr

Time, 5:52. No contest.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Purse $100, free for all ages, conditions as before, Mile heats.

Jos. H. Van Mater's ch. h. *The Duke*, by Monmouth Eclipse, 6 yrs	*John Haggerty*	1	1
Daniel Abbot's ch. m. *Shepherdess*, by Lance, out of Amanda by Revenge, aged		2	2
D. H. Branch's b. m. *Jane Rowlett*, by Nullifier, out of Jemima by Rattler, 5 yrs		3	dist.

Time, 1:51—1:51½.

SAME DAY—*Third Race*—Match $400 aside, weights for age, One mile.

E. Leary's b. h. *Blazing Star*, by Henry, dam by Eclipse, 6 yrs	*Ed. Vanderhoff*	1	
Willett McCoun's ch. h. *Independence*, by Andrew, dam unknown, 5 yrs		2	

Time, 1:58½.

NATCHEZ (Miss.) SPRING RACES.

The races at Natchez, over the *Pharsalia Course*, commenced on Wednesday, April 24. *Officers of the Club*:—John Routh, Esq. President; Wm. J. Minor, Esq. Secretary; Judges, R. C. Evans and John P. Smith, Esqrs.; Stewards, Leigh Claiborne, Stephen Elliott, and Wm. Stewart, Esqrs.; Ladies Committee, Thos. Evans, Esq. and Dr. E. P. Pollard; Timers, Thos. Eubank Leefe and S. Ballard, Esqrs.

WEDNESDAY, April 24, 1839—Jockey Club Purse $400, ent. $40, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

Wm. J. Minor's Imp. bl. c. *Doncaster*, by Longwaist, dam by Muley 4 yrs		1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. f. *Band Box*, by O'Kelly, dam by Bertrand, 2 yrs		2	2
Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Lubber*, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Bumper's dam by Sir Alfred, 4 yrs		3	3

Time, 3:53—3:48.

This was an interesting and well contested race; Lubber was the favorite, and was backed with great spirit against the field. Though inconsiderable sums were staked in this way on the evening previous, towards the time of starting Doncaster suddenly came into the betting in great force, and several bets were made that he would prove best in the race.

At the signal a good start was effected, Bandbox ultimately taking the lead, with Doncaster close behind. After passing the second turn, Lubber went up, passed the imported colt, and laid himself a length behind Bandbox; this position they kept throughout the first mile, running it in 2:01. At the first turn in the 2d round Lubber went up to Bandbox, lapped her, but again fell back, not being able to maintain his ground. The pace began now to improve, and when near the third turn, Doncaster, who had been playing 'possum, came into action, passed both of his competitors with a rush, and came to the judges' stand in gallant style, winning the heat cleverly.

2d heat.—Doncaster had the lead, Bandbox 2d; Lubber soon crawled up, and Doncaster fell back. For half a mile the pace was severe, but it soon moderated, and they came in for the first mile in hand, making the mile in 1:55. At the turn in the back stretch Doncaster passed, and though Bandbox made a desperate struggle for victory, it was "no go," Doncaster maintained his own, winning the heat in 3:48.

THURSDAY, April 25—Pharsalia Plate, value $300, and $400 in money, ent. $100, conditions as before, Three mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. m. *Glorvina*, by Industry, dam by Bay Richmond, 6 yrs		1	1
Col. A. L. Bingaman's b. f. *Martha Malone*, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Tachechana by Bertrand, 2 yrs		3	2
Wm. J. Minor's gr. c. *Sir Ariss*, by Trumpator, out of Ophelia by Wild Medley, 4 yrs.		2	3

Time, 5:45—5:51.

There was a lively turn out to witness the above contest. Glorvina was decidedly the favorite, although Sir Ariss had friends and backers ready with the tin, the odds were piled on Glorvina 2 to 1. They got away with a good start, Martha taking the lead, which she shortly relinquished to Glorvina, and Sir Ariss behind, watching for an opening. This position was kept until the third mile, when Sir Ariss came up, passed the Leviathan, and went gallantly up to Glorvina, the pace improving at every stroke, and they came down the home stretch at a rattling rate, the old mare winning the heat by a length only, in 5:45.

2d heat.—Glorvina was now more than ever the favorite, and her friends were anxious to get the pewter laid out on her at large odds, but there were no takers. Again Glorvina had the lead, Sir Ariss 2d. They went off at a slow pace, but before they had gone half a mile it began to improve; Sir Ariss made a run at the old mare and passed her like lightning; he kept the lead until the middle of the 2d mile, when Glorvina began to open her eyes, and she made a powerful brush and locked the gallant Trumpator, who, after an ineffectual struggle, gave up the lead to his antagonist. Martha, who had been laying back watching the result, now came forward—quickly locked and passed Sir Ariss, and then challenged Glorvina; though she strained every nerve, it was of no avail, the old mare was victorious, winning the heat by several lengths, in 5:51.

FRIDAY, April 26—Jockey Club Purse $1200, ent. $120, conditions as before, Four mile heats.

Jas. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 yrs		walked over.	

SATURDAY, April 27—Proprietor's Purse $450, ent. $45, conditions as before. Mile heats best 3 in 5.

Jas. S. Garrison's b. c. *Altorf*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 3 yrs		1	1	1
Wm. J. Minor's Imp. bl. c. *Doncaster*, pedigree above, 4 yrs		3	2	2
Col. A. L. Bingaman's gr. c. *Ajax*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Pacolet, 2 yrs		2	3	3

Time, 1:50—1:50—1:52.

This was a betting race, Altorf the favorite against the field. The day was fine, and the track in pretty fair order, and the attendance was more numerous than on any of the previous days. Altorf was in good condition, and inspired his friends with a degree of confidence that made them fork over the change on any banter. Doncaster appeared rather off, and the 2 yr. old Leviathan was entirely too high. They got off in a crowd, Altorf shortly took the lead, hotly pursued by Ajax; the contest for a time was severe and extremely interesting; they came down the home stretch in fine style, Altorf 1st, Ajax 2d, and Doncaster a few lengths behind.

2d heat.—The bets were now 2 to 1 on Altorf, and but few takers at these odds. They all cooled off well, and at the allotted time again came to the post. With an even start away they went, Altorf in front, Doncaster close up, and Ajax not far behind; on passing the first quarter Ajax swerved from the track, and carried his rider against the fence; the concussion was so great, that his leg was broken, but to the astonishment of the crowd, the boy maintained his seat, and contested nobly for the heat. Altorf, however, won it by two lengths; Doncaster made several desperate struggles for it, but without success. The lad who was injured had his leg immediately set by a surgeon, who was on the spot, and he is now doing well, as we are glad to hear.

3d heat.—Doncaster got an advantage in the start of at least ten yards, but Ajax (who had got another rider on his back) and Altorf soon caught him, and off they went together at a tell-tale pace; but Doncaster soon retired to give place to Ajax, who made Altorf extend himself; thus they continued for half a mile, when Ajax fell back; Doncaster seeing this, came up to Altorf and made several desperate attempts for the heat, but without success—Altorf won by a length in 1:52.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) SPRING RACES.

WASHINGTON, May 9, 1839.

My dear P.—We had an interesting race to-day, and would have been more so, if the great Boston had not started. 100 to 10 was freely offered, and but few takers; indeed it has been awfully bad harvest for *suckers*, and among them I have swam; but 100 to 5 is too great a temptation to me, and I always sport a 50—the result was as follows :—

THURSDAY, May 9—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $30, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards 124lbs.; allowing 3lbs. to mares and geldings. Four mile heats.

Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (N. Rives') ch. h. *Boston*, by Timoleon, out of Robin Brown's dam, by Ball's Florizel, 6 yrs		1	1
Edw. J. Wilson's ch. h. *Tom Walker*, by Marylander, dam by Rattler, 5 yrs		2	2
Col. Junifer's bl. c. *Black Knight*, by Emigrant		3	3
G. B. Harris's b. c. *Reliance*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Lady Culpeper by Carolinian, 3 yrs			dist.
Dr. Geo. L. Stockett's bl. c. *Sam Brown*, by Sussex, out of dam of Cippus by Mark Anthony, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 7:53—8:06.

Boston ran unkindly, 'tis said in the first heat—Tom is a fine animal, and is not a soft customer any where—the Black Knight was pretty well up the 1st heat—the other two were not in good condition, too high—Reliance has not had a good chance, and his owner ran him merely to test him, he has not been in good health until recently, he is large and strong and I think overgrown—at 5 he may make a race horse.

I believe Portsmouth can beat Boston *three* mile heats handily—but *four* would make a mighty howling on the heath—the little *black ram* has never tired yet, and he was as game yesterday as a fighting fowl. His exact proportions—beautiful symmetry and fine stroke, make him a tremendous small horse, (and not so small either.) Boston's immense quarters, loin, back, &c.—his length of body and strength enable him to go the distance. He is a choice horse, and if Portsmouth and he come together it will be a heavy betting race. Many think Steele will beat him if they come together. But racing is poor sport now a days in these parts. *They fight shy with cracks—share off the purses* and spoil the amusement and betting. 4th mile of the 1st heat to day was made in 1:52—the 3d mile 1:53, making 3.45—the 4th mile of the 2nd heat was in 1:55. Boston would have had his hands full to have beaten Tom 2 mile heats to day. Argyle wont run on to morrow, and it is well he dont, for it would have been heavy odds again. There are 7 entires and fine sport is anticipated. Things must be arranged better, or this course will go down. The course wont stand such poor fun. Boston and Portsmouth out of the way would have made large fields, and had they have come together, the world and his wife would have been here. Kendall says he will have fine sport at his house—no soft places—Greek will meet Greek.

I am highly pleased with an Industry filly, out of a Shylock mare; she out of an Alfred, &c. She belongs to Mr. McGovernour, and was raised by Mr. Walls of Virginia. She is 4 yrs old and will be turned out of training. She is decidedly the gamest and highest finished animal I have seen for many a day. When she has a fair chance you will see a crowder.

Truly yours, N.

The result of the last day's racing we copy from the newspapers, but we would here correct an error made last week in the time of Portsmouth's race. The time as given by the Judges was 5:47—5:48½.

FRIDAY, May 10—Ladies' Purse $200, free for all ages, conditions as before. Two mile heats.

Francis Thompson's ch. c. *Antipater*, by Tychicus, out of Club Foot, 4 yrs		1	1
Mr. Tayloe's b. c. *Tam Hoskins*, by Autocrat, out of Minerva by Bel-Air, 4 yrs		4	2
Gen. Gibson's b. m. *Duchess of Carlisle*, by Oscar, Jr. dam by Rattler, 5 yrs		5	3
J. Queen's ch. m. *Ann Rose*, by Eclipse, out of Black Maria		3	4
R. J. Worthington's b. f. *Nancy Bond*, by Sussex, out of Trippet by Mars, 4 yrs		6	5
Dr. Duvall's ch. c. by Sussex, out of Thistle by Ogle's Oscar, 4 yrs		2	dist.
Mr. Stewart's b. h. by Sir Charles, out of Red Eyes, 6 yrs			dist.

Time, 3:50—3:54.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., 83lbs. Three subs. at $300 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. F. Thompson's b. f. by Imp. Autocrat, out of Laura by Rob Roy		1	1
Geo. L. Stockett's b. f. *Fanny Selden*, by the Duke of Orleans		2	dr

Time, 1:54.

FAIRFIELD (Va.) SPRING RACES.

The Jockey Club Spring Meeting commenced on Tuesday, the 7th instant. That these races were not well attended, was not owing to any want of attraction, but that the citizens of Richmond have been almost gorged with racing in their vicinity for the last three weeks.

TUESDAY, May 7, 1839—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, colts 86lbs., fillies 83lbs. Five subs. at $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats.

Messrs. White & Corbin's Imp. b. c. *Passenger*, by Langar, out of My Lady by Comus		4	1	1
Dr. Geo. Goodwyn's br. c. *Norfolk*, by Imp. Fylde, out of Polly Peachem by John Richards		1	2	2
John B. Chapman's b. c. *Winfield Scott*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles		2	3	dr
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (James Long's) ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles		3		dist.

Time, 1:50½—1:51—1:56.

From the high prices recently given for three of the above colts, much interest was felt in the race. Norfolk was purchased for $5000, the Goliah colt for $4000, and the imported colt by Langar, for $3000. Col Johnson's Goliah colt had the call, and was backed pretty freely against the field. At the start, Norfolk made play at a good pace, Winfield Scott 2d, Mr. Long's Goliah colt next him. The imported colt got off badly, and was some 40 yards in the rear, under a steady pull. In this order they completed half the distance, when both the Goliah's made a simultaneous rush, and collared Norfolk; here the tug of war commenced in earnest, but by the time they made the last turn home, Norfolk drew clear, and came in winning handily by a length. Second heat, Norfolk and Winfield Scott made a dash for the lead, but were instantly passed by the little imported colt, which maintained the lead throughout, and won the heat under a hard pull.

In the third heat, Passenger and Norfolk only made their appearance. The former led off, never was headed, and won without a struggle.

WEDNESDAY, May 8—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Five subs. at $150 each, $100 ft. Mile heats.

Col. W. L. White's b. c. *William R.*, by Goliah, dam by Alfred		1	0	1
J. M. Botts' b. c. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Sir Charles		4	3	2
D. McDaniell's b. c. by Imp. Whale, dam by Timoleon		2	0	3
J. S. Corbin's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Carolinian		3	4	dist.

Time, 1:54—1:56½—1:59.

The betting was William R. against the field; he took the lead the first heat, and made strong running, and won easily by a length and a half, without being touched.

Second heat—William R. led off again, with the Whale colt close up; when about half way down the last quarter stretch, the latter collared him, and they came through head and head. It was pronounced a dead heat.

Third heat—William R. had it all his own way, and won the race very cleverly.

THURSDAY, May 9—Proprietor's Purse $300, ent. $15, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Two mile heats.

John P. White's (S. W. Morgan's) b. f. *Virginia Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Beckey by Marquis, 4 yrs		1	4	1
John S. Corbin's b. c. *Ba. dit*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Virginian, 4 yrs		4	1	0
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's (Capt. Burton's) ch. m. *Julia Burton*, by Gohanna, dam by Tom Tough, 5 yrs		5	3	0
Messrs. Williamson & Townes' ch. c. *Brocklesby*, by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Roanoke, 4 yrs		6	5	4
Wm. McCargo's (James Tally's) ch. f. *Betsey White*, by Goliah, dam by Sir Charles, 4 yrs		3	6	5
Maj. Thos. Doswell's b. f. *Emily Booker*, by Standard, dam by Contention, 4 yrs		2	2	dr

Time, 3:50—3:53—3:49. Track rather heavy.

Betting—Julia Burton vs. the field. Virginia Robinson sprang off with the lead and was about 40 yards a-head before they had gone half a mile, the rest all in a cluster behind; the filly maintained her position and won hard in hand.

Second heat—this was an exceedingly pretty heat. Betsey White led to the first turn, where she was passed by Emily Booker who made play at a good rate, the others lying at her heels, till they reached the last half mile, when Bandit challenged, and went in front; he continued his lead and won the heat.

Third heat—the first mile and a half was contested very severely by Bandit, Julia Burton, and Brocklesby, when Virginia Robinson came out, and made a desperate dash, and after a smart rally succeeded in placing herself in front; the pace home was terrific, Virginia R. only winning by about half a length. Bandit and Julia B. came in both together, and it was pronounced a dead heat between the two.

SAME DAY—*Second Race*—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, weights as before. Subscription 100 bushels of wheat.

Wm. L. White's ch. c. by Goliah, dam by Florizel		1	1
Thos. Doswell's b. c by Pamunky		2	2

Time, 2:03—2:06.

FRIDAY, May 10—Jockey Club Purse $500, ent. $20, conditions as before. Four mile heats.

Col. John Heth's b. h. *Balie Peyton*, by Andrew, dam by Eclipse, 5 yrs		1	1
Col. Wm. R. Johnson's b. h. *Rocker*, by Eclipse, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs		2	2
J. M. Botts' b. m. *Spindle*, by Gohanna, dam by Sir Hal, 5 yrs			dist.
John S. Corbin's ch. h. *Marshall*, by Timoleon, dam by Thunderclap, aged			dist.
Wm. McCargo's (Jas. Tally's) ch. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Kosciusko, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 8:03—8:19.

It commenced raining the night previous to the race, and continued to come down in torrents during the whole day; in consequence of which the track was in the worst condition. Balie Peyton was the favorite at 4 and 5 to 1 against the field. In the first heat, Rocker went off from the score, at his best pace, with the favorite close at his heels, and the others at a woful distance behind. The first two miles were ran in 3:53, at the end of which Balie Peyton passed to the front with entire ease, maintained his position, and won by several lengths, distancing all the field save Rocker. The time was unexampled for the state of the track.

In the next heat the favorite took the track and the lead, was not headed, and won by two clear lengths, hard in hand.

SPRINGFIELD (Ala.) RACES.

The spring races at Springfield, Greene County, Alabama, commenced on Tuesday, 23d of April, 1839, and continued the following Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Officers of the Club;—Dr. Z. Meriwether, President, and John L. Wardlaw, Esq., Vice-President (who acted as judge on the stand), with Mr. Wm. Whitehead as assistant judge; John Hall, and J. C. Bunnell, Esqrs., distance judges; Z. M. McGehee, John H. Meriwether, Ralph Jewell, and Isaac Wardlaw, Esqrs., stewards; Dabney McGehee, Esq., Sec'y. and Treasurer; Dr. Z. Meriwether, and James D. McAlister, Esq., Timers. The track is at present 14 feet over a mile, made so by not working it fully out to the edge on the inside at the turns.

TUESDAY, April 23, 1839—Purse $400, free for all ages, 3 yr. olds carrying 86lbs.—4, 100—5, 110—6, 118—7 and upwards, 124lbs.; mares and geldings allowed 3lbs. Three mile heats.

Henry A. Tayloe's Imp. br. m. *Maria Black*, by Filho da Puta, dam by Smolensko, 5 yrs		1	1
Richard H. Long's ch. h. *Big John*, by Bertrand, dam by Hamiltonian, 6 yrs		2	2

Time, 5:56—6:05.

This was a severe race and an interesting one; the first heat the mare had the track; at the tap of the drum both got off well—a pretty start—the mare kept her place, never was headed, but was tightly pressed the whole three miles by the horse. The second heat they got off well again, the mare taking the lead from the start at a racing pace, tightly pressed by the horse; she kept up a race-horse lick for the first mile, making it in 1:55—as they passed the stand and entered on the second mile, the horse made a brush at her and kept it up the whole mile, running the second mile of the second heat in 1:50—going round the first turn of the third mile the horse, or his rider, gave up the contest, and they both swept round the third mile pretty much at ease.

WEDNESDAY, April 24—Purse $300, conditions as before, Two mile heats.

Richard H. Long's Imp. ch. c. *Sorrow*, by Defence, out of Tears by Woful, 4 yrs		1	1
Henry A. Tayloe's gr. f. *Czarina*, by Imp. Autocrat, out of Aurora by Arab, 4 yrs		2	2
Francis Inge's gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Hamiltonian, 3 yrs			dist.
John J. Burton's bl. f. *Black Rose*, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Arab, 4 yrs			dist.

Time, 3:55—3:43.

This was a severe race between Sorrow and Czarina—Burton's filly had the track, Tayloe second, Inge third, and Long outside—at the tap of the drum, they were off, with a beautiful start—the grey Autocrat and Sorrow immediately took the lead, and Sorrow in the first quarter took it from the grey; with a severe stroke they kept it up, gradually leaving the O'Kelly colt and Leviathan filly, running the first mile in 1:56, and the second mile in 1:59. The second heat the Autocrat went to business in earnest, and made the imported colt run his first mile in this second heat in 1:51, and the second mile in 1:50. Whether he then had anything to spare I can't say; but the filly certainly ran unkindly, she took the track right behind the horse, and neither bridle, catgut, nor steel, would make her leave it. We expected a much better show from the Leviathan filly, but were not disappointed in the run made by the O'Kelly colt, for he was brought to the ground by a very young looking negro, and no one else to manage or direct the training or running him. The winner was imported by Mr. John Preston.

And so ended our week's running; but so it ought not to have ended, for there were two other purses to run for, and eleven race horses on the ground that had not been entered, but it really appears to me that Capt. Long's stable certainly had the effect of putting every horse on the premises out of fix—some off their feed—some lame—some one thing and some another. In consequence my report must conclude a lame account of sport.

THURSDAY, April 25—Purse $200, conditions as before. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

R. H. Long's ch. f. *Loriada*, by Havoc, dam by Conqueror, 4 yrs	walked over.

FRIDAY, April 26—Purse made up of the Entrance Money of the week, conditions as before, Mile heats.

R. H. Long's gr. h. *Rasp*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Director, 5 yrs	walked over.

DABNEY McGEHEE, *Secretary*.

THE OLD QUESTION REVIVED.

GEORGETOWN, May 2, 1839.

Mr. Porter.—The parties betting the wine, would be pleased to have your final decision, on the vexed question which grew out of naming two horses against the field.

Your Spirit of the Times of the 20th ult., under the head of English Sporting Intelligence, throws light upon the question; nay absolutely decides it, if the English Turf-rules are recognized as authority, in cases where we have no Rule of our own. "Judex" says, "in consequence of Mr. Bowe's death, all horses nominated by him, are immediately struck out of their engagements, and all bets singly against these horses void." Another writer speaking of Mr. Bowe's horses and their engagements, states, "unless coupled with other horses all bets are off." This case is exactly in point. Mr. Bowe's horses are absolutely disqualified for their engagements, so that all bets on *them alone* are void, but in all cases where they are taken with other horses, the bets stand. A gentleman writing from N. Orleans, thinks your Kentucky Correspondent ingeniously wrong. You can tell that gentleman, (for you know) it is no easy task to make this appear by argument, Yours, B. C.

We have tried very hard to agree with B. C., as it is agreeable that our rule should correspond with the English. But for reasons stated often enough before, we still incline to our first opinion, that in this country "a bet naming two horses against the field is void, if one of the named horses fail to start."

It is a question which ought to be settled by the positive adjudication of a Club, which should give law to the whole country, like the "Jockey Club" in England. Much argument can be adduced on either side, and certainly the ingenuity of B. C. and J. K. D., did startle us for a moment, but the most candid consideration which we, as a party, at first entirely disinterested and now only interested as a disputant, can give to it, convinces us that, in the absence of any express rule, or of a rule universally implied and acted upon among turfmen,—which should have the force contended for by B. C.,—the sense of the parties to a bet, as manifested by the words of the bet, ought to govern,—that a party should have that chance to win on which it may be presumed, from the tenor of the bet, he betted, or the bet should be void.

ON THE COMING ENGLISH RACING SEASON.

BY A QUIET AND EASY OBSERVER.

It is allowed on all hands that the entries to the numerous engagements for 1839 have not only filled better than ever before was known, but also that the different lists comprise the names of several Noblemen and Gentlemen who had, in some measure, retired from the Turf: thus the vacuum caused by the deaths of three patrons of Racing during the last two years has been filled up. The Two and Three Year Old Stakes have closed, in many instances, with an astonishing increase of Subscribers; and the Handicap, Cup, and other races in the country shew a march of improvement when compared with bygone years. At the period I am writing there are a large quantity of horses in training at Newmarket, the three year olds forming an unusually large portion. The caravan-system has now become so general that it has in fact given a new spur to many of the Provincials. Now we find horses trained at Newmarket, Stockbridge, and Northleach, entered for the Liverpool, Newton and Chester Cups, as well as for other races at distances even more remote. All this looks well, despite the prejudicial opinion of the old-fashioned trainers, who complain against the "conveyancers" in no measured terms, and insist that this "unnatural mode" of conveying is decidedly injurious to the *ticklish* constitution of the trained running horse.

The Derby at Epsom closed with 152 Subscribers, but owing to deaths the number has been reduced to 142. Of these I find that 84 are in actual training, that 50 of the number are at this moment under preparation at Newmarket, and that John Day's lot is reduced to seven. Upon referring to the returned lists of the Bettings at Tattersall's, it will be found that upwards of *sixty horses have been backed during the winter and spring!* The following only have figured at 20 to 1, or less:—Brother to Bay Middleton, Flambeau, Westonian, Bulwark, The Dey of Algiers, Accelerator, Erin-go-Bragh, Zimmerman, Ilderim, Boz (for a short time only), Tros, Kremlin, and Meunier. The book-makers in these times venture immense odds against horses engaged in this speculative race:—1000 to 5 agst. Sir G. Heathcote's Oroonoko, 1000 to 6 agst. Mr. Cooke's Lady Day, and 1000 to 12 agst. Capt. Williamson's Melbourne! the latter one of the finest colts in the Derby, and under the care of Dilly, near Winchester. Besides these outsiders, ten or a dozen have been betted against at almost as long prices; I shall content myself with naming The Deputy, Roostan, Alexandrina, colt by Drone out of Vat, Hamlet, Charlie Duff, and Wings, as having found supporters at 100 to 1 or more.

Notwithstanding the large number of horses in preparation for the Derby, bets are offered by the best calculators of chances that not more than twenty-five will start. This very limited number is unquestionably occasioned by trainers having so many horses under their charge: for instance, the Scotts have, or at least had, nineteen horses all at work, and each having a Derby nomination—ten of which have been fancied at Tattersall's—in all probability not more than three will run. John Day's lot will have the same effect, only on a smaller scale. To venture an opinion, or to attempt to prognosticate what horse *will win* such a race as the Derby, would at this early period be very justly looked upon as presumptuous or ridiculous, therefore I have merely hinted, on passing, at those horses which at this time are deserving attention, leaving my readers to draw their own conclusions on this ticklish affair.

To proceed to the Oaks race.—There were at the closing of the Stakes 107 Subscribers, but from the same lamentable cause that affected the Derby entry, so the Oaks suffered, and in a greater degree, the number being reduced to 97. Of these about four have shewn some good running, Wapiti's being decidedly the best, and if John Day could get her *legs* insured, the Oaks, in all likelihood, would travel westerly. Reel, in the same stable, is more strongly fancied in town than Wapiti, and her running last year was good enough to win the Oaks, supposing she has trained well. The others noticed at Tattersall's *when there is any Oaks betting*, are, Deception, Shadow, Appleton Lass, and Drogheda. The Newmarket people are always fond of the Duke of Grafton's fillies for the Oaks, well knowing that his Grace has an eye to stoutness as well as speed.

I cannot say what number of the 97 fillies in the Oaks are in training, but I could tell where to count upwards of 50; therefore this race may be expected to bring a good Field together on the day. The judicious alteration of running the Derby on the Wednesday, thereby allowing such fillies as start for that race a clear day's rest, will have the effect of inducing many subscribers to enter fillies for the Derby as well as Oaks; and this year Wapiti and Deception are talked of as likely to have a "shy" for both, which would not have been the case had there not been an intervening day between the two races.

The ensuing Chester races promise excellent sport. The Apothecary, one of the smartest two year olds in any part of England, is engaged in the Dee Stakes as well as the Palatine Stakes. The Tradesmen's Cup, however, is the "attraction" in point of speculation; indeed at Manchester "books" to a large amount are always made upon this race. This Handicap, somehow or another, is always a good one, consequently the acceptances are numerous. At present King Cole and Harkaway are running a sort of "dead heat" for the lead in the odds; while close at their heels are Ion, Van Buren, Cowboy, Caravan, Slashing Harry, and one or two others. The betting at the moment I am writing is 8 to 1 on the Field—a tolerable proof of the fairness of the Handicap. To judge by Harkaway's race for the Queen's Plate at Doncaster, I am at a loss to pick any animal in this sporting race for choice against him; and although 10st. seems a "prodigious load" for a five year old to carry, yet I state it upon good authority that Harkaway was a stone and a half better than Cardinal Puff in the Doncaster race. Supposing this to be the case, and the horse to continue his work well, with other *etcetera's* I need not mention, I would ask what horse's chance looks better than Harkaway's? It may be argued that the Chester course is quite a different one to any that the flying Irish horse has ever galloped over, being a circular one of one mile, and this may have some effect upon a lengthy galloper, as Harkaway is. Still I look upon him as a dangerous customer

I shall close these remarks with a slight glance at the "bill of fare" for the Ascot Heath Meeting. At Ascot everything foretells much improvement; Stakes have filled quickly, and the entry for the Gold Cup contains the names of most of our leading horses; amongst them, Don John, Amato, Ion, Grey Momus, and Phœnix: the latter is stated to be considerably improved.

With such a prospect before us, we have every reason to anticipate a fine year's sport, and I sincerely trust our anticipations will be realized.

London, March 12, 1839. London (Old) Sporting Magazine.

ON THE PREPARATION OF THE RACER.

If the barbarians amongst whom the first variety of the horse is found, were acquainted with, and would adopt, the English system of grooming and management, not a doubt can be entertained that the Arabian horse would, in his own country, attain a height and length of stride equal at least, if not superior, to that of the English thorough-bred, without that deterioration of the most essential quality, strikingly exemplified in comparing the genuine nag with his descendant in this country—I allude to the power and spirit of perseverance

The Arabian, from his inferior size, must necessarily be inferior in speed to the English racer; the action of the former is lighter, more elastic, and altogether more beautiful; but, inasmuch as his stride is not nearly so large, he cannot contend successfully against the latter for a short distance, for one, two, three, or even thirty miles perhaps; yet, if the exertion be continued day after day successively, the wiry dauntless little Eastern horse would vanquish his more lofty and more lengthy competitor. It hence results that with an increase of size in this country, greater fleetness is obtained for a short distance, but at the expense, as it would appear, of the more sterling quality of persevering endurance. I entertain little doubt that this impairment, this diminution of wiryness, in the English horse arises from the influence of our moist and chilling climate. If we look at the Arabian horse in his own country, we perceive that he acquires an incomparable vigor and activity in the sandy parching desert, beneath a degree of heat insupportably oppressive to a human being. It therefore clearly appears that the horse, surrounded by an atmosphere of unparalleled dryness and intensity of heat, attains the greatest perfection of which he is susceptible, with very trifling supervenient aid from man. It is easy, therefore, to perceive that when the genuine horse is transported from his native regions to inhale, instead of his own indigenous dry air, the heavy chilling vapor of this country, his system or physiology must experience very considerable deterioration.

If those who have the management of the thorough-bred horse in this country feel no disposition to examine the business by philosophical investigation, they are, and have long been, convinced by practical experience that a far greater degree of heat than that generally imparted by the climate of this country, is indispensable to his well-being. Nor trouble nor expense is spared to keep the racer warm during winter; but as the atmosphere of the stable is increased to the requisite degree by animal evaporation, its calorific influence cannot be half so pure as that resulting from the rays of a brilliant sun. Further, the racer must be exercised during the winter as well as during the summer, and consequently he must be exposed to the operation of an atmosphere as opposite as possible to that of his original native plains. A frosty air is highly injurious to the horse, (as indeed is it to both animal and vegetable vitality); to his lungs, and their wonderfully working cells in particular, this doctrine becomes satisfactorily exemplified if we look for a moment at the effects of frost on persons troubled with asthma.

A cool stable cannot promote, but must necessarily retard, the circulation of the blood, from which the most pernicious effects can scarcely fail to result. The blood vessels farthest removed from the great fountain, the heart, would be the first to experience the effects of cold, the heels for instance; the circulation in these parts would become languid, and in many of the smaller veins would entirely cease; the legs would therefore swell, and a train of evils would be very likely to follow.

It therefore behoves the trainer to keep the stable sufficiently warm, its heat during winter should never be less than 60 degrees of the thermometer; and even if the stable atmosphere happen to exceed this state, the nags which the place contains will be found to eat well, rest comfortably, breathe as freely as possible, and will manifest in a manner which cannot be mistaken, the grateful enjoyment which they derive from it. Every attention is bestowed on the thorough-bred foal in this country, which ought to be taken into the stable on the first atmospheric intimation of winter; since, if the nascent animal (originally from the scorching regions of the East, let it be recollected,) be exposed to the chilling or frigid breath of the dreary season just mentioned, he must experience injury; does not the long staring coat which immediately ensues sufficiently indicate the physiological outrage, and testify at the same time the kindly complying disposition of nature in thus endeavoring to repel the brumal ungenial attack.

A foal cannot be handled too early, nor treated too kindly and too gently; and after he has attained his first year, and made some progress in his second, the regular system of training should commence, if it be intended that the animal shall come out as a two-year-old, for which stakes are provided in all parts of the kingdom. The great stakes, however, the Derby, the Oaks, and the Doncaster St. Leger, for instance, are for three-year-olds; and the most trying period for the candidates for these events is the winter preceding their decision. If, prior to the winter, the young animal has attained a very considerable degree of condition, every care must be taken that it is kept up, and improved, if possible. If the winter be mild and open, like that from which we have just emerged, no serious obstacles can be thrown in the way: but when harsh weather commences early, and severe frost and falls of snow prevent the trainer administering that exercise, and those gallops in particular, so very requisite to an animal fed to repletion on food containing the greatest quantity of nutriment in the smallest space, what substitute can be found which will answer the purpose: namely, continuing the racer in progressive improvement? If there be a covered ride, the nags may take slow exercise at any time the trainer may think proper; but very few, if any, training stables have such a convenient and highly desirable an appurtenance; and in consequence, straw is laid down in the yard, and to use the expression of Martin Field, (trainer, Richmond, Yorkshire,) the nags are thus "rammed round."

From the mode in which the racer is fed, strong exercise becomes indispensable, or he must "fly to pieces;" and as in severe weather this antidote to the effects of feeding in the manner already noticed, cannot be administered, the trainer is compelled to resort to other, and much less appropriate, means to disburthen the animal system of what must otherwise become a very injurious, if not a fatal, surcharge: for instance, to doses of aloes, bleeding, &c., a sorry substitute for that natural exudation caused by extended gallops, by which the pores of the skin are kept open—that disease may thus escape.

As I have already glanced at the effect of frost on the lungs, it is only requisite further to state, that the thorough-bred horse is particularly affected by it, as may easily be believed when it is considered that the scorching heats of an eastern sun are congenial to his constitution, and that consequently he must suffer severely when exposed to the operation of an atmosphere as opposite as possible.

The business of the training stable, if not onerous, is important in every point of view, and requires incessant attention; and it must be acknowledged that the English trainers are in general slavishly attentive to their duty. Indeed, I have always considered that trainers, deeply imbued with the sense of the necessarily uncertain state of their charge, are apt to be over attentive, in one respect in particular, not allowing the animals sufficient repose. If the racer be fed to the greatest possible extent, if his exercise be long and severe in consequence, surely commensurate undisturbed repose or rest becomes advisable, if not absolutely indispensable. The training stable is visited at an early hour in the morning, several times during the day, and in the evening, to say nothing of the time occupied in exercise. That period of repose to which I would particularly point attention, is during the night—I would allow the animal an undisturbed extra hour at least.

The person who became grey and died in the service of Lord Jersey (Edwards), differed from his fraternity in regard to exercise; his notion was that the nags were kept too long on the heath; he therefore might be said to quicken the pace and shorten the time: I am very doubtful if any advantage could result from such a deviation; indeed, I am inclined to think the contrary, which a retrospective glance seems to confirm.

The nags placed under Chifney's care frequently appeared "drawn too fine;" that finely formed horse Priam, for instance; his conformation was superior to that of Birmingham; yet he was beaten by the latter (for the Doncaster St. Leger) owing entirely, according to my notion, to his having been overtrained. If we admit that training must necessarily be severe, the system ought not to be carried so far beyond the bounds of reason as to produce those outrages on nature which are frequently witnessed, which in fact are so common as to be regarded as matters of course. To form some idea of the severity of the modern system of training, we have only to glance at the number of young thorough-breds which "go to pieces" before they can be brought to the starting post; at the three-year olds which continue to race till they have reached their seventh year, the age at which natural philosophers have fixed the maturity of the horse.

If trainers are a class of society from whom the elegant conversation of a highly cultivated mind is not to be expected, I have found them for the most part men of shrewd observation, possessing much practical information. Many of these persons, if left to themselves, to their own deliberate judgment, might not perhaps feel disposed to subject the young thorough-bred to the severe discipline of the training stable at so early a period of life as the modern system has rendered customary; but they of course receive the yearling unhesitatingly, because an unwillingness to comply with the wishes of their employers would injure their business and prospects in life. Too early and too severe training proves injurious to the physical powers of the horse without the least exception, and very frequently ruinous; nor is this all, the temper of the animal is often affected by it. Generous by nature, the thorough-bred willingly puts forth his powers as freely as possible; but when he is called upon for very severe exertion almost continually, if he does not sink under it, he frequently becomes bad tempered and vicious in every respect. Lottery, we suspect, was thus inconsiderately treated. He was a horse of a very robust constitution, and remarkably powerful; and being subjected to an unusual degree of severity in his exercise, he became rebellious; he threw the boy who rode him in his gallops, and having thus defeated one of his directors, he was restrained with difficulty ever afterwards, even by the strongest and most skilful of those with whom he came in contact. Though possessing superior speed and superior powers of endurance, not the least reliance could be placed upon his running—hence his name, originally Tinker, was changed to Lottery.

Sir George Pigot's Chester Billy, a horse of great speed, became an inveterate bolter, from something of a similar character.

Mameluke was as good a tempered animal as ever appeared on the course; but he became rebellious from harsh treatment. Chifney mounted him for the Doncaster St. Leger, and instead of adopting a mild system, and coaxing him to start, he resorted to violence, allowed his temper to supersede his judgment, and at length turning the thick end of his whip, struck the horse a violent blow on the neck (the mark of which still remains), thus making bad worse, and putting Mameluke's chance for the St. Leger out of the question. Yet Robinson rode this nag afterwards without difficulty. I never stood up to a better tempered horse than Mameluke.

The Athenian could not be got off for the Derby. He had been "drawn too fine," as his appearance clearly indicated. It is unnecessary to swell the list of instances to any greater extent.

If the conformation of the horse be not calculated to impart celerity of progressive motion, speed cannot be acquired by any system of training; but if the animal present that unison of parts, that satisfactory posterior leverage, the carcase and anterior formation in correspondence, the object of the trainer should be to enlarge and harden the tendon and muscle to the greatest possible extent. If we consider the bone as the basis of the animal conformation, which it undoubtedly is, the tendon and muscle constitute the elastic power in progressive motion; therefore, these parts cannot be too much developed nor too large, so long as they are entirely divested of fat. Fat may be regarded as a disease, not a particle of this unctuous substance should be suffered to remain in the muscle or in the system of the racer. An abundance of food is calculated to produce fat, which, however, can be expurgated or driven through the pores of the skin by perspiration. Hence the benefit resulting from sweats; which, however, should be produced and carried on by slow and lengthened gallops, rather than great speed and short distances; because the former method is more effective than the latter, even as regards the exudation in question, is accompanied with less violence, and consequently less risk to the animal, as the following hint will render apparent: in the action of the gallop, the weight of the animal is thrown forward and received on the fore feet every stride; it therefore must result that the concussion of the fore feet and its effect on the fine texture of their interior, must be violent or otherwise, according to the rate of going.

Physic, I am inclined to think, is used too often. What is its operation on the horse? As soon as the ball has been swallowed, the animal feels unwell, refuses his food, and expresses by his appearance, and by his eye in particular, how much he is affected by its administration. About four-and-twenty hours must elapse before its effects are rendered externally perceptible, when the operation becomes violent, continues for several days, is occasionally difficult to stop, and sometimes ends in the death of the patient. However, let us suppose that the process is attended with nothing unpleasant or alarming, still the horse is considerably reduced—so much so, indeed, that he will not regain his previous condition in less than several weeks. Therefore, while I admit the indispensable necessity of physic in some cases, many, perhaps, I am no advocate for its administration unnecessarily.

Yorkshire has always been celebrated in the annals of the Turf, and in regard to training it stands unrivalled. If we compare this county with the still more celebrated Newmarket in regard to training, the turf of the former will be found superior to that of the latter. The face of a great part of Yorkshire is covered with moorlands, many parts of which, and the edges in particular, are clothed with that elastic turf so well suited to the feet of the racer, so admirably calculated to prevent that injurious concussion of the fore feet, which an unyielding surface must necessarily produce. The surface of Newmarket Heath consists of that sort of turf implied by the word *heath*, much less absorbent than the moorish turf, frequently dotted with innumerable worm hillocks, and therefore dusty in dry weather; never hard, perhaps, and never elastic. In considering the effect or the influence of the one and the other on the gallop of the racer, suppose him going at full speed, the elasticity of the moorland turf would, in two miles, give an advantage of at least half a distance. T. B. J.

London Sportsman for April.

Agriculture.

THE ORIGIN OF THE IMPROVED DURHAM SHORT-HORNS.

Extracts from "IMPROVED SHORT-HORNS AND THEIR PRETENSIONS," by the Rev. Henry Berry, of Acton Rectory, England—a gentleman distinguished not merely as an interesting and scientific writer, but as a sagacious breeder of cattle, who has gained on various occasions, honorary rewards for his Essays, as well as for his beasts.

To the banks of the river Tees, separating the counties of Durham and York, reference is to be had for an account of the originals of the improved Short-horns. There, upwards of eighty years ago, existed a breed of cattle, for a description of which the author is indebted to an old and celebrated breeder now living,—in colour resembling what is called the improved breed of the present day, except that the fashionable roan was not quite so prevalent; they are described in general character also to have differed very little from their descendants. Possessing a fine mellow touch, good hair, light offal, particularly wide carcasses, and deep fore quarters, they were also justly celebrated for extraordinary proof when slaughtered,—resembling thus closely their descendants of the present day.

* * * * * * *

From all the information which can be collected, it appears that the breed of cattle thus described, was crossed with and probably improved by, importations from the Continent. Several spirited individuals, at that early period, had devoted much attention to the improvement of the breed of cattle then prevailing in the counties of Durham and York, and, amongst others, Sir William St. Quintin, of Scampston, imported cows and bulls from Holland. In due time, the produce of these animals was more widely diffused, and, crossed with the best stocks of the country, which possessed the same characteristics, became distinguished as the *Tees-water Short-horns*, uniting, in a wonderful degree, good grazing and dairy qualities. * * * About eighty-five years have elapsed since Mr. Milbank devoted his attention to this branch of rural economy. * * * * A cow, bred from his stock, and at that time the property of Mr. Sharter, of Chilton, slaughtered when twelve years old, having produced several calves, weighed upwards of one hundred and ten stones, (or 1540 lbs.) This cow was the daughter of the *old Studley bull*, one of the most celebrated ancestors of the improved Short-horns. He is described to the author by a person who often saw him, to have possessed wonderful girth and depth of fore quarters, very short legs, a neat frame, and light offal. He was the grandsire of *Dalton Duke*, bred by Mr. Charge, and sold by him at the then high price of fifty guineas, to Messrs. Maynard and Wetherell, in whose possession he served cows, at half-a-guinea each. From the old Studley bull are also descended *William* and *Richard Barker's*, and *Mr. Hill's bulls*, all animals of the highest reputation in their day, and the originals of the improved Short-horns.

* * * * * * * *

Sir William St. Quintin imported several cows and bulls from Holland; and it may be added, that from him Sir James Pennyman, who possessed estates in the counties of York, Durham, and Northumberland, and was desirous to extend this breed further north, obtained the cattle necessary for his purpose. From these he presented six cows and a bull to Mr. George Snowden, of Hurworth. * * * * In the mean time, a person near Hurworth, having in his possession a cow which there was every reason to believe was bred from some of the stock which had been imported, she was on this account, and from her superior form and quality of flesh, thought worthy to be introduced to Snowden's bull, and her produce afterwards became an object of celebrity as the bull *Hubback*. This cow, when removed from her usual pasture in the highways to good land near Darlington, became so fat that she did not again breed, and was consequently slaughtered. Her son evinced the same extraordinary disposition to fatten, and became useless; which was also the case with *Bolingbroke*, and several of Mr. Colling's best bulls, until he adopted the plan of keeping them in the lowest possible condition. * * * It shall suffice to remark, that in Mr. C. Colling's bull *Foljambe*, the Barningham and Hubback's blood were united; that this bull was the great grand-sire of *Comet*, and rendered, by Mr. C. Colling's own account, the most essential service to his stock. Should the reader feel desirous to trace the pedigree of the animals here mentioned, he is referred to "*Coates's Herd Book*," where every particular is faithfully stated.

* * * * * * *

ON FACTITIOUS, OR MULE-BRED ANIMALS.

SIR,—I believe it to be a fact generally admitted, that it is beyond the reach of human ability to exceed the limits prescribed by nature, by uniting two distinct species of aboriginal animals, and thereby producing a factitious one, capable of reproduction, because on this capability *alone* does the weight of my argument repose, considering it the only criterion by which actual proof can be satisfactorily established.

We must all admit that the great Author of the Universe in his unspeakable mercy and condescending goodness to gratify the wishes of his favoured created being—Man—has permitted him to indulge his desires, or to carry his researches so far as to allow the breed of a factitious or hybrid animal by one cross, but here I contend and shall endeavour to prove, the bar is fixed. "Thus far shalt thou go, but no further," this is the extreme limit, the *ne plus ultra*, the unerring dictum of the great "I am," from whose tribunal there is no appeal, and to which all human theories must be compared as to the small dust on the balance, for here it is evident that the supper-ruling power maintains its pre-eminence by the infallible obstacle of rendering the produce sterile.

My first remarks shall be on the domestic Mule, an animal well known in every part of the kingdom, though I doubt whether its usefulness is so duly appreciated as it merits, though those who do employ them estimate their value. One valuable property they peculiarly possess, not observable in the generality of mongrel breeds, which is, that they far exceed the natural longevity of either of their parents, frequently of both; if we compute the age of the horse to be 35, and the ass 40: many instances have been attested where the mule has attained the age of 70 and upwards, one in particular, at the iron works at Colebrookdale, where there were three or four known to have been employed on the works upwards of 60 years. This I was assured by one of the proprietors. Another valuable quality is that they are less liable to disease, and capable of much more bodily exertion than either the horse or the ass, and being nearly as abstemious as the ass, it is reckoned of much greater value than either of them where power is wanted with economy. Of their capability of enduring bodily fatigue, I beg to adduce a few instances out of the numbers that have fallen under my notice: Messrs Jolliffe and Banks employ two or three teams of English bred mules to draw their line from Measham, in Surrey, into London, a distance that cannot be computed at less (taking the average of the places where they unload) than 22 miles, which is 44 miles a-day, as they go six turns in the week, commencing at one o'clock Monday morning, and ending about ten on the Saturday night; that is working at least 14 hours out of the 24. The late Wm. Cobbett, when living at Botley sent his fat lambs and other farming produce to London in a caravan drawn by mules, the distance at least 62 miles, this he assured me they generally performed in ten hours, only baiting once for one hour; now I would query where are horses to be met with that could do this, they generally during the season went twice a week, and worked on the farm the intermediate days. A friend of mine (a partner in a London Porter Brewery, Taylor and Co., Rotherhithe,) some years ago, purchased six mules from his father's ironworks in Wales, neither exceeding fourteen hands; he employed them in their drays, three in each, and he assured me they drew the same load, namely, three butts, as the other teams of three horses, that they stood their work equally well and at about half the expense of keep; notwithstanding owing to their singularity of appearance they could not get suitable men that would drive them, and for no other reason they discontinued to use them; so much for prejudice. I need not say more as to their utility, though I am aware of some objections that may be urged in their disfavour; one is a quality derived doubtless from the ass, namely, an unconquerable obstinacy in resisting ill treatment, no severe usage can possibly induce a mule to go forward, when it is not inclined to do so of its own accord, though gentle and kind treatment, generally speaking, will. It would be a fortunate circumstance if all our other beasts of burden were endowed with the same kind of spirit; for, in that case the feelings of humanity would be less frequently outraged than they are at present; another objection, which is by far the most valid, is the diminutive size of the general English breed, by no means calculated to conciliate the public favour; mules being mostly bred from small mares and the English ass, in this case the progeny can

never be expected to exceed the height of the ass, more than the medium between the sire and the dam. All that appears requisite to bring them into more general use is to increase their substance and height, which can only be effected by importing male Spanish asses and breeding from large sized mares, these would produce stock of sufficient power for any purpose, and I don't hesitate to say the most profitable stock that can be reared. About 40 years ago, a Mr. Eccleston, of Lancashire, adopted this plan, and I understood it succeeded, why his example was not followed I must leave—probably from the difficulty of procuring a Spanish ass. I think no other reason could operate, as no doubt, I expect, can exist as to their superior utility for carrying burdens, and also for draft, where speed is not required; at a step of six or seven miles an hour they are remarkably safe and sure-footed, seldom making a false step, but the reverse is the case when rode or driven very fast; this I have remarked in many instances, besides two of my own, both capable of trotting twelve miles an hour, and remarkably safe for a few months at a quick pace, but they afterwards both repeatedly fell, even on excellent roads; and it could only be accounted for owing to a rigidity of the muscles of the legs communicated doubtless from the ass, an animal never designed by nature for swiftness, and therefore not furnished with elasticity of muscle similar to the horse.

In my next I purpose to hand you a description of, and remarks on several different breeds of factitious or hybrid animals, and am respectfully yours,

Exeter, March 2, 1839. AGRICOLA.

—Flying Post.

RIDING ON A RAIL.

The following sketch, the scene of which is laid near Tallahasse, Florida, explains how to outwit Judge Lynch. It is from the Augusta Mirror.

Now, of all other men, perhaps John Rogers had the greatest aversion to "sittin on a rail." He would rather have died than suffer such an indignity; and immediately on receiving the intelligence, he resolved that he would not be caught "sleeping bery sound." He then took another large drink, and after clearing his throat, exclaimed in a whining tone of voice:—

"Ride me on a rail!—Why I'll be shot, if I be rid on a rail, for five thousand dollars."

"Well, you'd better put out then," said the gentleman of the bar, as he set back the bottle and popped the "pic," in the drawer. "Judge Lynch has said it."

"Well, now I'm not gwain to be served no such trick," said John. "Judge Lynch be hanged."

John sauntered out, crying and muttering to himself, "I'll blow 'em all to —— if they come a projectin' about this child."

He then stepped into a store, and purchased 3 pounds of powder, which he tied up in a silk pocket handkerchief under his arm, walked into a confectionary, kept by a good old Frenchman, and purchased a few cigars, lighted one of them, and commenced smoking. Already the officers of the high court of Judge Lynch were in pursuit of him, and as he saw them gather round the door, he began to puff away at his cigar and mutter curses against "the whole infernal pack of 'em."

"Yes," said he, "you come tryin' that are, and you'll get waked up worse than ever you was afore—blast nation seize your picters. You jest fool with this child—that's all—and if I don't blow you to kingdom come—you see if I don't."

The crowd which had assembled round the door, now gradually entered the room, and as they did so, John began to flourish his cigar and cry:

"Jest you tetch, now. If you lay your hands on me, I'll send you whirlin', if this powder's good for any thin'. I don't care for myself—I'd rather be blowed through the roof of this here store than be rid on a rail—a confounded sight."

This last speech had attracted the attention of the old Frenchman, who began to look very uneasy.

"Ha, what dat you shall say? blow off de roof from my house!"

"Lay hold of him," said the judge, who generally attended the execution of his sentences in person "lay hold of him fellows!"

"Stand off! stand off!" exclaimed John, at the top of his voice, as he held the powder in one hand and the cigar in the other. "Do you see this 'ere cigar, and this 'ere powder! jest you lay hands on me, and I'll tetch 'em together. If I don't now, dad burn me."

"Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the old Frenchman. "Go out my house, sair—begon with your poodre and your cigar—what le diable?—will you blow up my property?"

"Well, let 'em let me alone then. I'll blow all hands up, and myself, too, before I'll be *rid on a rail*."

"Gather him up, gentlemen," said the judge; "the sentence of the law must be executed."

The crowd, which had now increased in number, gradually drew around the besieged Rogers, and the end of the rail was seen entering the door.

"Here goes, then!" exclaimed Rogers, drawing the cigar from his mouth, and applying it close to the handkerchief. There was a sudden rush to the door, and a confusion of voices crying out "stop! stop!"—"Don't! don't!"—above all of which might be heard the old Frenchman, crying out, "Murdare! Murdare!"

"Well," said Rogers, as the crowd dispersed, "I'd just as lieve be killed, as *rid on a rail!*"

"I tell you one, two, several times, to begone vid your poodre magazine, and your cigar. Will you leave my house, sare?"

But Rogers could neither be persuaded nor driven from his position against the wall, until the old man had prevailed upon the Lynch party to withdraw to some distance from his door. He then left the house much to the relief of the old Frenchman, but ever as the crowd approached, he would prepare to apply the match. At one time they approached with more than usual determination, and when they had got quite near, one was heard to say—"Bring the rail."

"You try it," said John, "and if you don't get into a hornet's nest, it'll be because fire won't burn powder, now mind."

The circle began cautiously to close around him, but as John knocked the ashes from his cigar, at the same time producing a few sparks preparatory to touching it to the powder, he was again suddenly left alone. The individual who had worried himself considerably, by carrying the rail, in his sudden retreat, dashed it to the ground, and exclaiming, "*Non comatibile in statu combustibus!*" abandoned the attempt. The rest of the *posse* soon imitated his example, leaving Rogers triumphant.

Thus Judge Lynch, for the first time, witnessed the most utter contempt of his authority, and the most determined defiance of his power.

The following morning found John Rogers a better man, and from that time forth he was never seen within the jurisdiction of Judge Lynch of T——, Florida.

Fate of a Gambler.—We copy from a foreign paper the following account of the melancholy consequences of indulging a propensity for gaming, as illustrated in the melancholy fate of a Bohemian nobleman:

"The dreadful passion for gambling has lately made another victim in Bohemia. The young Count J. B. Gravallasky had two years ago inherited fifteen millions of francs; he was then in his 25th year, and always in gambling houses. He lost at Milan 500,000 florins; at Vienna, 800,000 florins; at Prague, 300,000 florins. This severe lesson, instead of tempering his passion, made it still stronger. He sold his furniture, then his estates, and even the revenues to arise from the dominions composing his birthright for one hundred years, which property could not be alienated. All this money he lost also. Reduced to misery, and always dreaming of the possibility of winning back the immense fortune he had lost, he committed the serious crime of forging bills of exchange. He was at Gratz, and there he found means to negotiate, to Messrs. Clarenheim & Co., in that town, bills, on which he had affixed the false signatures of the bankers, Reynenberger Brothers, at Vienna. One of the partners of this rich house arrived on the same day at Gratz, and informed the Messrs. Clarenheim that they were the dupes of a sharper. He left Gratz, and went to Beraun, where he assumed the name of Karmer, and passed for a cabinet-maker. He lived there quite in retirement; but, being discovered, he was put in confinement, and on the night of the 19th, or the morning of the 20th Dec., he strangled himself with a silk handkerchief."

NEW ORLEANS FALL RACES, ECLIPSE COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are open over the Eclipse Course, New Orleans, at the Fall Meeting of 1839, to commence first Tuesday in December.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To name and close 1st of July, 1839. Now 6 subs., viz.:

Y. N. Oliver,	Duncan F. Kenner,	George M. Long.
Fergus Duplantier,	W. J. Minor,	A. L. Bingaman.

Spring Meeting, 1840.

Sweepstakes for 2 yr. old colts and fillies, Mile heats; sub. $500 each, $300 ft. To run at the Spring Meeting of 1840; and close the 1st of January next. Now 6 subs., viz.:

W. T. Minor,	Fergus Duplantier,	T. J. Wells,
Y. N. Oliver,	G. N. Sanders,	A. L. Bingaman.

Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, subs. $1000 each, h. ft. To name and close 1st of Jan. 1840. Now 2 subs. Address (post paid)

J. R. STERRITT, New Orleans.

[my4]

A CHALLENGE TO FOX HUNTERS.

EUBANKS, Geo. May 4th, 1839.

ANY gentleman or association of gentlemen who will produce nine hounds, and meet me on any of the hunting grounds in Columbia, any time in November, next, I will bet him $500 that I have nine hounds—Rock, Ruler, Ruin, Rover, Dido, Bascombe, Post Boy, Boston, and Queen—which can catch their fox quicker than any set of hounds that can be produced, running from the mouth of Kegly Creek to Hordin's Mills on Little River, ten miles. There is a red fellow now ranging up and down the river, which we can have the pleasure of chasing.

J. L. GERMAN.

[my11—3t]

CHARLES KEMBLE.

THIS superior Stallion will stand the present season at Chester Town and Centreville Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence at Chester Town, on the 4th March, and he will stand one week at each place throughout the season.

Pedigree of Charles Kemble.—He was got by Sir Archy, out of the celebrated mare Maria, by Gallatin; her dam by Simms Wildair—grandam by Imp. Traveller, out of an imported mare. [See Turf Register, vol. 4, page 428.]

Performances.—Charles Kemble has won at the Union Course, L. I., Washington City, Baltimore, Md., Trenton, and Fairfield, Va.—beating some of the best horses in the United States, viz.: Black Maria, Alice Grey, Henry Archer, Hunslap, Agility, Azalia, Prince George, Dolly Dixion, Lady Nashville, Powhattan, Robin Hood, Blue Streak, Mary Lee, Alp, Sally Eubanks, Jesse, Rosalie Somers, Adjutant, Dick Beasley, Maid of the Neck, &c. &c.—running all distances, from One to Four mile heats, in extraordinary good time.

Philadelphia, Feb. 22, 1839.—[F23] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

THE HAMPTON STAKE.

WE, the undersigned, agree to run a Sweepstake with colts and fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tenn., Two mile heats, on the first day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said course, the Fall of 1839, being the day previous to the Great Peyton Stake of $5000 entrance. Subscription to this stake, $2000, $400 ft., the rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race. If subscriber, colt, or filly dies, no forfeit to be claimed. Three or more to make a race. Stake to close the 1st of August.

Address HUGH KIRKMAN, Esq. Secretary, Nashville, Tenn.

1. James Kirkman, of La. names br. c. by Imp. Glencoe, out of Imp. Lady Fly by Bustard.

LOUISVILLE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE SPRING MEETING OF 1839, over the Oakland Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 4th June next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; sub. $500 each, $100, Mile heats. Eight subs. and closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. *X. N. Oliver* names ch. f. *Mary Clifford*, by Medoc, out of Medoca by Doublehead.
2. W. T. Ward names ch. f. by Waxy, dam by Hamiltonian.
3. M. W. Dickey names b. f. *Roanah*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
4. J. K. Duke names ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams, by Whipster.
5. Wm. Buford, Jr. names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Ann Merry by Sumpter.
6. William Buford names ch. c. by Medoc, dam by Potomac.
7. W. W. Bacon names b. f. by Medoc, dam by Buford's Alexander.
8. M. W. Dickey names gr. f. *Gryella*, by Archy of Transport, dam by Bertrand.

Same day—The Breeders' Plate, value $100, given by the Proprietor; for 3 yr. old colts and fillies that never won a race, Mile heats. To this race no subscription is required. Entries must be made, as to sweepstakes, directed to the Proprietor, to close the 20th of May. An entry failing to start must pay $20 forfeit, to go with the Plate. Four or more to make a race.

Second day—The Oakland Plate, a splendid tea service of silver, value $500, Two mile heats. The entrance depending on the number of subs.

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats. To close the 20th of May next.

Third day—Proprietor's Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Proprietor's Purse $250, Mile heats best 3 in 5.

The great number of horses now in training in Kentucky, in addition to Mr. Garrison's stable from New Orleans, with the celebrated Wagner, Altorf, Glorvina, Cippus, and others, will insure one of the most interesting race meetings that ever came off in the state. Mr McCargo's stable, with Billy Townes and others are expected. The Course, now one of the quickest and safest in the Union, is in the finest possible condition, and greatly improved since the Fall meeting. The Oakland House, under the management of Messrs. Van Vacten and Comstock, has been added to, refitted and newly-furnished. I can safely say it is inferior in point of comfort to none in the State. Stables and litter furnished race horses gratis.

Y. N. OLIVER, Proprietor.

Louisville, April 26.—[my4]

CHOICE BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

I WILL SELL at private sale, on or before the first day of the Kendall Races (14th May), or the next day at public auction, immediately after the four mile race, the reversionary interest in Lady Cliffden. Also, a very superior 2 yr. old out of her dam, by Imp. Tranby, with his engagements for the next season. Also, a very large and beautiful filly, 4 yrs. old, by Maryland Eclipse, out of Grecian Princess, she by Virginian, and tracing back matenally through excellent crosses to the common origin of the Wyatts and the Pictons, &c. This filly of great promise received an injury not permanent, which threw her out of training last Fall, but is now considered perfectly well, and ready for training the next Fall.

The value of the old crosses in the stock of Lady Cliffden, embracing the blood of Young Cameron and Morton's Traveller, through Lloyd's Traveller, the Lindsey Arabian, through Othello, and the Gabriel and Medley, through Ogle's Oscar, Imported Cliffden, Sir Charles, &c. is believed to be unsurpassed either in this or any other country. The cross of the *Lindsey Arabian* is believed to be invaluable, as it is unknown in the present race of English stock; and believing it has done for the blood horse of this hemisphere, what the Darly and Godolphin Arabian has done for the English stock, it may not be deemed a fiction to suppose that this cross in the veins of each contributed largely to the wonderful performances made by both Mingo and Lady Cliffden.

[a27—3t] THOS. EMORY.

WANTED,

A SITUATION as trainer and rider by a young man, aged 26 years, who can ride 104lbs. He is in possession of the best credentials as respects his character and ability, from many of the most distinguished gentlemen in England. A note left at the Office of this Paper, addressed to Martin Lawler, stating where an interview may be had, will meet with immediate attention, or enquiry may be made there for further particulars. [my4]

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1839, over the Bascombe Course, will commence on the last Tuesday, 26th November, and continue five days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, $200 ft., two mile heats. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Oct., 1839. Now 3 subs.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $500, P. P., Mile heats. Five or more to make a race. To close 1st Oct., and name at the post.

Entries to the Sweepstakes may be enclosed to either of the Secretaries, or to the proprietor, at Mobile (*post paid*).

Good stabling and litter furnished gratis. D. STEPHENSON, Proprietor.

Mobile, 4th April, 1839.—[tOct1]

SHARK

THIS beautiful thorough-bred Race-Horse will stand the present season of 1839, at the stable of John Drew, near the Union Race Course, upon Long Island, New York, at $60 the season, $100 to insure a mare with foal, and $1 to the groom. The season to commence on the 20th Feb and end the 1st July.

Shark is a beautiful black, about 15¼ hands high, of good bone and substance, in high racing form, and nine years old this grass.

PEDIGREE.—*Shark* was bred by Charles Henry Hall, Esq., at Harlaem, New York, and foaled in April 1830. He was got by the celebrated American Eclipse. His dam the noted running mare known at first as Col. Tayloe's Maria, and afterwards named Lady Lightfoot, by Sir Archy; grandam, Black Maria by Imp. Shark; g. g. dam by Imp. Clock fast, (she was the dam of the celebrated horse Vingtun, by Imp. Diomed); g. g. g. dam Fitzhugh's famous running mare Maria, by Regulus, &c. &c.

His sire, American Eclipse, was got by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger; her dam the imported mare by Pot-ooooooeo's, &c.

[For Shark's Performances in full, see "Spirit of the Times," from Jan. 5, to Feb. 23, 2839.]

Shark was withdrawn from the Course, and let to mares the season of 1836. His get are very promising, valued highly, and those 3 yrs. old in 1839 will probably make their appearance on the Course.

He is own brother to Eclipse Lightfoot, to Black Maria, who won the 20 mile race (that is, 5 heats, including a dead heat,) over the Union Course, beating Trifle and three others—also to Terror, and to Bay Maria, who has won all her races in South Carolina and Georgia, four mile heats. His dam, Lady Lightfoot, trained and ran until eleven years old, and was pronounced by the late Gen. Wm. Wynn, of Virginia, the best race mare, and the safest to bet upon, that he ever knew—her performances are unrivalled. His whole *family*, paternal and maternal, have not even a remote cross of inferior blood; they have throughout been renowned for game and stoutness, their best play being the course of four miles. Those who retain a partiality to the blood of Eclipse have now an opportunity of acquiring the same by breeding from Shark, who, if not the most renowned of his get, by exploits on the turf, in point of pure and high blood stands first.

January, 1839.—[J5-tf.] JOSEPH H. HELLINGS.

PENNOYER.

THIS Thorough-bred Horse will stand at the subscriber's stable, at Augusta, Ga., and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. The season will commence the 1st of March and end the 15th June. Mares fed at 50 cents per day. Good and extensive and well enclosed pasturage has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for escapes or accidents if any should happen. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

PEDIGREE.

Pennoyer was sired by Henry (the competitor of Eclipse), out of Ariel by Eclipse. For purity of blood, and as a distinguished runner, Ariel has never been surpassed, having started 57 times, and was winner 42 times, (17 of which were four mile heats.) His grandam was by Financier, out of Empress, who has also been regarded as one of the most renowned race nags and brood mares of the North. Empress was got by Imp. Baronet, her dam by Old Messenger, grandam by Strap, out of Jenny Dator by True Briton. Jenny Dator was out of Quaker Lass, got by Juniper, out of Molly Pacolet by Pacolet—her g. g. dam was got by Old Spark, g. g. g. dam Queen Mab, g. g. g. g. dam Miss Caldwell. For further particulars see Am. Turf Register, vol. 6.

Henry was sired by Sir Archy (son of Imp. chesnut Diomed), his dam by Diomed, grandam by Bell-air, g. g. dam by Pilgrim, g. g. g. dam by Valiant, g. g. g. g. dam by Janus, g. g. g. g. g. dam by Jolly Roger. The four last named are imported horses.

DESCRIPTION.

Pennoyer was foaled in the Spring of 1834, is a beautiful brown bay, stands full 15¼ hands high, and in point of blood, high racing form, style and action, is excelled by none. While training at 2 yrs old, his owners were flattered with the highest expectations of him, as a first-rate race horse (having tried him sufficiently to test his superior speed), and had he not received an injury in one of his fore legs, just above the knee, while in training, which prevented his appearance on the turf, there can be no doubt, from his trials, that he would now have been one of the most distinguished racers of the day.

Augusta, Ga., Jan. 1, 1839—[J5-tf.] HENRY DALBY.

IMPORTED BELSHAZZAR.

I HAVE the pleasure to tender to the public generally, and to my friends in particular, the services of this splendid English Stallion. He is now in my stable, in the city of Nashville, in good health and condition, and will be ready for service on the following terms:—$125 insurance, $100 the season (to commence on the 15th Feb. and end on the 1st July), which may be discharged by the payment of $75 within the year, and $1 to the groom in each case, which will be expected at the stable door. The best pasturage the county affords, and grain at usual prices, and every attention to mares, but no liability for accidents or escapes.

PEDIGREE.

To breeders and sportsmen conversant with the blood horse, it would be sufficient to name sire and dam. But for others, we say, Belshazzar was got by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews—Mandane by Pot-8-o's—Young Camilla by Woodpecker—Camilla by Trentham—Coquette by the Compton Barb—Sister to Regulus by the Godolphin Arabian—Grey Robinson by the Bald Galloway—Sister to Old Country Wench by Snake—Grey Wilks (sister to Clumsey) by Hautboy—Miss D'Arcy's Fet mare, daughter of a Sedbury Royal mare. It fully appears from the above that he has the maximum of blood, and that he derives his purity through the line of most illustrious ancestors. In other words, his breeding is not only thorough, but also most fashionable. He draws blood from Eclipse through Joe Andrews, a good son, and King Fergus and Pot-8-o's, his best sons. He draws blood from King Herod through Phenomenon and Woodpecker, very good sons, and Highflyer, his best, and has streams from the best English and Foreign sources for centuries. His family in near alliance show a due proportion of winners of distinguished prizes. His dam won the Oaks, and produced Memnon, a Doncaster St. Leger winner. Her sister, also won the St. Leger. Brutandorf, out of Mandane, was a good winner and Stallion, and Lottery, another son, though queer in temper, was, in my opinion, able to beat when he pleased, any horse of his day. Theodore, out of Blacklock's dam, won the St. Leger, and any one who reads the account of this great race of Blacklock's year, the state of the odds, and examines the performances, before and after, must come to the conclusion, that he hitior have beat Ebor. And he proved himself a better stallion, far better than his conould

BERNERS' COMUS AND CONSOL.

THE *Imported Stallions*, BERNERS' COMUS and CONSOL, will stand in 1839 at Boardman's Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., the former at $80, the latter at $70; insurance o either, $100; $10 discount for prompt pay.

The plantation at the Mills is arranged for the express accommodation of blood stock, being divided into a great number of lots and paddocks, with convenient shelters and stables; and abounds with pasturage, shade, and water. Every care which the personal attention of the owner, aided by faithful grooms, can bestow, will be given to mares and their foals at a reasonable price.

Berners' Comus is a brown, 16 hands, of unexceptionable form, and entirely sound. His trainer, who had the management of Lord Berners' stock for 18 years, says, "Lord B. never had a better horse, or one that could run a long distance better than him. There was one or two of his year could beat him for *speed*, but he could beat nearly all the rest." It appears from the Racing Calendar that he was a winner at all distances, from 1200 yards to four mile heats.

Consol is a dark bay or brown, 16 hands, of high form, great substance, and all sound; he was both a speedy and lasting racer, having continued in work until 7 yrs. old without a blemish. Out of 21 engagements, he won and received forfeit 11 times, ran 2d four times, and 3d four times. The last year he was on the turf, then 7 yrs. old, he was the trial horse o the largest and most successful stable in England (Scott's), which that year won the Derby with Mundig.

His colts, the oldest of which were foaled in 1837, are uncommonly promising in appearance, of good bone and high finish. One of them was sold at auction, when a yearling, for $1500, and many others would bring still higher prices—higher, it is believed, than those of any other *untried* horse in the country.

Huntsville, Ala., Dec. 8, 1838.—[d29-tf.] E. H. BOARDMAN

SWEEPSTAKES—MULBERRY COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open to be run over the Mulberry Course, Fredericksburg, Va., Spring Meeting 1839.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats; 4 or more to make a race to name and close 10th April. Now 4 subs., viz.:

John S. Corbin,		Col. John C. Gibson,
Wm. McCargo,		Maj. Thos. Doswell.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Two mile heats, 4 or more to make a race; to name and close as above. Now 2 subs.:

Wm. McCargo,		John S. Corbin.

Gentlemen wishing to make entries in the above stakes will please direct to Mr. T. H. RAMSEY, Fredericksburg, Va.

☞ The *Regular Spring Races* will commence on 4th Tuesday, 28th May.

[m2] WM. McCARGO

IMPORTED TRUSTEE,

BY CATTON, out of Emma by Whisker. Catton has always been considered one of the best, if not the best four mile horse ever bred in England. In speaking of him he is called "the celebrated Catton." Trustee was likewise a first rate horse, and was sold when a 3 yr. old, for 2,000 guineas.

Trustee will stand at my stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, the ensuing season, at the low price of $30 cash, and $1 to the groom. This rule will be strictly adhered to, and no mare need be sent to him without the money, it being better both for the breeder and owner of the horse. All accidents and escapes at the risk of the owner. Season to commence 1st Feb., and close 1st July.

Union Hotel, near the Race Course, Dec. 1, 1838.—[d22] JOHN R. SNEDEKER

THE PEYTON STAKE.

WE, the Undersigned, agree to run a Produce Stake with Colts and Fillies dropped the Spring of 1839, over the Nashville Course, Tennessee, Four Mile Heats, on the second day of the Jockey Club Meeting on said Course, the Fall of 1843. Subscription $5000 each, forfeit $1000. The Rules of the Nashville Jockey Club to govern said race; if subscriber, colt, or filly, dies, no forfeit to be claimed; three or more to make a race. Stake to close on the 1st day of January, 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hon. Balie Peyton & Dr. J. G. Chalmers of La. name the produce of Black Maria by Eclipse, and Imp. Luzborough.
2. Hon. B. Peyton & A. Henderson of La. name the produce of Maria Shepherd by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
3. James Kirkman of La. names the produce of Imp. Eliza by Rubens, and Imp. Glencoe.
4. Col. Wm. Wynn of Va. names the produce of Isabella by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
5. Also, the produce of Trumpetta by Mons. Tonson, and Imp. Priam.
6. Maj. Thos. J. Wells of La. names the produce of Imp. Pickle by Emilius, and Imp. Glencoe.
7. James Jackson of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Delight by Reveller, and Imp. Glencoe.
8. Col. Thos. Watson of Tenn. names the produce of Giantess by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Glencoe.
9. John Boardman of Ala. names the produce of Imp. Miss Golborne by Lottery, and Imp. Berners' Comus.
10. Wm. G. Haun of Miss. names the produce of Rattlesnake by Bertrand, and Imp. Hedgeford.
11. Col. Geo. Elliott & H. & J. Kirkman of Tenn. name the produce of Hibernia by Sir Archy, and Imp. Leviathan.
12. Also, the produce of Imp. Florestine by Whisker, and Imp. Leviathan.
13. Maj. A. J. Davie of Tenn. names the produce of Imp. Doris by The Colonel, and Imp. Lurcher.
14. Henry Wilkes of Md. names the produce of Flirtilla by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
15. James Long of Va. names the produce of Flirtilla Jr. by Sir Archy, and Imp. Priam.
16. P. A. Prindle of S. C. names the produce of Aggy-Down by Timoleon, and Imp. Priam.
17. Hon. Alex. Barrow of La. names the produce of Lilac by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp Skylark.
18. Col. A. L. Bingaman of Miss. names the produce of Own Sister to Betsey Malone by Stockholder, and Woodpecker.
19. Henry A. Tayloe of Ala. names the produce of Howa by Imp. Luzborough, and Mingo.
20. John C. & Hugh Rogers of N. C. name the produce of Polly Peacham by John Richards, and Imp. Priam.
21. W. D. Amis & M. Hunt of Miss. name the produce of Eliza Drake by Shawnee, and Imp. Chateau Margaux.
22. Col. Wade Hampton of S. C. names the produce of Imp. Delphine by Whisker, and Plenipotentiary.
23. W. H. E. Merritt of Va. & L. P. Cheatham of Tenn. name the produce of Alice Riggs by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
24. John C. Beasley of Tenn. names the produce of Kathleen by Imp. Leviathan, and Imp. Skylark.
25. Maj. W. R. Peyton of Tenn. names the produce of Black Kitty Clover by Eclipse, and Pacific.
26. John Blevins and Samuel Carter of Ala. name the produce of Miss Medley by Medley, and Wild Bill.
27. J. Morrison Pindell of Ky. names the produce of Marcella by Alfred, and Eclipse.
28. Wm. H. E. Merritt & Brother of Va. name the produce of Robt. C. Williamson's Imp. mare Pera by Sultan and Imp. Priam.
29. Also, the produce of Imp. Bustle by Whalebone, and Imp. Priam.
30. John C. Rodgers of N. C. names the produce of Maria West by Marion, and Andrew.

☞ Subscribers to this Stake losing their colts will please make the fact known at once through the Spirit of the Times.

[F2] H. KIRKMAN, Sec'y Nashville Jockey Club.

JOHN BASCOMBE.

THIS renowned and ever memorable horse will occupy his old stand at the Hampton Course, in the vicinity of Augusta, under my direction. Col. Crowell, his owner, after returning from his tour through the North East and West, has come to the conclusion to allow him to remain with me another season. Applications were made in various sections of our country; unlimited business was guaranteed; large sums offered by various gentlemen for the service of the horse; but Col. Crowell threw aside all minor considerations, all pecuniary motives, when on his return he found so many solicitations, from various quarters of the South, to allow the horse to remain with me, that he at length yielded and gratified their wishes. In fact, Bascombe has so many warm admirers, that they nearly view him as their common property. Bascombe has attained his end in one point, he has put to rest all those little petty slanders relative to *impotency*, as he has proved himself as sure a foal-getter as any horse that stands on four feet. His first get was dropped this season? each and every person's colt, in different parts of the South, is the crack and brag colt; in fact, for game-like appearance, quickness of action, sprightliness and playfulness, they are *unsurpassed*.

He will commence his season on the 15th Feb., to terminate on the 15th July.

Terms—$100 the season and $1 to the groom. Good lots, fine stables, pastures, and provender, will be provided for the mares; no liability for escapes or accidents. Persons sending mares are particularly requested to send their pedigree; also notes made payable to John Crowell or bearer. The expenses of the mares to be paid before taking them away. Mares remaining with the horse will be well taken care of at 50 cents per day, servants with them fed gratis.

It is useless to mention pedigree and performances; Bascombe's speak for themselves; the world know them; his name will be handed down from Turfite to Turfite; and when no more, the bosoms of future sportsmen will swell with emotion and delight, when they hear mentioned the name of *Bascombe*. [n10] F. W. LACY.

VOLNE

THIS highly bred and beautiful young race horse, acknowledged to be one of the speediest horses of his day, will stand the ensuing season at the stable of J. W. T. REID Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Alabama, at Forty dollars the season, and Eighty dollars to insure a foal.

The following letters and certificates from the most distinguished Turfmen of Virginia, relative to the pedigree and performances of Volney, are respectfully presented for the perusal of the Turfmen and Breeders of Alabama.

The Pedigree of Volney.—Volney was got by Col. WM. R. JOHNSON's horse *Monsieur Tonson*, out of Mr. WILLIAMS' brood mare by *Sir Archie*, and was four years old last Spring. A copy of the certificate of the pedigree of his dam, furnished by Wm. R. Johnson, Esq., is given below, the original of which was found among the papers of Mr. Williams, deceased.

RICHARD LOGAN, Executor of Samuel Williams, dec'd.

The sorrel mare, purchased by Samuel Williams, Esq., of the estate of Edmund Irby deceased, was got by Sir Archie, her dam Weazle by Shylock, out of Captain Sallard's celebrated old mare by the imported horse Dare Devil, dam by old Wildair, the best son of Col. Baylor's imported horse Fearnaught—her grandam, a chesnut mare called Picudella, was got by Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught, who was foaled in 1777, and bred by Mr. Edwards, of Hicksford, Va. Batt's & Maclin's Fearnaught was got by the old imported Fearnaught, out of an imported mare, who, in the Spring of 1776, was purchased by Mr. Edwards of the widow of Col. Maclin, on Elizabeth River, near Norfolk, Va.—her g. g. dam was got by Col. Baylor's horse Godolphin, who was got by the Imp. Fearnaught out of Col. Baylor's imp. mare Jenny Dismal—her g. g. g. dam was by the imp. horse Hob-Nob, (this fine Hob-Nob mare was the property of Col. Archie Cary, of Chesterfield County, Va.)—her g. g. g. g. dam was by the imported horse Jolly Roger, known in England as Roger of the Vale—her g. g. g. g. g. dam was got by the imp. horse Valiant—her g. g. g. g. g. g. dam was by Tryall, who was by the Imp. Morton's Traveller.

The said sorrel filly, purchased by Mr. Williams, was a great favorite of Mr. Irby—so much so, that he entered her in a sweepstake, for which race she would have been trained, but his death made the entry void.

W. R. JOHNSON.

Chesterfield, June 1, 1831. RICHARD LOGAN.

The above is a true copy of the original of Mr. Johnson.

Charlotte County, Va., Dec. 1, 1838.

Mr. P. A. PRINDLE,—*Dear Sir*—In relation to your enquiry respecting the running qualities of your fine horse Volney, I can inform you that I trained him the Fall after he was three years old, and run him in one sweepstakes colt race, Mile heats, which he won with great ease at two heats, in 1:51 each heat. I then sent him home to his owner, who died in a short time after. Volney was then sold. Mr. Phillips was the purchaser at $2500. In the Spring of 1837 he won the Proprietor's Purse at Lynchburg, Two mile heats, with great ease. The following Fall I met him at the same course. I started a fine filly against him, Two mile heats—he beat her in fine style in 3:47; no contest for the 2d heat. I then offered his owner $4000 for him, but he seemed at that time not willing to sell him. I believe he was a race horse of the first order, at any distance, and am truly sorry that his lameness has prevented him from showing his powers to the world.

In haste, yours respectfully, WM. McCARGO.

In the Fall of 1837, at Oxford, N. C., Mr. PHILLIPS sold Volney to Mr. P. A. PRINDLE, of Richmond, Va., his present owner, for $5000 cash. He is the horse on whom the match against *Target* was made, for $10,000, a single dash of Two miles. [F9]

TROTTING HORSES FOR SALE.

THE celebrated Trotting Horses NORMAN LESLIE and JOHN CALDWELL. If not disposed of by the 22d of April, they will on that day be sold at Tattersall's. Apply to the subscriber, at Lafayette Hall, Nos. 595 and 597 Broadway, or at 291 Bowery.

PHILIP McGUIRE.

[Mar30]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

BEAN'S STATION, Tenn. Spring Races, fourth Tuesday, May 28.
CYNTHIANA, Ky. - - - Spring Races, fifth Wednesday, May 29.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d or 4th week in May.
COLUMBUS, Miss. - - - Hyde Park Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 3d Tuesday, 21st May.
CHARLESTOWN, Va. - Kanawha Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th June.
CLINTON, Ala. - - - - - Pactolus Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - - And Philadelphia, Camden Course, J. C. Spring Meeting 21st May.
" " Match $1000 aside, P.P., M. h., 1st day } between Messrs. Cochran
" " Match $1000 aside, h. ft., M. h., 3d day } and Kelly's Busiris colts
COLUMBUS, Ga. - - - - Western Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 30th April.
FREDERICKSBURG, Va. Mulberry Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Tuesday, 28th May.
FAYETTE, Mo. - - - - Match, $2000 aside, $1500 ft., between Duke Sumner and Ben Franklin, fifth Wednesday, May 29.
HUNTSVILLE, Ala. - - Association Course, J.C. Spring Meeting, last Wednesday, 29th May.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th June.
LEXINGTON, Ky. - - - Association Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
LIVINGSTON, Ala. - - - Picton Course, J. C. Spring Meeting, 4th Monday, 27th May.
MAURY Co. Tenn. - - Annual Spring Meeting, 4th Wednesday, 22d May.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall Meeting, last Tuesday, 26th Nov.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - Eclipse Course, Jockey Club Fall Meeting, 1st Tuesday, 3d Dec.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Spring Meeting, last Tuesday 28th May.
TORONTO, U.C. - - - - Simcoe Chase Course, Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 19th June.
VAN BUREN, Arks. Jockey Club Spring Meeting, 3d Wednesday, 22d May.
WHEELING, Va. - - - Jockey Club Spring Meeting, last Tuesday, 25th June.

CHEVELEY.

Cheveley; or, the Man of Honour. By Lady Lytton Bulwer, 2 vols.—Harper and Brothers.

A better critic than we ever hope to be, has written thus of this very clever novel. We cheerfully confess our obligations.—

It is difficult to determine whether these volumes are more calculated to excite mirth or melancholy. The sprightly sayings, *piquant* allusions, and humorous descriptions with which they abound are a source of amusement and pleasure; but the object of the work and the circumstances which are supposed to have led to its publication, give rise to feelings of a different nature. What those circumstances may have been, or what necessity may have existed for the step thus taken, we do not pretend to know, nor is it our province to inquire. We cannot, however, bring ourselves to believe that in any living individual are concentrated the many revolting qualities which go to form the character of Lord de Clifford as here depicted; and we think that the public in general, much as they may sympathise with Lady Bulwer, will prove equally sceptical. It is as far from being the true portrait of any individual as the Venus of Praxiteles was from representing any one woman. As the Grecian sculptor was indebted to one of his fair compatriots for the arms, to a second for the bosom, to a third for the head, &c.; so, in the present case, our authoress has combined together the profligacy of one, the duplicity of another, the vanity of a third, the brutality of a fourth. That she is fully capable of sketching portraits to the life cannot be doubted, but here she has overshot the mark, as the duellist, when agitated by anger, misses his aim, albeit at other times unerring. Much the same may be said of the character of Lord de Clifford's mother, of that of his brother Mr. Herbert Crimstone, and of Lady Stepastray, against whom the authoress appears to cherish poignant animosity for her version of the story. But in the two latter cases it may be observed that the shafts, though sharp and barbed, are not tipped with poison, contrary to the rules of war. Among the neat sayings is one respecting Mr. Herbert Grimstone's work on Timbuctoo; viz., that "there are in it innumerable mistakes of the printer, but the greatest mistake was printing it at all." Now, in the volumes before us typographical errors are frequent; in the first volume they literally swarm; English, French, and Italian contend for the superiority in faultiness. The first remark, therefore, respecting the work on Timbuctoo is particularly applicable to "Cheveley," and, as far as regards the characters already mentioned, we confess we think the second scarcely less so. To the other sketches no objection can be made even by the parties themselves; they are clever and spirited, and though now and then a little sarcastic, yet good humor predominates. Among them, Mr. Snobguess, the American author, is very amusing; ditto, Tom Dareall, who is described as having a remarkable turn-out, since he always *drives duns*. There are also some capital hits at Mr. Fonnoir, the editor of the *Investigator*, and Mr. Fuzboz, the writer therein of a series of attacks on Charles Kean, of whom Cheveley is a very warm admirer. The political touches are excellent.

In May, 1784, a bill, intended to limit the privilege of franking, was sent from Ireland for the royal approbation; in it was a clause enacting, that any member who, from illness or any other cause, shall be *unable to write*, might authorise some other person to frank for him, provided that on the back of a letter so franked, the member doth at the same time give, under his hand, a full certificate of his *inability to write*. In another bill for pulling down the old Newgate in Dublin and rebuilding it on the same spot, in which the old materials were to be employed, it was enacted that, to prevent useless expense, the prisoners remain in the old Newgate till the new one was finished. Two Irish lieutenants being once at Portsmouth, and talking of the gallant defence of a Spanish frigate which had just been taken and brought into port, a dispute arose whether it was thirteen men out of fifteen, or fifteen out of thirteen, that were killed at one gun; on which they referred to one of their countrymen standing by, who answered, "That really he could not be positive which of the two it was, but he rather believed it was the latter."

An Irish servant inquiring for Lieutenant Palls, among other descriptions, added, he was either nephew or niece to Colonel Wilkinson, he could not tell which.

Lieutenant R. L. P., of the Preventive Service, disputed concerning the proportion allowed the military of the produce of smuggled goods seized under their protection. Both agreed it was a moiety, but how much a moiety was they could not tell, and a man was actually sent some distance to the collector to ascertain whether a moiety was a third or fourth.

The Rev. Mr. Newman, of Froyle, having written an acrostic on Miss Hurst, one of the beauties of that day, Ensign B. begged leave to copy it, saying, he would present it to Miss Beever, as an acrostic of his own composition made upon her name.

The same worthy, though confused ensign, on learning that his mother, who was a widow, had married again, went in great perturbation to his captain, exclaiming, "Blood and ouns—there's that mother of mine married again. Oh, if she should have a son older than myself, I shall be cut out of the estate.

During the building of the Theatre in Dublin, two labourers were eating their dinner, reposing upon their hods, when the long and somewhat attenuated Colonel Leigh passed by them, on which one of the labourers exclaimed, "Ouns, now did ye ever see such a thin match of a thing as that?" "Faith," replied the other, "I know a fellow as thin as two of him."

Mr. O Smith plays the same line of character as Mr. T. P. Cooke. One night our most celebrated dramatic writer was introduced to Mr. O. Smith in the green-room at the Adelphi, and expressed his pleasure by saying, "Ah, I had the honour of being introduced to your namesake, Mr. T. P. Cooke, last week.

These are scarcely of the common order of what are generally called bulls, but they show a conglomeration of mind, a kind of mystified method of calculation, producing results which are to be found in no other mind in the world but that of an Irishman.

Mortgaging.—The Duke of Norfolk, boasting to George Selwyn of his estates, many of which he had mortgaged for part of the purchase money, added, "and what is more, they are all of my own creation." George drily observed to him, that "to make all perfect, there must be a redeemer as well as a creator."

Contempt of the Clergy.—A gentleman observed to Dr. Leland, that in his treaty on the causes of the contempt of the clergy, he had omitted one—"What is that?" asked the doctor. "The good sense of the laity," answered the gentleman.

Meum and Tuum.—Colonel B ——, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money with a "How d'ye do?" answered, "Pretty well, I thank you—you see I hold my own." "Yes," rejoined the man, and mine too, to my sorrow.

Quies in Cælo.—A lady dying, who was much given to scolding, particularly at the servants, her husband caused an escutcheon to be put against her house, with the common motto of "Quies in Cælo." The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of the words, and on being informed it was "There is rest in heaven," answered, "Then I'm sure mistress be'ant there."

The Rev. Doctor Wood, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, having gone out for a ride, was late for dinner at the hall, and had kept the fellows waiting for some time. When at length coming into the court, on horseback, one of the senior fellows exclaimed, "Halloo—here comes *St. John's head* on a *charger*."

Suicide.—An Irishman speaking of suicide said, the only way to stop it was, by making it a capital offence, punishable with death.

The Hereditary Grand Duke of Russia.—His Imperial Highness's projected marriage with an Austrian Arch-Duchess has failed. A very piquant anecdote proves that all hopes of a matrimonial alliance with the House of Hapsburgh are at an end. Count Orloff, who had been commissioned to ascertain the disposition of the Court of Vienna, addressed himself with such views to the Princess de Metternich, and expressed to her his great admiration of the charming Arch-Duchess, the object of his master's conjugal ambition. "The Arch-Duchess," replied the witty and malicious Princess, "is a truly fascinating person; unfortunately her health is so delicate that it will be impossible for us to settle her any where but in Italy, the air of which country is absolutely necessary to her." Upon this the Count made a profound and cool bow to the Princess, and despatched a courier to St. Petersburgh. The splendid reception given to the Grand Duke at Vienna has been a courteous method of rejecting a suitor who is not wanted. This will but increase the rancour of Nicholas towards the Austrian Cabinet which has already so much offended him by its treaty with England. In the commercial arrangement the Danube is considered as a wholly Austrian stream, to which Russia has no right. Brussels Periodicle.

A Distinguished Cook.—The following anecdote of Prince Talleyrand is from the *Quotidienne*:—

"In 1792, when the celebrated diplomatist, then a secret agent from some parties in France, was compelled to quit London within twenty-four hours, he embarked on board a Danish vessel, which was to convey him to the United States. At sea the vessel met with an English frigate, which made a signal to her to lie to, and sent an officer in a boat to inspect her, the principle of England in time of war being that a neutral flag protects neither persons nor goods of a hostile power. Talleyrand, who had an insuperable dislike to the idea of being taken back to England, implored the Danish captain not to declare him, and the officer could devise no other expedient than to pass him off as the ship's cook. After some wry faces Talleyrand consented to the captain's proposal, and, with a very ill grace, assumed the cotton cap, kitchen apron, carving knife, and other appendages, in keeping with his new office. When the English officer boarded the vessel, and demanded in the usual terms if there were any French passengers on board, the captain replied boldly that there was "one poor devil of a limping French cook," who being immediately called up for inspection, Talleyrand made his appearance, saucepan in hand, and with such a piteous countenance that the English officer laughed heartily, and consented not to make a capture of him. M. Watersdorf, the Danish Ambassador under Bonaparte, is said to have been acquainted with this anecdote, and to have invariably brought it on the tapis whenever he felt a grudge against the ex-bishop of Autun"

One of our Parisian contemporaries, in reporting the debate of Thursday in the House of Lords, on Lord Fitzwilliam's motion, and wishing to show his intimate knowledge of the history of the English Peerage, makes an amusing inference from the supposed etymology of the name of the Noble Lord by adding to it, between brackets, *Fils naturel du feu Roi!* Galignani.

Stallions for 1839.

☞ Notices like the following (never exceeding two lines) will be inserted during the season for Five dollars. To those gentlemen who advertise their horses in detail, to the amount of Twenty Dollars, in this paper, no charge will be made.

AINDERBY, *Imported*, by Velocipede, out of Kate (sister to Nonplus) by Catton, at L. J. Polk's stables, at Hamilton Place, near Mt. Pleasant, Tenn., at $75 & $100—$1 to groom.

ANDREW, by Sir Charles, dam by Herod, at Newmarket Race Course, Petersburg, Va., at $60 and $100.

AUTOCRAT, *Imported*, by Grand Duke, out of Olivetta by Sir Oliver, at Col. Sam'l Lyne's stable, 2 miles from Clarksville, Tenn., on Russellville road, at $60 and $75.

ANVIL, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (dam of Picton, Duane, etc.) by Sir Archy, at Station Camp (Hon. B. Peyton's farm) near Gallatin, Tenn., at $50 and $75.

BAREFOOT, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Rosamond by Buzzard, at R. P. Stark's stable, Hopkinsville, Ky., at $70 in the season, $80 on the 1st Jan., and $1 to the groom.

BUSIRIS, by Eclipse, out of Grand Duchess by Imp Gracchus, 12 miles west of Philadelphia, at $40 the season for thorough bred mares.

BILL AUSTIN, by Bertrand, dam by Timoleon, at W. B. Taylor's stable, near Montgomery, (Ala.) Race Course, at $50, and $1 to the groom.

BERTRAND JUNIOR, by Bertrand, out of Transport by Virginius, at the stables of B. R. Jenkins, in Fayette County, Ky., six miles south-east of Lexington, at $50—$1 to grm.

BIRMINGHAM, by Stockholder, out of Black Sophia by Topgallant, at the Oakland Course Louisville, Ky., under the charge of Lewis Sherley, at $50 and $75.

BLACK HEATH, by Sir Archie, dam by Sir Hal, at the stable of Richard Adams, six miles from Richmond, Va., at $40, and $60 to insure.

BERNERS' COMUS, *Imported*, by Comus, out of Rotterdam by Juniper, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $80 and $100—$1 to the groom

BELSHAZZAR, *Imported*, by Blacklock, out of Manuella by Dick Andrews, at Thomas Alderson's stable, Nashville, Tenn, at $75—$100—$125, and $1 to the groom.

CHESTERFIELD, by Pacific, dam by Wilkes' Madison, at A. T. Nolan's stable, four miles east of Franklin, Tenn., at $30 the season.

CONSOL, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Cerberus, at Col. E. H. Boardman's stable, at the Mills, near Huntsville, Ala., at $70, $100, and $1 to the groom.

CHARLES KEMBLE, by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at Chester Tow nand Centreville, Maryland, at $40 to insure, and $1 to the groom.

CETUS, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Lamia by Gohanna, at "The Reeds," Caroline Co., Va., at $75 and $125, and $1 to the groom.

CRAZY BILL, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Clay's Sir William, at R. B. Harrison's stable, 12 m. from Selma, and at D. Kirkland's, in Autauga Co., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

DICK CHINN, by Sumpter, out of Lucy by Orphan, at Messrs. Wells' stables, Bayou Bœuf, near Alexandria, La., at $50 and $70, and $1 to the groom.

DRONE, by Mons. Tonson, out of Isabella (Picton's dam) by Sir Archy, at Jas. B. Kendall's stable, Kendall Course, Baltimore, Md., at $30 and $50.

DUANE, by Imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington by Washington, at the stable of Wm. N. Friend, Camden Race Course, N. J., at $50 and $1 to the groom.

ECLIPSE, by Duroc, out of Miller's Damsel by Imp. Messenger, at Jas. Swanson's stable, at Independence, near Franklin, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

ENVOY, *Imported*, by Memnon, out of Zarina by Morisco, at Lewis K. Grigsby's stable near Winchester, Clark County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

EMANCIPATION, *Imported*, by Whisker, dam by Ardrossan, at the stable of Hector Bell, Esq., Winchester, Va., at $75 and $120, and $1 to the groom.

FESTIVAL, by Eclipse, dam by Timoleon, at the stable of John W. Trotter, at Forsyth, Monroe County, Ga., at $50 and $75.

FLEXIBLE, *Imported*, by Whalebone, out of Themus by Sorcerer, at the stable of Col. E. H. Carter, at Wilton, Granville county, N. C., at $30 and $45.

FRANK, by Sir Charles, out of Betsey Archer by Sir Archy, at the stable of Samuel Davenport & Co., near Lexington, Ky., at $50 and $75.

GLENCOE, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of Trampoline by Tramp, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

GILES SCROGGINS, by Sir Archy, out of Lady Bedford, at the stable of Jilson Yates & Co., Shelbyville, Ky., at $30 and $50.

GASTON, by Imp. Truffle, out of Lady Lagrange by Sir Archy, at Dresden, Tenn. Particulars hereafter.

HEDGEFORD, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Miss Cragie by Orville, at Versailles, Ky., at $100 the season. Address Lewis Y. Craig.

HICKORY JOHN, by John Richards, out of Kitty Hickory by Hickory, near Lexington, Ky. Terms hereafter.

HIBISCUS, *Imported*, by Sultan, out of the Duchess of York, at the race course near Columbia, S. C., at $50, and $1 to the groom. Address George Fryer.

JOHN BASCOMBE, by Bertrand, out of Grey Goose by Pacolet, at the Hampton Course near Augusta, Ga., at $100, and $1 the groom.

JORDAN, *Imported*, by Langar, out of Matilda by Comus, at John C. Beasley's stable, Plaquemine, La., at $100 the season.

JOHN DAWSON, by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie, at Francis Gordon's stable, 1 mile from Spring Hill, Maury Co., Tenn. at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAPDOG, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Canopus, at the stable of Jas. Jackson, Esq., at the Forks of Cypress, near Florence, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

LAUDERDALE, by Sir Archy, out of Imp. Stoughton Lass, at the stable of Fergus Duplantier, East Baton Rouge, La., at $45 and $60.

LEVIATHAN, *Imported*, by Muley, dam by Windle, at the stable of Col. George Elliot near Gallatin, Sumner County, Tenn., at $150 the season, and $1 to the groom.

LUZBOROUGH, *Imported*, by Williamson's Ditto, dam by Dick Andrews, at the stable of Dr. A. Whitlocke, Sanders, Limestone Co., Ala., at $100, $120, and $200—$1 to the grm.

LONGWAIST, by Sir Archie, dam by Pacolet, one mile east of Natchez, Miss., at $50 and $75, and $1 to the groom.

MARSHAL NEY, by old Pacolet, out of Virginia by Imp. Daredevil, g. d. Lady Boling brook by Imp. Pantaloon, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $20, $25, $30, & $1.

MARION, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at F. O. A. Sherrod's stable, Chantilly, near Tuscumbia, Ala., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

MINGO, by Eclipse, out of Bay Bett by Thornton's Rattler, at Geo. E. Blackburn's stable near Versailles, Woodford Co., Ky., 8 miles from Frankfort, at $100, and $1 to the groom.

MONMOUTH ECLIPSE, by Eclipse, out of Honesty by Imp. Expedition, at Jos. H. Van Mater's stable, 8 miles east of Monmouth C. H., N. J., at $50 and $75—$1 to the groom

MONMOUTH, by John Richards, out of Young Nettletop, at Bason Spring, Breckenridge County, Va., under the charge of J. B. Alexander, at $30.

MORDECAI, *Imported*, by Lottery, dam by Welbeck, own brother to Red Rover, at Edm Bacon's plantation, Twigg County, Ky., at $60 the season.

MERMAN, *Imported*, by Whalebone, dam by Orville, at the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at $50, $75, and $100. Address L. Sherley

MONSIEUR TONSON, by Pacolet, out of Madame Tonson by Topgallant, in Bourbon Co., Ky., 5 miles from Paris, & 17 from Lexington, at $60 & $100—$1 to grm. Address C. P. Lee.

MEDOC, by Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford Co., Ky., limited to 75 mares at $100.

MAZYOUBE, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, at $25 to insure.

OMBARK, a full blood Arabian, at St. Mary's, Mercer County, Ohio, at $15 the season pasturage gratis.

OTHELLO, by Imp. Leviathan, dam by Sir Archy, at Maj. Samuel Ragland's stable, 12 miles N. W. of Huntsville, Ala., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

PACTOLUS, by Pacific, out of Mary Vaughan by Pacolet, at the Henry Course, Greensboro', Ala., under the charge of Henry A. Tayloe, Esq., at $40 and $60.

PENNOYER, by Henry, out of the celebrated mare Ariel by Eclipse, at the stable of Henry Dalby, Esq., Augusta, Ga., at $50 the season and $1 to the groom.

POST BOY, by Henry, out of Garland by Duroc, will make his second season at the stable of James Holmes, near Murfreesboro', Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PRIAM, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Cressida by Whiskey, at Dr. A. T. B. Merritt's stable, Hicksford, Va.—a limited number of mares at $150, and $1 to the groom.

PICTON, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archy, at L. P. Cheatham's stables, near Nashville, Tenn.—limited to 20 mares at $100, and $1 to the groom.

PACIFIC, by Sir Archy, out of Eliza, (sister to Gallatin,) by Imp. Bedford, at the stable of B. P. Gray, Woodford County, Ky., at $75 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

PHILIP, *Imported*, by Filho da Puta, out of Treasure by Camillus, at H. M. Cryer's stable, near Gallatin, Tenn., at $75, $100, and $125, and $1 to the groom.

RATTLER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Robin Redbreast, at Lagrange, Tenn. Terms hereafter. Address M. E. Boyles.

RICHARD, *Imported*, by Orville, out of Miss Sophia by Stamford, at Maj. B. Luckett's stable, Franklin County, Ky., at $50.

RODOLPH, by Archie Montorio, dam by Haxall's Moses, in the neighborhood of Lexington, Kentucky.

SARPEDON, *Imported*, by Emilius, out of Icaria by The Flyer, at the stable of John Wimbish, Halifax C. H., Va., at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHARK, by Eclipse, out of Lady Lightfoot by Sir Archy, at John Drew's stable, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $60 and $100, and $1 to the groom.

SHAKSPEARE, *Imported*, by Smolensko, out of Charming Molly by Rubens, at Robt. Hurt's stable, near Paris, Western District of Tenn., at $100 the season.

SINGLETON, by Eclipse, dam by Kosciusko, at the stable of Daniel Morgan, Esq., near Flemingsburgh, Fleming County, Ky.

SKYLARK, *Imported*, by Waxy Pope, out of Skylark by Musician, at L. P. Cheatham's stable, 2 miles northwest of Nashville, Tenn., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen, at A. B. Newsam's stable, in Wilson Co., Ala., 8 miles fm. Lebanon, 15 fm. Gallatin, & 35 fm. Nashville, at $75, $125, and $1

SWISS, *Imported*, by Whisker, out of Shuttle mare, at Judge Thompson's stable, near Salem, Livingston County, Ky., at $50, and $1 to the groom.

TRUSTEE, *Imported*, by Catton, out of Emma by Whisker, at the stable of John R. Snedeker, near the Union Course, Long Island, at $30 cash, and $1 to the groom.

TRANBY, *Imported*, by Blacklock, dam by Orville, at Geo. R. Robertson's stable, Central Course, Macon, Ga., at $80 if paid within the season, and $100 if paid out of it.

TOM FLETCHER (by Stockholder), the sire of Molly Long, Independence, and other good ones, at Batesville & Dripping Springs, Ark at $25 & $40 Address T.T. Tunstall & Co.

VOLNEY, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Sir Archy, at the stable of W. J. T. Reid, Esq., four miles east of Montgomery, Ala., at $40 and $80.

WILD BILL ("of the woods," late Pilot,) by Sir Archy, out of Maria by Gallatin, at the residence of Henry Stokes, one mile north of Huntsville, Ala., at $60.

WALTER, by Eclipse, dam by Constitution, will make his first season at Liles E. Abernathy's stable, near Pulaski, Tenn. Terms hereafter.

WAXY, by Sir Archy, dam by Alfred, at Jas. T. Carter's stable, 4½ miles north of Greensburg, Ky., at $30 and $50, and 50 cents to the groom.

WHALEBONE, by Sir Archy, dam by Pacolet, at Col. Jas. W. Camp's stable, 4 miles out of Huntsville, Ala., at $40.

WASHINGTON, by Timoleon, out of Ariadne by Citizen, at Daniel Kiser's stable, Dayton, Montgomery County, Ohio, at $30 the season.

WARRIOR, by Mons. Tonson, dam by Emperor, at Gen. Thos. J. Green's stable, Velasco, Texas, at $100, and $2 to the groom.

ZINGANEE, *Imported*, by Tramp, out of Folly by Young Drone, at Parker E. Todhunter's stable, 8 miles south-east from Lexington, Ky., at $100, and $1 to the groom.

FOR SALE OR TO LET.

A NEW two story House and about 2 acres of land on Long Island, a little west of the Union Course, where the Rail Road cars stop several times daily. The house is modern built, and contains ten rooms, lately occupied by Mr. P. P. Cleaver. Mr. A. D. Bennet, near the premises, has the key of the house, and will show the property. For terms enquire of ABRAHAM H. VAN WYCK, No. 7 Wall st., N.Y.
[m18-2t*]

AMERICAN
TURF REGISTER AND SPORTING MAGAZINE.

THE Third and Fourth numbers of this Magazine was issued together from the Office of the "*Spirit of the Times*," on MONDAY LAST, the 13th instant. They were embellished with TWO SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, with a beautiful VIGNETTE on the Cover, and contain Eight Sheets, or One Hundred and Twenty-Eight Pages of letter press, on paper of the finest texture, and entire new type, cast expressly for the purpose. The Publishers submit the following list of the embellishments and contents:—

EMBELLISHMENTS:

PLENIPOTENTIARY, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Cooper, R. A.
D'ORSAY AND HIS TRAINEAU, Engraved on Steel by Dick, after Aubrey.

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Another double number will appear on the 1st of June next, with superb illustrations on Steel, of Deer Stalking and Trout Fishing, and thenceforward the Magazine will be issued punctually on the 1st of each month. Published at the Office of the "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES," corner of Broadway and Barclay street, New York, at Five Dollars per annum, in advance. Orders and Communications to be addressed to

WM. T. PORTER,
Editor of the "Turf Register" and of the "Spirit of the Times."

May 11, 1839

N.B. The subscribers to the Turf Register in New York, who have not received the first numbers, are requested to call at the office, or send, for them.

FOR SALE.

A SORREL MARE, 7 yrs. old, is offered for sale. She is of small size, and well adapted for the race course, or for general use in harness or otherwise. She can be seen at the stable of Mr. Duff, in Duane st. [may11-1t*]

EAGLE COURSE RACES, TRENTON, N. J.

THE Spring Meeting will commence on Tuesday, May 28th, 1839, (it being the week following the Philadelphia and Camden Races,) and continue four days.

First day (Tuesday)—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names ch. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by Imp. Luzborough, out of Rachel.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Jas. H. Hellings names gr. f. by Star, out of Melinda.
4. Jas. B. Kendall names gr. f. by Imp. Tranby, out of Mary Randolph.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. W. B. Stockton names Imp. b. c. *Atlantic*, by Actæon, out of Miss Craven.
2. Also, " Imp. bl. c. *Cumberland*, by Camel, out of Matilda by Orville.
3. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
4. Jas. H. Hellings names ch. f. *Stephan*, by Shark, out of Fairy by Herod.
5. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. f. by Imp. Tranby, dam by ——.
6. J. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Tormentor, dam by Tuckahoe.

Second day (Wednesday)—Sweepstakes for 4 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats.
1. Messrs. Combs & Ellis name ch. c. *Eliptic*, by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Revenge.
2. Jas. B. Kendall (J. Campbell's) names b. c. *Buckeye*, by Critic, out of Ann Page.
3. Edw. J. Wilson names b. c. *Portsmouth*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Polly Peachem.

Same day—Sweepstakes, sub. $200, h. ft., Mile heats; free for all ages that shall not have won a race previous to closing this Stake.
1. Jas. B. Kendall names ch. c. *Windsor*, by Monmouth Eclipse, out of Powancy, 4 yrs.
2. Jos. H. Hellings names ch. c. *Boraz*, by Andrew, out of Trifle's dam, 4 yrs.
3. Jos. H. Van Mater names ch. c. by Eclipse, out of Helen Mar, Bonny Black's dam, 4 y.
4. Also, " ch. c. by Monmouth Eclipse, dam by Imp. Expedition, 4 yrs.

Same day—Purse $400, Two mile heats; $100 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Third day (Thursday)—A purse of $700, Three mile heats; $200 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

Fourth day (Friday)—A purse of $1500, Four mile heats; $500 of which goes to the 2d best, if more than two start.

Same day—A purse of $100, Mile heats.

The Races will commence at 12 o'clock, each day. Entries will close at the Eagle Hotel on the evening previous to each race, at 8 o'clock. Entries 5 per cent.

The second best to be determined by the Rules of the Philadelphia and Camden Course; when these rules do not designate the second best, the horse that is 2d in the last heat to be so considered.

Gentlemen from the Northern and Southern States can rely on securing good stables for race horses by making application, or addressing a letter to the Subscriber.

A handsome DINNER will be prepared at the Pavilion, immediately after the main race each day.

The New Jersey Rail Road will convey passengers from New York to the Eagle Course in three hours, passing through Newark, New Brunswick, Princeton, and the principal villages of New Jersey.

As the Eagle Course has now every advantage that can be wished, far greater inducements will hereafter be offered on it, each Spring and Fall, than has heretofore been on any Course North of Louisiana. O. BAILEY, Secretary.

Trenton, N. J., April 16, 1839—[a20]

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES

THE SPRING MEETIN ; for 1839 will come off under the following new arrangement, on the third or fourth week in May.

First day—Ohio Breeders' Plate, value $200, added to a Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., for 3 yr. olds bred in Ohio, Mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Same day—Proprietors' Purse $100, free for anything, Mile heats. A Sweepstakes of $50 each, h. ft., to name by the 20th March, 1839, is proposed to be run for with the Purse.

Second day—*Cincinnati Gold Cup*, value $500, for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats, added to a Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft.; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Third day—*Buckeye Plate*, value $500, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., free for all ages, Two mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, with a Sweepstakes of $500 each, h. ft., added, Three mile heats; to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Fifth day—Proprietors' Purse $500, for 3 yr. olds, added to a Sweepstakes of $200 each, h. ft., Two mile heats, to name by the 20th March, 1839.

Sixth day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, added to a Sweepstakes of $1000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; to name by 20th March, 1039.

The preceding plan, to get up handsome Sweepstakes for our next Spring Meeting, promises to meet with great encouragement from Breeders. Attaching them, as we have done, to the purses, gives us a surety of a race. The subscribers to the stakes will have an equal chance for the purses with those entering in the usual way, the evening previous to the race, an entry not in the sweepstakes can win the purse only, but an entry in the stakes may win both purse and stakes. Winners of plates are not prohibited from running for the purses. It is therefore arranged that the winner of the Cincinnati Gold Cup may start for the 3 yr. old Purse of $500, Two mile heats, and the winner of the Buckeye Plate may start for the Four mile Purse.

All entries must be enclosed to GEO. N. SANDERS, P. M., Grass Hills, Carroll County, Ky. Nominations made previously to the 20th day of March, may be changed up to the time of closing.

We have at great expense established the Cincinnati Race Course, contiguous to the city, and under the patronage of a highly respectable and numerous Club. Some additional improvements will be made, and our stables increased to give good accommodation to one hundred horses. There are already one or more entries to each proposition, and from the number of 3 yr. olds in the country, we anticipate at least twenty entries for the Cincinnati Gold Cup, and have assurances of a great number of entries to the other stakes.

GEORGE M. LONG,
Cincinnati, Feb. 23, 1839.—[m2t1my] GEORGE N. SANDERS, } Proprietors.

JOCKEY WANTED.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY, a good JOCKEY, to ride a 3 yr. old this Spring. Enquire at the Office of this paper. [a20]

PICTON RACES, LIVINGSTON, Ala.

THE regular Jockey Club Spring Meeting will commence on the Picton Course, on the 4th Monday, 27th May, when the following purses will be offered:—

First day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Second day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse, $800, Four mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $200, Mile heats.
Fifth day—A Post Stake for all ages, sub. $200, P.P., Two mile heats.
Same day—A Sweepstake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200, h. f.; 3 or more to make a race. Now 2 subs. to each.

J. J. JEWELL, Secretary
Livingston, Ala. March 31, 1839.—[a20]

SADDLERY.

GEORGE DERICK, 239 Broadway, corner of Park Place, opposite the Park, (late of Wall-street,) continues to keep on hand the greatest assortment of City-made Saddles and Harness of superior workmanship—Ladies' and Gentlemens' Saddles of English and American manufacture, consisting of Somerset, Quilted and Plain, Shafto and Race; also English Bridles, Martingals, Whips, &c. A very extensive stock of Travelling Trunks, Ladies' Waterproof Hat cases and Trunks, Carpet Bags, Valises, &c. A great variety of Belts and Stirrup Irons, Needham's Box Spurs in Steel, Plated and Brass, Korn's Patent Fly Nets, Summer Sheets, and a general assortment of Horse Clothing; Fletcher and Louis' Patent Spring Girths, Carriage and Tilbury Harness of superior style and quality; also extra light Wagon and Trotting Harness. A large stock of Whalebone Rosetts, Sarcingles, Chavois, Curry and Mane Combs, Sponges, Trimming Shears and Water Spoke and Whalebone Brushes.

Collars and Saddles carefully fitted.

☞ Gentlemen in want of any of the above articles, would do well to call and examine the same.

N.B. G. Derick has received two Silver Medals and several Diplomas for the best Harness exhibited at the Fairs of the American Institute. [m16–4t.]

FOUR MILE STAKE, BEACON COURSE.

IN answer to correspondents expressing a desire to become subscribers to the stake of $2000, play or pay, Four mile heats, to be run at the Second Meeting over the Union Course, they are notified the stake is closed.

They are respectfully informed that a stake of a somewhat similar character is now open to be run on the Beacon Course, N.J., the week succeeding the Second Meeting on Long Island. It is as follows:—

We, the subscribers, agree to run a Sweepstakes, Four mile heats, with 4 yr. olds, over the Beacon Course, Second Spring Meeting 1839; entrance $2000, forfeit $500. To name and close 24th of May, 1839. Three or more to make a race.

[Mar30] ALEX L BOTTS, Secretary.

TRAINING ESTABLISHMENT AND FARM FOR SALE.

A FARM on Jamaica Bay, Long Island, 2½ miles south of the town of Jamaica, and 1 ¼ miles distant from the City of New York, containing 170 acres, of which 100 acres are in the very highest state of cultivation, 50 or 60 acres of fresh and salt meadow, and 20 acres of wood, principally hickory.

There are on the premises a Mansion House, with a Green-house and two Kitchens attached; together with hovels, hay house, barn, and cattle sheds; wood house, ice house, and root house; a corn crib, set on pillars, with extensive granaries; a large stone milk cellar, pig styes, iron and copper boilers, &c. &c. &c. There is 220 feet of stabling, containing 20 loose boxes for race horses, with extensive mows for hay and straw. There is a smith's shop, and a house adjoining the stables for the boys, a saddle room, and a feed room fitted with bins capable of containing 300 bushels; 12 of the boxes (15 feet by 10) are paved, with a portico in front, to protect the horses while washing legs, &c., with wire doors for the summer. The racks are of iron, and the feed boxes and sides of stalls, within reach of the horses, lined with tin.

The Training Track is in the immediate vicinity of the stables, a mile, or very nearly so, in circumference, completely fenced, and so protected as not to interfere or be interfered with by the farmer.

There are paddocks for horses out of training, our of which are enclosed with close board fences, with circular ends and a stable in each; making in all 28 separate boxes and stables, for racing stock

There is a house for the trainer and another for the overseer a four horse power, with threshing and grinding mills, cutting box, &c. &c. &c.

In short, there is nothing wanting, that I am aware of, to render it complete, for either a farming, training, or breeding establishment.

The Farm is so situated that it may be advantageously divided, and sold in two or three parcels: 30 or 40 acres with the trainer's house 25 or 30 with the mansion house and stables, with the privilege of using the training track, and 60 or 80 acres with the farm and farm house.

The horses remaining on the farm, consisting of *Fordham* and three or four young things, are also for sale. Fordham is 4 yrs. old, and is engaged in a sweepstakes of four subs. at $2000 each, P.P. Four mile heats, to come off the second Spring meeting of 1839. He will be sold with or without his engagement.

Janette, *Fanti*, *Dosoris*, *Zela*, *Terrific*, and *Equinox*, are on their way to New Orleans to be sold, or trained for the large purses offered in the South and West. The following are their pedigrees:—

Dosoris, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Miss Walton, Goliah's dam.
Fordham, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Zela, ro. f., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of the dam of Goliah, Dosoris, etc.
Terrific, b. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Black Maria, own sister to Shark.
Equinox, ch. c., 2 yrs., by Gohanna, out of Janette, own sister to Sir Charles.
Janette, ch. m., 10 yrs., own sister to Sir Charles (by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen,) and dam of Fordham; stinted to Monmouth Eclipse.
Fanti, ch. m., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Janette (Fordham's dam); stinted to Imp. Trustee.

This lot will be accompanied by a draft from the stud of MR. ROBT. L. STEVENS, consisting of the following:—

Tom Moore, ch. h., 7 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Lalla Rookh by Gabriel Oscar.
Henry Moore, ch. h., 5 yrs., by Henry, out of Tom Moore's dam.
Chesnut colt, 4 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Chesnut colt, 2 yrs., Own brother to Henry Moore.
Antoinette, b. f., 3 yrs., by Nullifier, out of Polly Hopkins by Virginian.
Semiacle, ch. c., 3 yrs., by Eclipse, out of Celeste by Henry.

They will leave this city on Monday next, under the charge of Mr. ISAAC VAN LEER, who is authorised to train and run, or to dispose of them. In their route to New Orleans they will pass through Baltimore, Norfolk, Va., Tarboro', and Fayetteville, N. C., Camden and Columbia, S. C., Augusta, Macon, Milledgeville, and Columbus, Ga., Montgomery and Mobile, Ala.

New York, Jan. 12, 1839 —[J12-tf.] JOHN C. STEVENS, 14 Barclay-St.

THE Subscriber has put in charge of VAN LEER, to be run and sold, his b. f. *Betsey Robinson*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of the fine old mare of that name. A mulatto boy, 15 years old, a good rider, accompanies the filly. MR. Van Leer is authorized to dispose of either.

THOMAS E. GITTINGS.
Bella Vista, Md., Jan. 24, 1839.—[F2]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

WADE'S WORM AND CONDITION POWDERS FOR HORSES have been extolled upwards of 37 years in England and France, as the best and only prepared to promote the condition of horses. They destroy the worms and bots, loosen the hide, fine the coat, purify the blood, so as to do away with the necessity of bleeding, render the food more nutritive, prevent the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They have been tested by the first Veterinary Surgeons, and certificates granted as to their efficacy in the above named cases. Since their introduction in this country the first owners of valuable studs have given them to their horses, and acknowledge that they are not to be surpassed by anything else.

☞ These Powders used when horses come off a journey, or are wet and cold, or exceedingly fatigued, will be found in the highest degree beneficial. They require no trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed at night.

☞ Sold wholesale and retail by Dr. W. H. Thurston, 260 Bowery, Dr. J. H. Hart, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, and Messrs. Blackwell & Clarke, corner of Grand urand & Camp streets, New Orleans. [o13]

S. J. SYLVESTER.

STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER, 130 Broadway, and 22 Wall Street, has NOT Removed, but continues at his old establishment as above, where he has been for the last 13 years, and has *no other office in this City*, or elsewhere.

All kinds of Southern and Western Certificates of Deposite, and Bank Notes purchased at the very lowest market rates.

Virginia, Pennsylvania, District of Columbia, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Eastern Notes discounted on the very best terms.

Bills of Exchange on all parts of England, Ireland, and Scotland, in sums of 5*l*., 10*l*., 15*l*., 20*l*., to 100*l*., (with fractional parts of a pound sterling) always for sale.

Sovereigns, English Silver, Bank of England, and Drafts on any part of the Continent of Europe, bought and sold.

Checks at Sight on Philadelphia, Baltimore, Boston, and Washington City, and most of the other cities in the United States, can be obtained, and persons remitting funds to New York can draw at sight, or if left, interest will be allowed at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum. Those remitting uncurrent money can have it changed at the lowest market rates, and funds returned in current bank notes, or it will be subject to their order. Orders, however distant, meet the same attention as personal application.

☞ All communications for Sylvester's Reporter and Counterfeit Detector must be addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway and 22 Wall-street.

EQUESTRIAN EXCHANGE.

VAUXHALL GARDEN, 408 BOWERY.—The subscribers beg to inform their friends and the public that they have opened the above splendid establishment (late Cooke's Circus) as Livery and Sale Stables.

The Sales will take place every Thursday, at 11 o'clock. Horses, &c., must be entered by six o'clock the evening previous to ensure a number on the catalogue.

The long experience and knowledge of the Proprietors, coupled with their determination to devote their personal attention to every department of the business, will not fail, they trust, to secure a liberal patronage.

ROCKENBURG & BANCKER.
jn1–tf.]

LEXINGTON (Ky.) SPRING RACES.

THE Spring Races for 1839, over the Association Course, will commence on Tuesday the 22d day of May next, and continue four days.

First day—Brennan Stakes, a Silver Pitcher, of the value of $100; sub. $100, for 3 olds, Mile heats.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Charles Buford names b. g. by Singleton, out of dam of Rashleigh.
2. Also, (Geo. Brand's) ch. c. by Medoc, out of Lady Adams.
3. Rich. Downing names (J. L. Downing's) ch. f. by Singleton, out of Isabella by Hephestion.
4. E. Warfield names c. *Gazan*, by Sir Leslie, out of Directress.
5. Jas. Lindsay names (R. Pindell's) f. *Julia W.*, by Sarpedon, out of Fanny Wright's dam.
6. Also, c. *Bird Catcher*, by Woodpecker, out of Miss Tiger by Tiger.
7. Jas. J. Allen names b. c. *R. Bruce*, by Clinton, dam by Archy.
8. Wm. Buford, Jr. names b. f. *Minstrel*, by Medoc, dam by Alexander.
9. J. McIntosh names gr. c. *Emigrant*, by Cadet, dam by Contract.
10. Thos. H. Clay names gr. f. *Cadetta*, by Cadet, out of Catherine Schuyler by Georgian.
11. Henry Lockhart names ch. f. *Henrietta*, by Medoc, out of Sally Tyler by Kosciusko.
12. John E. Roper names gr. c. *Blacklock*, by Cadet, dam by Eclipse.
13. Abraham Spears & Thos. Kelley name ch. c. *Morehead*, by Medoc, out of Multaflora.
14. M. W. Dickey names b. c. *Red Rocket*, by Medoc, out of Little Wicked.
15. Also, ro. f. *Roxana*, by Sir Archy of Transport, dam by Potomac.
16. W. W. Bacon, Jr. names (Wm. Harris's) b. f. *Mary Morris*, by Medoc, dam by Sumpter.
17. Thos. Van Swearengen names ch. c. *Darnley*, by John Richards, out of Lady Grey by Sir Richard.
18. Reason Jordan names bl. f. *Caroline Warfield*, by Imp. Sarpedon, out of Sophy Winn by Blackburn's Whip.
19. Geo. N. Sanders names b.f. *Occidenta*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Turpin's Florizel.

Second day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $200 each, P.P., Three mile heats. To which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey, | T. J. Young,
W. W. Bacon, | Charles Buford.

Third day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Two mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

E. Warfield, | W. W. Bacon.
M. W. Dickey,

Same day—A Post Stake for 3 yr. olds, sub. $100 each, P.P., Mile heats; to which are the following subscribers:—

M. W. Dickey, | M. W. Bacon,
Chas. Buford, | R. P. Snell.
E. Warfield, |

Fourth day—Association Purse $500, Three mile heats, free for all ages. By order of the President,

EDWIN BRYANT, Secretary.
Lexington, April 9, 1839.—[a203t]

STOCKHOLDER.

MR. EDITOR—This will inform you that I have purchased the celebrated Race-Horse and Race-horse Getter, old STOCKHOLDER, by Sir Archy, dam by Imp. Citizen.

He will make his next season at my residence, in Wilson County, 8 miles from Lebanon, on Cumberland River, 15 miles from Gallatin, and 35 miles above Nashville, at $75 the season, $125 to insure, and $1 to the groom. Mares will be pastured and grain fed at $1 per week, which must be paid when the mares are taken away. The season money will be due on 1st Jan., 1840. All mares sent to my care will be well treated, and every precaution used to prevent accidents or escapes, but no liability for either. The season will commence on the 15th Feb. next, and end on the last day of June.

His character as a Racer and a Stallion is too well known to require puffing.

The performances of his colts at all distances, from One to Four mile heats, are equally well known, and the cross between Imp. Leviathan and Stockholder is considered equal, if not superior, to any other in America.

The pedigree of Stockholder, for the satisfaction and interest of all concerned, has been made a matter of record, and is registered in the Registrar's Office of Wilson County, Tennessee.

From the untarnished character of Old Stockholder, and the great pains I am taking to give general satisfaction, I shall expect a liberal share of public patronage.

His stable is well worth the attention of all horsemen.

Tuscaloosa, Ala., Dec. 9, 1838.—[d29–tf.] A. B. NEWSOM.

MAZYOUBE AND OMBARK.

MAZYOUBE, imported by Capt. James Riley, from the Empire of Morocco, October, 1835, a cross-breed Arabian and Barb, 7 yrs. old in May next, 16 hands 1 inch high, dark iron grey, and of lion-like form; stands at Troy and Piqua, Miami Co., Ohio, $25 insurance pasturage gratis. For sale at $5000.

OMBARK, imported by Capt. Riley, from Mogadore, Sept. 1836; a pure blood Arabian race horse, 15 hands 1¼ inches high, jet black, long round body, and finely formed from ear to hoof, 6 yrs. old in June next, stands at St. Mary's, Mercer Co., Ohio, at $15 the season, pasturage gratis; he is for sale at $3000.

J. W. RILEY.
March 17, 1839.—[M30]

OAKLAND COURSE, LOUISVILLE.

THE following are the nominations for the great Sweepstakes to be run over the Oakland Course, Louisville, Ky., at the next Fall Mesting (first week in October), $2000 each, h. ft., Four mile heats; closed 1st Jan., 1839.

1. Y. N. Oliver & M. W. Dickey enter gr. c. *Grey Eagle*, by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, now 3 yrs. old.
2. W. T. Ward enters b. f. *Mary Vaughan*, by Waxy, out of Betty Bluster, by Imp. Bluster, 4 yrs. old.
3. W. Viley enters ch. f. *Queen Mary*, by Bertrand, dam by Brimmer, 3 yrs. old.
4. G. N. Sanders & Lewis Sanders, Jr. enters b. c. *Occident*, by Bertrand, out of Diamond, by Florizel, 3 yrs.
5. Sidney Burbridge enters b. c. *Tarlton*, by Woodpecker, dam by Robin Gray, 4 yrs.
6. Jas. L. Bradley & H. B. Steele enter ch. c. *Hawk-eye*, by Sir Lovell, out of Pressure's dam, by Jenkins' William, 4 yrs.
7. Archie Cheatham enters b. c. *Billy Townes*, by Imp. Fylde, dam by Virginian, 5 yrs.
8. Jas. S. Garrison enters ch. c. *Wagner*, by Sir Charles, out of Maria West by Marion, 4 y.
9. William Wynn enters br. c. *Picton*, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Isabella by Sir Archie, 4 y.
10. Wm. Buford, Jr. enters ch. f. *Musedora*, by Medoc, dam by Kosciusko.

[Mar23–4t] JOHN S. GRAHAM, Sec. J. C.

MEDOC.

THE services of this fine horse are again offered to the Breeders of Kentucky. He will remain at his old stand at Col. Wm. Buford's, Woodford County, where he will be let to mares at *One Hundred Dollars* each, to be paid in the season, which will end on the first of July next. He will be limited to seventy-five mares. Every attention will be paid to mares sent to him, and excellent blue grass pastures furnished gratis. We recommend him with great confidence, believing that he has proven himself equal, if not superior as a breeder, to any horse that has ever appeared in the United States. His first season was made when he was only five years old, and last year his colts appeared on the turf for the first time, at 3 yrs. old, and numbered *Sixteen Winners at all distances, from One to Four mile heats*. The time made in these races will compare with any upon record. (See the race of Maria Duke and Curculia at Louisville last Spring, Mile heats best 3 in 5, each heat run in 1:48—Picayune and Musedora's race at Crab Orchard, in August, Three mile heats, run in 5:57—5:55—5:54,—Curculia's race at Lexington, Two mile heats, 3.52—3:52—3:54, distancing the field, track heavy.)

Out of the dams of these 16 colts, not one, except the dam of Curculia, ever produced a race-horse before. Nine of his colts have been sold for $23,500, viz; Curculia, $5000, Maria Duke $4000, Medoca $3000, Sthreshley $2500, Picayune $2000, Musedora $2000, J. F. Robinson $2000, Filly out of the dam of Ironette, $2000, and Ben Harrison $1000, when a yearling.

His colts are remarkable for their gaiety, beauty and symmetry, and as a strong evidence of their fine appearance, they have had awarded to them more premiums at the Fairs in this part of Kentucky, than the colts of all other horses together have received. Medoc's blood and performances on the turf, have been published in all the sporting journals of the United States, to which reference may be made. We wish, at this time, to present him as a very distinguished breeder, and hope that he will receive that consideration and patronage to which he is entitled.

Woodford County, Ky., Feb. 20, 1839.—[m2-t1J.] WILLIAM BUFORD & Co.

ENVOY.

THIS thorough-bred and magnificent imported horse will stand next season at the stable of LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, near Winchester, Clark County, Kentucky, and will be let to mares at Fifty dollars the season, and $1 to the groom. Enclosed and extensive pasture of the best kind has been provided, and all possible care and attention will be paid to mares left with the horse, but no responsibility for accidents or escapes, should any occur. The season money will be due and payable when the mares are taken away.

ENVOY'S *Pedigree*.—Envoy was got by Memnon, out of Zarina (bred by Lord Anson, and foaled in 1827,) by Morisco—her dam Ina (bred by Sir John Byng in 1821) by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander, out of Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab. [See Skinner's General Stud Book, page 657.] Memnon, the sire of ENVOY, was bred by Mr. Watt in 1822; he was got by Whisker, (brother to Whalebone, Wire, Woful, etc.,) out of Manuella, the dam of The Abbott; Belzoni, Margellina, Nitocres, Belshazzar, (lately imported to this country) and other first raters. Manuella was got by Dick Andrews, her dam Mandane by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Colibri. [See General Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 687.] It will be seen that *Envoy's* pedigree combines the purest and most fashionable blood on the side of both sire and dam; his distinguished ancestry were celebrated as winners at long distances, carrying heavy weights; the stock of both his sire and dam are remarkable for their beauty, speed, and stoutness, winning at all distances, and training on.

Description of ENVOY'S *Sire, the renowned* MEMNON.—He was foaled in 1822; in 1824, when 2 yrs. old, he won his two races, and the next year, at the York Spring Meeting, he won the St. Leger Stakes, and at Doncaster, on Tuesday, 25th Sept., he won the *Great St. Leger Stakes* of 25 sovs. each, 88 subscribers, of which 30 started; he won it so easily, that none but he and his great antagonist, *The Alderman*, were placed. He won many other races at all distances

Description of ENVOY.—He is now 5 years old, and was imported from England by the Hon. WM. WILKINS, late Minister to Russia, before he was 2 yrs. old. He is much improved, and looks remarkably well, with his points now finely developed. He is of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is over 16 hands high. The Proprietor has, at his stable, a colt by him, out of his old Mosses mare, 18 months old, and now between 14 and 15 hands high, that is said to be one of the finest colts in the country; also, at the stable where he stands in Clark County, Ky., a filly foaled on the 14th April, 1838, out of the same mare, which is very large and very fine. To judge from these colts Envoy must breed well. Breeders and Turfmen would do well to call and examine Envoy and his colts [F2–tes]

BLOOD STOCK FOR SALE.

TO THE BREEDERS AND TURFMEN OF THE SOUTH AND WEST.—A portion of the Stud of Horses belonging to Col. JOHN HETH, of Virginia, will be sold for cash at Lexington, Ky., during the ensuing Spring Meeting. Among them are the following, of the most approved and fashionable stock.

1. *Chesnut Mare*, 6 yrs. old, by Sir Charles, out of Brenda (the dam of the celebrated race-horse and stallion, Collier,) by Young Whip, the son of Old Whip, owned by Mr. Cook of Kentucky: his dam by Old Medley, and her dam a Medley mare.
2. *Drunken Frolic*, out of Brenda by Sweet Larry, he by Sir Alfred, out of a full sister to old Sir Archie.
3. A —— *Mare*, 4 yrs. old, by Andrew (the sire of Balie Peyton), out of No. 2.
4. *Chesnut Colt*, 3 yrs. old, by Hotspur (the sire of Mazeppa), out of No. 2.
5. *Bay Filly*, 2 yrs. old, by Gohanna, out of No. 2.
6. *Chesnut Horse*, by Sir Charles, out of Mr. Wickham's Tariff mare.
7. That beautiful stallion *Ormond*, one of the handsomest sons of Sir Charles, out of an Alfred mare.

☞ Several other horses, mares, &c., will be offered for sale at the same time, whose pedigrees and ages, in consequence of Col. Heth's absence in England, cannot now be obtained, but a full and authentic account of everything relating to the stock, will be ready by the day of sale.

Richmond, Va., Feb. 27, 1839. [m2.]

DR. HULL'S NEW TRUSS.

HERNIA CURED—PATENT OF 1833.—The public can now be assured that by the use of this Truss, young persons and children are the subjects of a speedy and certain cure, unparalleled instances of which are daily occurring in persons of advanced life. The approval of this instrument by the first Surgeons in the United States and England, and the immense number of Patients cured, has rendered its *superiority* over all other Trusses a matter of certainty.

Caution—The celebrity of Dr. Hull's Truss has caused many inferior articles to be manufactured, pretending to be his. Those wearing trusses cannot be too cautious in avoiding these dangerous *spurious instruments*, which have caused additional suffering to the afflicted. The genuine will have the signature of Dr. A. G. Hull on the pad of each of them, by attention to which safety will be ensured.

Office No. 4 Vesey Street, Astor House. [m2–4m].

CAMDEN AND PHILADELPHIA RACES.

THE Spring Meeting of 1839 will commence the 3d Tuesday, 21st May, and continue four days.

First day—Match, for $1000 aside, P.P., Mile heats, between Mr. Cochran's 3 yr. old by Busiris, out of the dam of Chester, and Mr. Kelly's 2 yr. old by Busiris, dam by Escape.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old Shark colts, sub. $300 each, $200 ft., viz.:

1. Capt. R. F. Stockton names c. *Gloucester*, by Shark, out of Miss Mattie.
2. Col. John Heth " c. by Shark, out of Arietta.
3. J. H. Hellings " b. c. by Shark, out of Kate Kearney.
4. J. D. Kirby " b. c. by Shark, out of Imp. Invalid.
5. Col. W. R. Johnson " b. c. by Shark, out of Coquette.
6. Wm. Gibbons " c. *Mariner*, by Shark, out of Bonnets o' Blue.

Second day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, sub. $500 each, $200 ft. Mile heats; viz.:

1. R. C. Hemphill names ch. c. by Star, out of Malinda by Sir Charles.
2. J. D. Kirby " (Dr. Merritt's) b. c. *Tully Ho*, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Primulo by Cervantes.
3. Dr. Geo. Goodwyn names (Col. Hampton's) br. f. by Argyle, out of Pocahontas.
4. Capt. R. F. Stockton names Imp. br. c. *Mercer*, by Emelius, out of Rat-trap's dam.
5. Also, " Imp. ch. c. *Passaic*, by Reveller, out of Rachel.
6. Dan'l Abbott names s. c. by Gohanna, out of I. Smith's Bussorah mare.

Same day—Proprieter's Purse $300, Two mile heats.

Third day—Match for $1000 aside, $500 ft., Mile heats, between Mr. Kelly's full sister to Busiris, 4 yrs. old, and Mr. Cochran's *Chester*, 5 yrs.

Same day—Purse $500, Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. old colts and fillies, bred in Pennsylvania, sub. $100 each, $50 ft. Mile heats, viz.:

1. J. Cochrane names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Potomac.
2. D. Kelly names s. c. by Busiris, dam by Escape.
3. Gen. Irvine names s. c. by Busiris, out of Bay Bet by Rattler
4. Col. Heth names b. c. by Shark, out of Fair Rachel.
5. J. McDaniel names br. c. by Shark, out of Betsey Archie
6. J. H. Hellings names br. c. by Imp. Richard, out of Fidelity.
7. J. Potter names b. c. by Busiris, out of his brown mare.

Same day—Jockey Club Purse $1000, Four mile heats.

W. N. FRIEND.
Philadelphia, 11th April, 1839.—[a13]

STABLE OF HORSES FOR SALE.

THE Imp. b. m. *Lily*, by The Colonel, dam Fleur de Lis, by Bourbon; will be 5 years old in May.

B. m. *Zoraida*, by Virginius (of Transport), dam by Comet, (he by Sir Archy, out of Matchless, by Bedford—Matchless out of Rea,) g. dam by Buzzard, g. g. dam Witch; for her pedigree see Turf Register, Vol. 8th, page 431. Zoraida will be 4 yrs. old in May.

G. m. *Virginia Merritt*, by Bertrand, Jr., dam Gray Girl, by Buzzard, g. dam Eliza, the dam of old Bertrand; she is 5 years old in May. Her fore legs have been injured in training. She would make a fine brood mare, as no blood could be better.

Ch. f., 3 yrs. old, by Mucklejohn, Jr., dam by Little Billy, the dam of Betsey Baxter, and I do not believe she is through-bred. Address AUG. FLUD,
[a13–4t[Vances Ferry P. O., South Carolina.

WHEELING RACES.

THE Races over the Wheeling Course, three miles from the city, immediately on the National Road, will commence on Tuesday, 25th June next, and continue five days.

First day—First race, for 2 yr. old colts, Mile heats, for a handsome Silver Pitcher, *to be given* by the Proprietors.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, Mile heats. Entrance $50, h. ft. To name and close on the 1st of June next.

Second day—Two mile heats for a *Splendid Sett of Cut Glass*, manufactured in Wheeling—cost $250. Entrance to be governed by the number of subscribers.

Third day—Proprietors' Purse $300, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Purse $150, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Wheeling, March 30, 1839.
[a13–5t] JNO. E. NORVELL, J. H. OLIVER, } Proprietors.

KANAWHA RACES, CHARLESTOWN, Va.

THE Races over the Kanawha Course, situate about two miles from Charlestown, and immediately on the Kanawha River, about 40 miles from its junction with the Ohio, accessable at all times by steamboats, will commence on the 12th of June, next and continue four days.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 yr. olds, sub. $50 each, h. ft. Entries to name and close 1st of June.

Second day—Purse $100, Mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $400, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $100, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Charlestown, Kanawha C. H., March 30, 1839.—[a13–5t] JNO. E. NORVELL, Proprietor.

GREENE COUNTY (Ala.) RACES.

THE Races over the *Pactolus Course* near Clinton, Greene county, Ala., will take place on the first Tuesday in June next, being the 7th, 1839, and first meeting.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year old colts and fillies, sub. $300 each, h. ft. One subscriber; 3 or more to make a race.

Second day—Proprietor's Purse $400, ent. $20, free for all ages, Two mile heats.
Third day—Purse $600, ent. $30, free for all ages, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $800, ent. $50, free for ages.
Fifth day—Purse $300, ent. $25, with entrance money added; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

JAMES D. McALISTER,
Clinton, Greene Co., March 20, 1839.—[a13–2m] EDWARD JOHNSON.

COLUMBUS RACES.

THE Jockey Club Spring Races over the Hyde Hark Course, near Columbus, Miss., will come off on the third Tuesday in May, being the 21st of the month.

First day—Post Sweepstakes $200 each, P.P., for 3 yr. old colts and fillies; Mile heats. To name and close on the 15th May.

Second day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Two mile heats.
Third day—Jockey Club Purse $500, Three mile heats.
Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $700, Four mile heats.
Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300, Mile heats, best 3 in 5.
Sixth day—Citizens' Purse $300, Two mile heats.

It is necessary to state, that this Race Course is now entirely under the control and management of the Jockey Club, having been tendered to them by its owners. The Club has, for the accommodation of racers and others who attend this course, selected Mr. P. B. Starke (formerly President of the Club,) to manage and have everything prepared necessary for the comfort and convenience of racers. It will be perceived the purses for this Spring Meeting are small, in consequence of expenditures necessary to make the course equal to any in the Southern country. Our purses for the Fall and all other meetings for the future will be much larger. The above purses will be hung up without discount, free for any horse in the United States, complying with the rules of this course.

Columbus, Miss. March 22, 1839.—[a6]

SALE OF VALUABLE BLOOD STOCK.

WILL be sold to the highest bidder during the Spring Meeting at Louisville, (which commences June 4,) if not sooner disposed of, some of the very valuable blood stock of Maj. M. W. Dickey, dec. among which are the following:—

1. *Caroline Scott*, b. m. 7 yrs. old, by Archy of Transport, out of Ophelia, by Wild Medley, with a Luzborough foal at her foot. The racing performances of this fine animal, independent of the fact that she is the half sister of Grey Eagle, entitles her to rank as high as any mare in Ky.
2. *Little Wicked*, br. m. 7 yrs old, by Archy of Transport, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt foal by Imp. Skylark. This mare has produced a colt by Medoc, (*Red Rocket*,) which has been trained, and his success gives evidence of her superior qualities as a brood mare.
3. *Mary Howe*, gr. m. 11 or 12 yrs. old, by Tiger, out of Lady Robin by Robin Grey; with a colt by Grey Eagle. This mare has produced several racers, among others, *Archy Howe*, *Stephen Girard*, &c.
4. *The Captain*, a br. c. 3 yrs. old, full brother to Caroline Scott.
5. *Grey Eagle* will also be offered for sale. The propietors reserve the interest held by their former owner in the nominations of the last two colts.

Terms of sale, a credit of four months for negotiable paper. Extended pedigrees will be given on the day of sale. S. J. GANO and others.
[my11—4t]

FILES OF THE "SPIRIT OF THE TIMES."

A FEW files for the last year remain for disposal. Gentlemen desirous of obtaining the same are advised to make early application at the Publication office, corner of Broadway and Barclay street. [A6]

FINE BROOD OR RACE MARE FOR SALE.

BY Andrew, out of Lady Flirt by Hickory, dam by Duroc, (*vide* Eng. and Am. Stud Book, page 1067.) 4 yrs. old this Spring. She has fine size and action; a more desirable mare for the turf or breeding stud is rarely to be purchased, except at an enormous price. She will be sold low or exchanged for a good road horse. She can be seen at the Four Mile House, Third Avenue. WM. D. SPARKS.
[Mar30-3t]

JOHN DAN AND CRAZYWSOBILL.

JOHN DAWSON was got by Pacific, dam by Grey Archie—g. dam by Berry's Medley—g. g. dam by Old Truxton—g. g. g. dam by Imp. Mousetrap. Grey Archie was got by Old Archie, his dam by Pacolet—g. dam by Wonder, and he by Imp. Diomed. John Dawson will stand for mares the present season at the stable of FRANCIS GORDON, one mile from Spring Hill, Maury County, Tenn., at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. John Dawson is a deep bay, full 16 hands high, 9 years old this Spring.

CRAZY BILL was got by Imp. Leviathan, his dam by Clay's Sir William—g. dam by Pacolet—g. g. dam by Imp. Sterling—g. g. g. dam by Medley. Crazy Bill is a chesnut, full fifteen hands high, and 6 years old this Spring. He will stand the present season one half of his time at my stable, in Dallas County, 12 miles above Selma, and the other half at DANIEL KIRKLAND'S, in Autauga County, Alabama, and will be let to mares at $50 the season, and $1 to the groom. R. B. HARRISON.
Benton, Lowndes Co., Ala. March 9, 1839.—[M30–3m]

FINE IMPORTED MARE FOR SALE.

A THOROUGH BRED BAY MARE, imported into the city of Boston, by Thomas H. Perkins, Esq. in 1833, is offered for sale on reasonable terms. She was got by Toby, out of a Grogg mare—is 15¼ hands high, and for symmetry and beauty cannot be surpassed. She has never been broke nor bred from, and is well worthy the attention of breeders of fine stock. She may be seen at the stable of Mr. WILLIAM FORBES, Boston, Mass., to whom letters (post paid) respecting her may be addressed, and will receive prompt attention.

Boston, March 25, 1839.—[M30–3m]

KNICKERBOCKER HALL,

N. 19 PARK ROW.—The subscribers having

Play Bills for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 18—Mrs. GIBBS' Benefit, on which occasion Mr. FREER, from the London Theatres, and Mr. SINCLAIR will appear—RICHARD III.; Richard, Mr. Freer (being his first appearance in America)—The farce of NO; Frederick, Mr. Sinclair; Maria, Mrs. Gibbs—and GIOVANNI IN LONDON; Giovanni, Mrs. Gibbs.

MONDAY, May 20—Last night of Miss CLIFTON'S engagement; ANNA BOLEYN; Anna Boleyn, Miss Clifton.

TUESDAY, May 21—First appearance of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI in America—the ballet of LA SYLPHIDE, in which they will both appear.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—Second night of Mons. and Madame TAGLIONI'S engagement.

THURSDAY, May 23—Miss CLIFTON'S Benefit.

FRIDAY, May 24—Third and fourth night of Mons. and Mad. TAGLIONI.

NATIONAL THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, May 18—For the Benefit of Mr. SEGUIN, when will be presented the opera of FRA DIAVOLO; in which Miss SHIRREFF. Mr. WILSON, and Mr. SEGUIN will sustain their celebrated characters—with other entertainments—to conclude with a popular farce.

MONDAY, May 20—Will be produced, in consequence of its great success, the comic opera of JOHN OF PARIS; Princess of Navarre, Miss Shirreff; John of Paris, Mr. Wilson—with other entertainments—to conclude with the new drama of GILDEROY; Lilias Logan, Miss Shirreff; Jock Muir, Mr. Wilson.

TUESDAY, May 21—An opera, in which the whole of the vocalists will appear.

WEDNESDAY, May 22—A variety of entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. HORNCASTLE.

THURSDAY, May 23—A variety of entertainments, for the benefit of Mr. WILLIAMS.

FRIDAY, May 25—The vocalists will appear in a popular opera.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE TO DRAMATIC AUTHORS.—The subscriber would respectfully inform the professsion, that, in some degree to encourage native talent, he will give $100 for any successful new drama of not less than 2 acts, and one half the receipts of the house on the 6th night of representation—and $50 for a farce, and one third of the house on the 6th night of representation as above.

The strictest attention will be paid, and no expense spared, to give effect to all pieces produced. Address (post paid)

D. D. McKINNEY,
Olympic Theatre.

[my4tf]

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

NOTICE.—All persons having claims against the above establishment, under the present management, are particularly requested to present the same, daily, at the Box Office between the hours of 10 A.M. and 2 P.M., for adjustment. The box book is now open, and seats can be secured.

WM. M'KINNEY.

May 1, 1839.—[m4tf]

Things Theatrical.

The Park.—Tragedy has divided with music the honours of this house the week past,—Miss CLIFTON playing in the former on alternate nights, while Mrs. GIBBS and SINCLAIR have appeared in several favourite operas. The business has not been good, though not very bad. "Rob Roy," "The Lord of the Isles," and the "Cabinet," have composed the musical entertainments. The latter was bound to draw,—there is a capital part in it which Mrs. Gibbs both sings and plays delightfully. This lady takes a benefit this evening, and we claim for her a good house.

Miss Clifton never looked more lovely, she never more fully justified her title as "the transcendant queen of beauty" than on the present occasion. She has had no parallel upon our stage these ten years, in the magnificence of her appearance. But she has been playing Anne Boleyn, to much better houses, though small, than the play deserved. We cannot account for the selection of it in this hot weather. You may be sure that the time of the year has come when people will not be seduced to the playhouse by *untried* dramas,—they must be certain of their reward to be tempted from their homes. It seemed to us, from hearing Miss Clifton on Tuesday, that a more clear and distinct enunciation would aid so materially the power of her acting, that it were worth while to make the attempt.

It should, of all things, be the study of an actor to make the author known to the reader, precisely as the author has chosen,—to give his words, and nothing more nor less; and not only to recite the text accurately, but distinctly, so that no syllable may be lost. Any effort of attention which is necessary to hear the words, detracts beyond measure from the pleasure of the performance. In our own case, nothing is so annoying as to be eternally straining and peering forward to catch a word which we have a right to hear without any such painful endeavour,—but when, after the most diligent care and attention, we lose the force of a sentence, the point of the dialogue, or the beauty of a simile, by the careless delivery of the actor, "our sufferings *is* intolerable." This distinctness of enunciation is a rare merit of PLACIDE and of Mr. HIELD. When they speak, they mean to be heard, and heard easily and rightly,—and they *are* heard. And had neither of them any other excellence than this, we would rather trust *our* new tragedy to their hands, than all the fine actors and actresses in Christendom, who but *look* brilliant, when they should *utter* an idea,—and consider the touching appeal of their beautiful eyes more useful to a play than the most finished and pathetic delivery of the author's sentiments.

The TAGLIONIS are to open next week in "La Sylphide." The full houses which they will draw, if they dance but half as well as anticipated, will indicate to managers the direction of public taste. Nothing will draw so uniformly, just now, as dancing and music, and we trust the public may never rest satisfied till there shall be attached to one of our theatres an excellent *corps de ballet*.

The Park has set the example to the other theatres of what can be done, and from recent indications it is not likely to fall back. But just now, it must have more principal dancers than it can well dispose of, unless they are all brought out together. Mdme. Taglioni, Lecomte, and Augusta, seem to belong to this house; one of them, at least, might be spared for the National. As that theatre has now come into vogue as the fashionable place of amusement, it would be pleasant to see Augusta try there her charms in the "Pages of the Duke of Vendome." On the whole, it is the prettiest thing of the kind we ever have seen, nor do we expect ever again to behold a form and face of such surpassing loveliness and grace, as is presented in it by Augusta.

Next week, or early in the week after, the benefit of Mr. RICHINGS is to take place. Not choosing to rely upon his own merits and popularity, he will introduce to the public one of his pupils, in the part—so favorite with debutants—of *Richard the Third*. He who is bold enough to risk himself in a character so arduous, deserves one favor at the hands of the public, a good house and a fair hearing. Play-goers should recollect that in this way they, once in an age, hit upon a man of genius, the pleasure of witnessing whose first appearance is one of the treasured recollections of after life. From a brilliant sketch which we recently published of Kean's first night as *Shylock* at Drury Lane, the reader will recollect that he was the third that had in the shortest space attempted the character. The author of that sketch, who, like a true friend of the drama, turned out on each occasion, would not forego the memory of having cheered Kean's first London effort, and foretold his future eminence, to escape a thousand wearisome evenings given to like attempts by ambitious, though failing aspirants.

In the present instance, the debutant has the aid of a good name at least, and a good origin, for, allied to the late George Frederick Cooke, he has received the name of that great actor, and most sincerely do we wish him success in "treading in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor."

The National.—Last week this house seemed to be drooping, though it lost little of its fashion,—this week it has recovered quite, and each night has it been not only graced with beauty, but filled with delighted listeners. Miss SHIRREFF'S attempt of *Cinderella* drew the first house, and her success in it has drawn the others.

We are now more than ever convinced that this lady owes more than half her attractions to her fine acting, not her singing. Here has she appeared in an opera in which we have all been accustomed to hear the most distinguished vocalists; she has sang music not fitted to her voice;—and yet her triumph was as decided as when a few months ago she appeared in "Amilie." Nothing could draw down more prompt and warm applause than did her execution on Monday, and yet to hardly any character can she do so little justice, so far as her singing is concerned. Indeed her greatest triumph in some eyes was her adroitness in avoiding the rocks and quicksands of the music,—those passages which require brilliant and rapid execution, and then such as develope the richness and volume of a fine contralto voice. She managed to go through all such, or get round them, well enough to satisfy her indulgent auditors, and she played so archly and with such spirit, and looked so sweetly, that, henceforth, Cinderella must be accounted one of her favourite parts.

We are right glad to see this, and to write it, because it will teach vocalists that something more is necessary to succeed in opera, than the most undoubted excellence as a concert-singer. They are almost ever so unfortunate as to neglect that part of their studies of which the fruits are more generally appreciated than mere musical accomplishments.

A word as to the rest of the company. SEGUIN, as *Dandini*, had little to sing, but sang that little as usual;—played with much spirit, erring, if at all, on the side of extravagance of action,—and, on the whole, his reputation stands very much as it did before. Mr. WILSON has found a character in the *Prince*, which he is thought to fill more creditably than any he has yet assumed. Certainly his singing never proved so agreeable to our own ears, and we shall take good care to hear him again and again.

Mr. MORLEY played the *Baron:* he too, we rejoice to say, was altogether successful. He played the part well enough—of course, not like Placide,—and then he sang admirably, evincing none of that trepidation which so often mars his most laboured efforts. In fine, we can but close this rambling notice of the opera by saying, that it was perfectly successful so far as the music, vocal and instrumental, was concerned; that it only failed in those particulars in which we have been accustomed to see it so perfect at the Park,—the illusions of stage effect produced by fine scenery and machinery.

It is rumored that Mr. Seguin is not engaged at this theatre next year,—that he is in the market, in which his voice, his accomplishments and popularity, should command great terms. If this be the case, and the National is not inclined to come up to the mark for his services, suppose we should negotiate an exchange after this wise. If the National does not need him, the Park does, and should secure him. He should be attached as permanently as possible to New York,—from this centre, Baltimore or Boston should be the extent of his rambles in any direction. But there is Mrs. Seguin, too, who should no longer "waste her sweetness on the desert air." She has been long enough without an engagement, and there are very powerful reasons why she should not succeed at the National, and therefore she will not succeed *there*. It is too late, even if the proper and well-tried machinery should now be put into requisition and active operation. It is probably feared at the Park, that after yielding, *apparently*, the *pas* to others at the National, this lady can no longer attract in New York. For aught we know, this may be the case, although she be confessedly one of the most finished and delightful vocalists that ever visited our shores. What then is to be done, for as it now is, the public are cheated out of a source of pleasure almost within their grasp? We fear that we may have to chronicle in the approaching autumn, the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Seguin for the South, whither the very *élite* of the professional talent that visits us from abroad are now invariably attracted. Pray cannot one of the theatres relieve us? Why not engage them both at the Park, at once? Can aught come to us from abroad more attractive?

Should Augusta not now be engaged at either house, how would it answer for Mr. Wallack to engage her, and bring her out in a great *ballet of action* of which we have heard much abroad, entitled "The Pirates Island!" From the accounts we have of it from those who have seen it in Europe, it must be a very splendid affair, but it would require to be got up in the most gorgeous style,—the scenery should be perfectly splendid. A crowd of people would be necessary to do it full justice. Only in name is it like the "Pirate Boy," and the reader must take care not to confound the two.

We hardly know why we should be troubling our head about other people's business, but we confess we look upon the war about to be commenced between the two houses, with the interest of a true amateur. When we see one lagging in the fight, or "playing possum," we like to give him a "dig in the ribs;" and so too we should have neither of them "kilt intirely," but preserving as equal a match as may be, we would have them fight on, amuse the spectators and make money. What more can we wish them?

The Bowery.—We visited this theatre the first night after it opened. It was not crowded, indeed not half full, although of *course* we heard daily how *bang up* were the houses. The house itself is very large and prettily ornamented. The depth of the pit, measuring from the orchestra to the boxes, is immense. From the first box on each side of the stage, the boxes run back to the number of five, before the sweep of the curve commences. The result is that in these five boxes on each side, you must sit obliquely, or screw yourself round in your seat very much, to see the stage. We are told that in this respect it is like Drury Lane. In the Park theatre the reader may recollect that the curve or semi-circle to which we allude springs from the stage, or the first boxes, at farthest.

There are sixteen boxes at the Bowery in place of fourteen as at the Park, and each seat in the boxes (save perhaps the stage box) will hold one more, we apprehend, than the corresponding seats at the Park. The boxes contain, usually, six seats each. We have said enough to indicate the great capacity of the house to hold numbers. At the same prices, we should think it would contain twice the money that the National can. In the second tier the back seats on each side, must, we think, be quite two low. Though not short ourselves, we found it impossible to see the front of the stage while seated in one of them. The proscenium boxes are ten in number, if we recollect right. (We enter into these details because many of our readers may never visit the house.)

The coloring and ornamental work of the boxes and house are generally in good taste,—not gaudy at all, but not striking. The do not compare with the principal city theatres, either in richness or beauty.

The company is good enough for the theatre, if one could judge from a very miserable play,—"Nick of the Woods" we think they called it. Mrs. SHAW was playing in it, and in vain exerting her fine powers to produce some effect. We noticed two faces in the company which were once familiar ones at the Park—Mrs. WILLIAMS and her sister, Miss VERITY. The former had reached a vantage-ground in her profession before she went there,—the latter is but commencing. Rather a severe school for them, but with cleverness and perseverance and professional industry, there is nothing that may not be overcome,—even the name of having once played at the Bowery. Most sincerely do we wish these ladies success.

Miss TURNBULL, we hear, is to go up there to dance and sing. A very pretty woman is she, and withal she has improved infinitely in her dancing under Lecomt's tuition. With one other selection from the Park *corps de ballet*, the Bowery might be said to have the best of it. And indeed we have heard a variety of rumours as to the inroads which the new house is making upon the company of "Old Drury," but till we see it, will not believe them. Not a line more can we spare the Bowery this week.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTE.

A most laughable scene has been related to us which occurred in one of the Western Theatres during the engagement of Ellen Tree, and which proves how easily an audience may be restored to good humour by a happy hit of a favorite actor. The play was "As You Like it." The performer who enacted *Duke Frederick*, having been detained by indisposition from rehearsal, had taken an idea into his head that after he had attended the wrestling scene, he had done all that was required of him, or in other words, that he had finished his part. He accordingly doffed his ducal robes, and quietly took his seat in the green-room. He was scarcely seated, when the call-boy bawled out "Duke Frederick!" His dukeship started in utter amazement, and ran down to the prompter, of whom he soon learnt the horrible truth that the *stage was waiting for him!* The cue was given—"Look, here comes the Duke"—but the Duke came not—"with eyes full of anger," continued Rosalind—but there stood the Duke at the wing, clasping his hands, and his eyes looking "more in sorrow than in *anger*." What was to be done?—"Look, here comes the Duke," repeated Rosalind—but all in vain, they looked and looked, but no Duke made his appearance, and the ladies retired from the stage. The curtain dropped amidst a shower of hisses. The manager was sent for—his grace the Duke was full of apologies—the fair Rosalind was full of mortification—the manager was full of fury and perplexity, and the audience were full of ill-humor. It was clear the play could not go on without the banishment of Rosalind—it was equally clear that to raise the curtain for the few lines that remained of the scene to be spoken, and then to drop it again, (as needs must be done to afford Rosalind time to dress in boy's clothes for her journey to Arden) would appear ridiculous, and cause renewed expressions of disapprobation. "I have it," at length said the manager, who is also a favourite actor, "you, Rosalind, must be banished, *I* will banish you. Here, prompter, ring the bell." Enter before the curtain—"Ladies and gentlemen—extremely sorry, etc., etc.,—misconception of the gentleman who plays the Duke—indisposition, etc.,—usual indulgence, etc.,—hope you will overlook the blunder, etc.,—and, as the play cannot proceed without the banishment of Rosalind from the court, which banishment should have been decreed by the Duke before he abdicated, [laughter] with your permission I will take upon myself to pronounce sentence upon her immediately, [loud laughter] so that when the curtain rises for the second act, just imagine Rosalind banished." This speech was received with reiterated applause and laughter, and the play proceeded.

Theatrical business the country through has been, this year, dull and profitless. Of the constellation of stars that have visited the South the past season, but a few succeeded in drawing overflowing houses in New Orleans, which we suppose may be deemed the emporium of the Southern stage, as is New York of the Northern. Miss TREE, CELESTE, and FORREST, have made more money, probably, in the States than any other professionals we could name. LECOMTE went over to the Havanna with her brother, and made a mint of money in a twinkling, but we learn that in New Orleans she was less successful. AUGUSTA, though she failed not—for how can beauty and grace like her's ever fail!—played at but few of the Southern theatres. Illness, grievous and fearful, interrupted the career of Miss CLIFTON, and so on to the end of the chapter—one mishap or another availing to mar the prospects of almost all who deserted us in the autumn of last year to pass the winter in a milder climate.

In the South we had not yet looked for that revival of business, that confirmed recovery from the evils of a year of pecuniary embarrassment and distress, to augur well for the prospects of the drama. And our worst anticipations have been realized. There now appear some symptoms of rebellion among the Southern managers. Upon the successes of preceding years they based their calculations of the economy of this or that engagement, without looking for the change that has been wrought by the vicissitudes of the times. By many of their engagements they have been heavy losers—losers to an amount which the most winning stars have not half made good. Blaming now their own improvidence, they have turned to upbraiding the stars themselves, and are already conspiring to exact from them terms next year, which will leave but little chance of loss to the theatres. We like to see actors of every grade and in every line, well paid, and hope, therefore, the threatened combination will be broken up by the enterprise of some more adventurous manager, who will regard the experience of a succession of years as the rule of his conduct, instead of resting all his calculations upon the reverses of a single season.

By these remarks we do not purpose involving ourselves far in the squabbles of the green-room. It was our intention, however, to go somewhat into detail as to the engagements of several recent stars at the South. We have been furnished with some information on the subject, but have neither leisure nor room to pursue the topic.

It is said that Mr. and Mrs. WOOD are surely to come out here in September. The hope is that the public will think Wood has already sufficiently atoned for the stupidity and brutality of the conduct which disgraced him just before he left. We think he has too, and even had he not, should be willing to tolerate him, or undergo any other penance, for the sake of hearing his wife sing again. She, at all events, may count upon the warmest reception. If any fears are felt as to Wood's why is it necessary that he should appear at all? JONES can sing all his music better than he can, save one or two songs.

[We were too full of Foreign Theatricals last week, to get in enough of the domestic. The following items have been waiting their turn, till they are almost musty.]

☞ *The Theatre St. Louis*, (LUDLOW and SMITH, managers), was opened for the season on Monday, the 8th of March, with a powerful company, consisting (in part) of Messrs. Sol. Smith, M. Field, Lennox, Bateman, Marsh, Green, M. Conechey, Duff, Shinotti, and Henry—Mesdames McLean, Henry, Madden, Carr, and Miss Petrie. On the 22d, ELLEN TREE commenced an engagement of eight nights, and the house was filled to overflowing every night she performed. FORREST has to follow, then CELESTE, MARBLE, LOVE, and other stars—the season to close on the 4th of July. Ellen Tree comes immediately to the Park, at the close of her St. Louis engagement, leaving the Louisville and Cincinnati people inconsolably disappointed; the managers of the theatres there having *underlined* her for a month past.

☞ GEORGE FARREN and LADY, (son-in-law and daughter of the late RICHARD RUSSELL, Esq.) are engaged with LUDLOW and SMITH for three years.

CARADORI ALLAN is giving concerts at St. Louis, with her usual success. She must now soon reach us, and *Miss Tree* is, or ought to be here now. The Park needs them to win back some of "the old hands."

AUGUSTA is dancing in Philadelphia,—CELESTE was last heard of at Natchez.

Elliston acting King.—The nightly greetings which the mimic monarch received, the burst of loyalty that hailed the placing of his foil-stone crown upon his managerial head, by the Right Rev. Mr. Gattie, who personated his Grace the Metropolitan Archbishop, sunk deeply into the heart of the romantic and susceptible Robt. William; he could not resist fancying himself the being he personated. This innocent *monomania* was soon talked of out of the theatre,—one evening some men I knew were determined to ascertain its extent, they went into the pit; their cheers were long and loud when the Royal form first came in view, every graceful action was rewarded with an approving shout; when he knelt at the faldstool they imposed silence on the audience; but, when he crossed the pit, they clung to the hem of his robe, and enthusiastically uttered "Long live your Majesty!" Overcome by such symptoms of devotion, King Robert, extending his hands over their heads, articulated through tears, "Bless you, my people." Benson Hill's Home Service.

I say.—Dr. Sharp, of Hart Hall, Oxford, had a ridiculous, though very common habit of prefacing all his sentences with the words "*I say.*"—An undergraduate having mimicked this peculiarity, the doctor sent for him to give him a jobation, which he began thus—"I say, they say, you say, I say I say;" when, finding the ridiculous combination, he concluded by bidding him quit the room.

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;
A CHRONICLE OF THE TURF, LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Ninth) of this paper was commenced on the 9th of March, 1839 enlarged by the addition of FOUR EXTRA PAGES, printed on linen paper of the finest texture and on new type. The present volume will be embellished with not less than SEVEN SUPERB ENGRAVINGS ON STEEL, from Paintings by the most eminent Artists, with a variety of beautifully executed *Etchings* and *Engravings* on Wood. The Pictorial Embellishments on Steel are intended to consist of Portraits of Distinguished Winning Horses, and of the most celebrated "Stars" in the Theatrical World. In the first number (March 9) was given a Portrait of Mad'lle AUGUSTA, the popular danseuse, in the character of "*La Sylphide*," engraved on Steel by *Hinshilwood*, and a Portrait, also on Steel, of BLACK MARIA, engraved by *Dick*, from a Painting by *Troye*. Other Engravings are in hand, and will appear immediately.

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